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Music
Blackfoot music
Drumming on my childhood
Burning in
My bones
Pulsing
Pulsing

Far-Away-Cutter
Riding gravel-road-home in Spring night
Gal - up Gal - up Gal - up
Singing
Away ghosts
Outside my window

Faint awakening
Hi Hi Hi Hi Hi Hi Hi Hi
Into my dreams
O Hi O Hi Hi Yi Yi Yi
Safe Safe Safe Safe Safe Safe Safe Safe
Fading
Gal Gal
up up
O O
hi hi

Leaving my emptiness awake
With no
Guardian

In the dark
Of the summer night tent
By The River

Blackfoot men
Haycamp-gambling
Prairie miles away
Hi Hi Hi Yi Hi Yi Hi Yi
Thum Thum thum Thum thum Thum thum
Safe sleep
Safe dream

By
New Years
Everyone
To dance
And all night listen
As men drum the year
Into

Blackfoot rhythm
Blackfoot dreaming

Black foot Black foot

Black foot

Black foot

Unprotected
Now
Blackfoot music
In my body
Sings
Lone ly lone ly
lone ly.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

THE FUNERAL 1919

It was a big, elegant, five bedroom house on the Blackfoot Reserve at Gleichen, Alberta. There was a dark back stairs and mysterious passageways. There was also a sacred room - the den. In Grandfather John's day it was the office which meant children and maids keep out. It may also have meant sanctuary. Five Gooderham children, Muriel, Kate, Ishbel, Jean and Rod had been raised in the house and in later years George, the oldest who spent most of his youth in Ontario, would come to visit. It was the house where their mother had died of T B. There were always visitors, sometimes relatives but often artists, scientists, authors or historians. Their Uncle George came and stayed for years.

Their Aunt Jessie, who came for a year or two, said John had a nervous temperament (as did many Gooderhams in her opinion) and needed more quiet. Coming from the life in Meadowvale, Ontario where the family ran the Gooderham and Worts farm she was amazed and shocked at the number of people who came in and out of the house on the Blackfoot reserve and the demands made upon John at any time of the day or night. She thought it was too much for him. "But he has that big family to worry about."

The night none of them would ever forget - Ishbel, George, Uncle George, and John were entertaining in the living room. It was a kind of celebration following the end of World War I. George had come back safely and was visiting the family in Gleichen before "settling down" in Toronto. The family had finished dinner and moved from the dining room to the living room through the sliding doors which separated the two rooms.

They were joined by two of Ishbel's suitors (boys from The Bank) and were enjoying an evening's entertainment. Ish was playing the piano and one of the young men, who had been in Scotland during the war, was doing the Highland fling. They were all watchinim and singing along. To be exact, John, who had a great baritone, arrived periodically from the den to put the group back in tune. Uncle George, owner of a marvelous bass, sang his part with gusto. So much so that the young visitors sometimes lost the tenor tune, especially when George who had more enthusiasm than talent, made his one note contribution.

But everyone was having a great time, realizing how good it was to be back together and how lucky they all were, particularly when they thought of Rod who had died at the Somme in the battle of Courcelett

Ishbel remembers John went back and forth to the den, just across the entrance hall from the living room and up three steps. She did not pay much attention, continuing to play and the singing did not stop, although the quality went down a notch or two during his absences.

All at once she and her visitors heard a frightening thump in the hall. John had come back down the steps from the den to the front hall and fainted. George rushed to catch him and to carry him back to a couch in the den. He wasn't breathing. Nor did he have a pulse. George was beside himself. Ishbel called the doctor on the telephone. But all he could do when he arrived from the town of Gleichen, half a mile away, was to confirm that John was dead. It was December 10, 1919.

In those days funerals were in the home and the body lay in the "parlor" looking exactly as it had at the moment of death. As Ishbel described it later "They didn't doctor people up in those days. It was a pretty grizzly affair."

The *Gleichen Call* had quite a bit to say about this untimely death: "The announcement of the death of John Hamilton Gooderham at his home at the Blackfoot Agency about 8 o'clock last Wednesday evening... could hardly be realized as the word was communicated about town.

"That afternoon he had been walking about town laughing and talking in his usual cheerful manner with his friends - and he could count all he met as his friend.

"The funeral took place at 2 o'clock Saturday afternoon, Dec. 13, under the auspices of the local Masonic order. After the remains had been removed to the hearse the lid was lifted while a large number of Indians formed a procession to pay their last respects.

"The procession, led by an escort of RCM Police, was the largest ever witnessed in Gleichen."

The *Call* described Grandfather's contribution to western history. "No better biography of the late Mr. Gooderham could be supplied than that appearing in *The History of Alberta* written by Archibald Oswald MacRae Phd, Principal of Western Canada College, which reads as follows.

"The career of John Hamilton Gooderham of Gleichen has been associated with the Northwest Provinces for more than thirty years and in service to the general interests of this country few men have been more useful."

The *Call* gave John credit for bridging the gap that sometimes existed between the Government and the Indian tribes in Saskatchewan and Alberta and "for advancing the domain of civilization over the region. Few citizens of Alberta have lived a more varied life.

John, born in Scarboro, Ontario was twenty years old in May of 1879 when he arrived in Winnipeg, the Canadian outpost of Western Settlement. In those days the trip started with a train ride to Owen Sound, a transfer to a boat, which travelled across the Great Lakes and docked in Duluth. Another train went as far north as the Red River where a stern-wheeler took passengers north the rest of the trip to Winnipeg. John stayed in Winnipeg for a month or two selling goods for Kilgour Bros of Toronto. But his journey wasn't over.

He was appointed assistant farm instructor to Indian tribes in the Touchwood Hills, three hundred and fifty miles farther into the wilderness west of Winnipeg. Headquarters were on the old North Trail which ran from Winnipeg to Battleford and Edmonton. Five years later (1884) the Canadian Government, concerned about a possible insurrection, appointed John foreman of a construction crew building a telegraph line from Humbolt to Prince Albert. It was completed in 1885, only one year later. When the rebellion broke out John was free and was entrusted to visit neighboring tribes to persuade them to remain loyal to the Queen. John was 26.

The *Call* outlined John's long career from Touchwood to the Piapot reserve, back to Touchwood as Indian Agency clerk, until 1903 when he became Indian Agent to the Peigans near MacLeod, Alberta and finally, in 1907, as Agent for the Blackfoot tribe at Gleichen. He was 48.

On the night John died Ishbel had to organize everything. Where to put him? He couldn't stay in the den but would have to be "laid out" where people could come to see him. He had to be moved to the living room. And all the sisters, Jean, Kay and Muriel had to be contacted and it occurred to everyone that their comfortable house belonged to the government and went with the job. Now John was gone the house they had always thought of as theirs was theirs no more. What would they do? How soon would they have to leave?

After the funeral a plan developed almost without their participation. The Blackfoot Band Council and neighbours all reached the same conclusion. George should take over John's job as Agent for the Blackfoot reserve in southern Alberta, fifty-seven miles west of Calgary.

George was not an obvious candidate for the job. He had been raised in Ontario with his grandparents, lived in Toronto at the time and was merely visiting the family in Gleichen. But it was 1919. He had a commission in the army, a university degree and no real job. He was selling real estate at a time "when there was nothing to sell."

Many letters and telegrams were sent, including one from the Blackfoot Band Council, to Duncan Campbell Scott, Superintendent of Indian Affairs, asking him to appoint the son of their old friend John Gooderham to the position of Agent.

The whole procedure was very unorthodox. At the time government appointments were made through political patronage. Competition or petition was not yet accepted. Many local people objected. There were employees who thought they should have the job. There were influential neighbors who thought they had the right to decide who got the job.

But an early decision was needed and George was appointed acting Agent. What's more his appointment was confirmed early in 1920. The family would not have to move and George had a job. He did not expect to stay long but it was a start and he could now consider getting married. He was 30 years old and anxious to tell his fiancé, Mary Kentner, in Toronto, that they could now afford to get married even though it would be in "the wild west." Rather than in Toronto as planned.

The den became George's office. His room. And stayed G H's room even after Mary Kentner agreed to the proposal and one year later, arrived as his wife changing almost everything else in the house.

George admits it didn't start out all that easy for him. "I had no experience with such work. Nevertheless I journeyed to Regina for my interview with the Commissioner. This was the second week of January and while I was there the Commissioner received a wire to say that one of the stockmen on the reserve* had lost his life while gathering cattle on the range. This was a serious loss because winter conditions had set in early in October before the cattle had been brought together for winter protection and feeding. There was not enough feed stored for stock. The appointment of an agent was urgent. Some one must get things organized."

The Commissioner offered George the position immediately. George accepted. He returned to Gleichen on January 13th to find some of the staff very upset by the appointment. The oral appointment had to be confirmed by wire from Ottawa. There were resignations and staff changes. Life was not easy for George.

When he had a moment he wondered how much his army background had helped him get the job. How could an inexperienced young man get the job that many better qualified would love to land? He had just come back from Europe where he had fought victoriously in the Imperial (British) army. The Government was grateful to veterans and gave them preference. The Blackfoot loved and honoured warriors, particularly successful ones, and they admired George's father. George also realized that although Duncan Campbell Scott was "the boss" of Indian Affairs he was also a very good friend of the Gooderhams. George thanked his lucky stars.

"Nineteen twenty was an extremely busy year. The Blackfoot had 8000 acres under cultivation and an additional 8,000 acres in crop on a new experiment in large-scale farming called the Greater Production Farms.

The winter of 1919/20 was one of the worst and longest in western Canadian history but George and his staff not only got feed for the Blackfoot cattle herds but for the Blood and Stony reserves as well. "The Blackfoot herd came through in pretty good condition thanks to Mr. James* supervision".

* We'll hear more about the James family later

GEORGE THE WARRIOR 1916

George, who was tall, dapper and extravagantly handsome, was in Gleichen out of uniform and job. But his war experience would play an important part in determining his future. First of all he survived. Secondly he was a success even though he had a slow start.

George did not enlist until 1916. A decision perhaps influenced by the death of his younger brother, Roderick, who volunteered as a private in the Canadian Army, went to Europe with the first Canadian troops and fought at Courcelette, part of the Somme battlefield. He was killed in his very first battle along with 24,028 other men. Some wondered if Rod should have been a soldier at all. And there was considerable family concern that both brothers could be lost.

In April 1916 George joined the Officer's Training Corps of the University of Toronto in field artillery. The unit was moved to Niagara where he became acting Sergeant Major responsible for moving the unit by train to Petawawa that Fall. New officers would have to learn to ride. The unit had to make up time and there was riding all day, every day with George in front on the best horse available. He had an advantage over the other men. He had ridden since he was a child. Often there was a "numnah ride" meaning a ride without saddles, not a difficulty for George but an almost impossible task for most of the trainees who spent a good deal of the time bouncing on and off their mounts.

George did well but he was not happy. He wanted to be an officer and knew that, as a University graduate, he should be. The army agreed. He was sent to a course at Kingston in December of that year. George remembers that they stopped at Ottawa for a weekend where they stayed at the Chateau Laurier. This was very much to George's taste even though he realized he probably still reeked of horses and was not the ideal guest for this "show case" hotel.

More riding followed in Kingston where it was a case of learning to ride or be killed. George passed the drills easily but students with no riding experience actually did get killed. For George the hardest part was learning how to ride a gun carriage being pulled by horses at trot or gallop. It was risky but very exciting for a man like George.

He got his commission as full Lieutenant in Artillery before the end of 1917 and was offered the job of training recruits at camps throughout Ontario - not an exciting prospect. What

about the British Imperial Army? It was an idea worth exploring. The Imperial Army was in fact looking for young officers to make up for heavy losses suffered over the last three years.

He was accepted as a "free man" - free meaning Britain paid his transportation to England and then trained him before granting a commission in the branch of the army for which he was best suited.

George travelled by train to Halifax and then by ship, the Olympian, to Britain. On board he met men returning to the war who had been wounded or sent back to Canada for other reasons.

There was a great deal of anxious talk about submarines but the only thing they saw was icebergs. They did hear about a ship loaded with nurses which was stopped and boarded. But the Germans left the ship undisturbed once they realized the passengers were on Red Cross work.

After landing safely at Liverpool George travelled by train to London. Another new experience. English trains were very different. Instead of one large car with rows and rows of seats on either side of a central aisle there were a series of little carriages where four to six people could sit facing one another. There were three very distinct classes. First was very exclusive indeed and Free Men were not offered that privilege although officers were. Class was a system Georgewas to learn quite a lot about.

Recruits were billeted in the Thackery hotel opposite the British Museum. They went off to report for duty still dressed as civilians. At "headquarters" they found they were to wear the uniform of the English private - a shockingly ugly outfit. They were embarrassed to return to their hotel.

Things got worse. George was forced to muck out stables using his hands rather than a fork and to deal with horses that were far from top quality. His quarters were no better than a tenement, he had developed a cold and he decided he had better do something drastic.

At the next parade, taken by a Second Lieutenant, George stepped out of ranks and demanded to see the Officer Commanding. He produced his Commission as a full Lieutenant in the Canadian Army. The young Second Lieutenant had no choice but to snap to attention. George was granted an immediate audience.

The Officer Commanding switched him right away to Lord's Cricket Grounds where he was to "take gunnery." George loved living right in the centre of world cricket. This was his kind of England. He was a great success.

His next posting was at Lark Hill near historical Stonehenge. On his first day he was ordered to lay out lines of fire with a director - an engineering tool with which angles could be calculated. He was to use Stonehenge as a landmark. He rushed back and forth swearing, "Where the hell is that stone hedge?" It was hard to live down that particular bit of ignorance but he did know how to use a director. And he became very familiar with Stonehenge.

He was sent back to London to await a posting to a unit - and his commission. His grand new life contained one small stumbling block. In the British army it was assumed that any man who was an officer was also wealthy. Little or no pay was forthcoming. What was George to do? He located old friends and relatives such as Mel Gooderham (son of Albert Gooderham who was later knighted for his part in the war effort). Mel, who was in Britain with the Canadian army, took George under his wing. Introduced him into one of England's most prominent Masonic lodges, The Richard Eve, Great Queen St. W C where he was quickly accepted.

George found lodging where he was not forced to pay. He now belonged to the class no one questioned - another British custom. When he did have a "few bob" in his pocket he would board a double decker bus which was going a long way. Sitting on the top front seat, he took in the sights all around. Often the conductor pointed out historic sites and buildings. If there was a pub at the end of the line and George had any money left he would treat the conductor to a beer or two. After all, his first job after graduating from university was as a conductor- ticket master on Toronto's newly expanded transportation system along St. Clare Avenue.

He received his commission and £50 . He was on high again. He joined a very posh outfit called the Camberwell Brigade of Artillery from London. It sounded great but George was to learn another British custom. Most of the officers had belonged to the Honourable Artillery Unit, a sort of club for wealthy well-connected men. Membership did not include, or require, training and his fellow officers did not know anything about artillery. They needed George.

In the summer of 1917 he was sent to the front line in Belgium with C Battery, 156 Brigade, 33rd Division - one of two brigades commanded by Brigadier C F Stewart. They were located close to Ypres at a place known as "Gelivet" to the right of the Ypres Salient. Passchendaele was the focal point. Torrential rains had created a quagmire and casualties were heavy. Everything depended on horses and mules. Officers rode their "chargers" which were the best horses available. The ranks waded through the mud on foot. Horses weren't all that useful but it was the charger's legs in the mud not the officer's.

Your charger stayed with you as long as you were with the unit and as long as the horse and rider were alive. George did his best. It was a terribly cold and wet year. Men were up to their knees in liquid mud, casualties were huge, not only from enemy shelling but from all the ailments and diseases brought on by exhaustion and exposure. Hundreds were incapacitated with pneumonia, typhoid, rheumatism and trench foot. They were often days on end in the mud and never dry. The German offensive was unrelenting. It was not fun.

The 156 Brigade was led by B A Butler, the only leader George admired. George was only a second lieutenant but he "knew his stuff." Butler would detail shoots for George to work out and would watch with satisfaction as the results came in "on target." George was appalled by the "reality" of the British army which he had so admired from a distance. Of the other commanding officers George said one was a charlatan, one an incompetent, others criminals.

"As for Brigadier Stewart, in charge of both brigades, the less said the better. Without his wife to direct him he was helpless. As for the O C (Officer Commanding) of C Battery, he was a newspaper man with all the pull in the world, a despicable person but all powerful in London. He knew nothing about guns so I did all the mathematical chores while he boasted to Captain Butler of his achievements and managed to get himself a DSO and Bar (Distinctive Service Order) and also an MC (Military Cross). No one else was mentioned in dispatches. How come? Butler had to recommend the honours - or else!"

The admired, now Col. Butler was killed in the summer of 1918.

In mid-November George's unit began replacing the Canadians who had held the Ypres front. The Germans had been forced back behind the Passchendaele Ridge and the village, or what was left became the front line. George had a cogent remark about that "famous" Front too. "It was a disastrous assignment and one for which Central Command might be called murderers. It gained nothing but a wrecked town on top of a hill. I got to know it well from December 1917 to April 1918."

While George's unit was there infantry was moved in and out on two "duck board" lines, the only way across the mud. Men who fell off the duckboards that snaked forward to the infantry positions risked drowning in the mud. Wounded men sank forever in the foul soup. The fertile farm soil had been turned into one huge muddy lake pitted with shell holes. Dreadful weather provided one small compensation. German bombs and shells buried themselves in the mud, often without exploding.

George's unit spent many months in the mud of the Paschendaele Front. He survived. His chargers were not always as lucky. He had three. Two were killed - one while the Germans were attempting to force their way through the English troops to reach the road to Calais, and to the Channel. They were never successful but each time the cost in lives lost to both sides was huge.

At one point when George was commanding a unit, with the acting rank of Captain, he was gassed.

"The enemy continually lobbed mustard shells which tore through the air with a hissing sound and sank into the mud without exploding. Mustard gas was inescapable and because the muck was saturated, the gas was worse on warm sunny days. We wore gas masks continuously. It was even worse when phosgene gas shells were added to the mustard. Phosgene has no odour but kills quickly. I was gassed but did not go sick. I relayed my orders through an NCO (non commissioned officer) to whom I would whisper."

He did not lose his life but he did lose his voice and had to move back to look after "the wagon line." The Germans bombed that too. George and his outfit were forced to move farther back to a big farmhouse where the stabling was at one end of the house. All the officers' chargers were stabled there when the bombers arrived. The bomb ripped through the roof of the stable killing all the chargers. Roof tiles flew everywhere striking George who was just outside the bombed building. Once again he survived. But he lost his charger which meant losing his best friend.

George's last charger was a "wonderful little mare" that had been taken out of the Cavalry because she would never keep in line - too high spirited - and perfect for George and the Artillery. George chose her when he saw her brand. It belonged to an Alberta ranch owned by a friend. It was like a letter from home. George and the mare were well matched. Both had Great Spirit and she had a wonderful gate.

Artillery Units were supported by the Air Force - such as it was - with an outfit called the RES, an airborne reconnaissance unit. It was clumsy but efficient with room for the pilot and an observer in a seat behind. The artillery could not see the German units and had to rely on daily aerial information. It was incredibly dangerous for the pilot and observer because the German planes could travel at 200 to 300 miles per hour (**This is probably George's own calculation. At that time a plane travelling at 200 miles per hour would lose its wings within minutes**)

while the best the RES could do was 80. It was all too simple for the German planes to swoop down and knock them out of the sky or drive them crashing to earth.

George was invited to fly in an RES as an observer - scary for anyone but terrifying for George who was afraid of nothing but heights which caused heart-pounding attacks of vertigo. How would he survive even if no Germans were in the air?

They flew over the line he was so familiar with, but he was too busy to be worried. If he looked between his feet he could see past the canvas flooring to the ground below. He was more than grateful when he made it back and his respect for the men who flew in the RES was even greater than before.

In the summer of 1918 American units began relieving British units. The Americans had no artillery so George's unit stayed in the field. They also had no experience which meant they made some pretty poor decisions. But George thought them "a decent bunch". All business, they tried to learn as fast as they could and did not waste time improving conditions for officers as was customary in the Imperial Army.

By the time his unit was moved to the Somme, where his brother, Roderick, had died, George was Second in Command of the batteries. The Germans were in retreat which meant moving every day. Officers rode their chargers and mules and horses were constantly on the move until they reached the Arras- Cambrai highway. The enemy was now on the other side, facing them.

George, who had a skin infection, was removed from active duty and was picked up by the Red Cross. It was October and cold. But George's infection was worse in the heat so he sat outside with the driver. Would he freeze to death?

The influenza epidemic was now raging throughout the world. It was especially bad along the fighting front. The Base Hospital was crowded with wounded but just as many with the flu. George was in a ward with every sort of patient. His next-door neighbor received extraordinary care, flowers, special food, and visitors. It turned out that he was a doctor at the base. Working around the clock he had finally caught the flu himself. By the time his skin infection was reduced, George had the flu and it stayed with him till after the armistice.

When he was sufficiently recovered he was given a "wretched assignment." A large number of non-combatants, people who for one reason or another refused to fight, had been kept in England but once the war was over they could be moved up to what used to be the firing line

allowing the troops to get back home. The non-combatants resented this greatly and tried to tear down the camp. It was essential they be moved. George was one of the officers detailed to take a trainload up the line to the town of Cambrai.

Once relieved of this responsibility, George was billeted in a convent. He arrived at dinnertime and was shown into the officers' dining room. As soon as he opened his mouth they all recognized his Canadian accent. Some one asked him where he came from. George knew none of them would have heard of Gleichen, Alberta so he said something very general. The questioner then said:

"Well, I see you know something about Alberta. My name is Charles Bruce. I come from Gleichen and I know your father and your sisters. I suspect I've seen them more recently than have you. What do you say you and I go down town where they have set up a wonderful canteen and dining room for officers."

It was time to celebrate. And they did! But George was still recovering from the flu. When they went into the dining room he discovered he would have to excuse himself. "Go out the rear through the kitchen and into the garden behind." The garden had a fountain at its centre. George decided to stand on the rim of the fountain but still weak, lost his balance and crashed through the ice into the water. He could just manage to climb out, wet to his skin. And just out of hospital.

Bruce took him back to their lodgings, made sure he got a hot bath and into bed. The next day he was able to meet with officers from units with which he had served. It was reunion time. He discovered his old unit was only 30 kilometers away and so George reported there and stayed until the New Year when he was transferred to Winchester, England.

With no duties to perform George got to do some sightseeing - Winchester Cathedral and the surrounding countryside. He was moved several times but never far from London, which he visited frequently. He saw Mel Gooderham and his family. He had also developed friendships with several of his Masonic brothers and, of course, with men with whom he had served in Europe. He was moved eventually to London itself where he was able to stay in an hotel. Nothing to do and money in his pocket, George had a great time in one of the world's great cities. But when the opportunity to return to Canada came George was anxious to go.

As his ship neared, Canadian passengers were warned that Canada had laws prohibiting the sale of alcohol. The solution was to drink as much as possible while still on board. George agreed. This time he did not fall into the water.

George stopped in Toronto to meet old friends and most particularly, his fiancée, Mary Kentner. He told her about Alberta, the house his family lived in and the prairie, the rolling silvery green, later toffee brown, grassy hills he had missed so much. He also told her about his plans to return to the East where they could marry and settle. Neither guessed they would see more of the Rocky Mountain foothills than they would of Lake Ontario over the next twenty-five years.

But it was time to take the train west. Canada was a shock. In spite of prohibition laws his friends all seemed to have liquor. They were all elegantly dressed as if there had never been a war.

"Every time I wasn't killed I wondered why. Now back in Canada with my family who had never seen the war but who had lost a brother/son, I wondered why I was still alive. What did it mean?"

Was this George's preparation to work for most of his life helping Indian people cope with the fact they too had survived and must adapt to the twentieth century?"

Letters from The Front

George tells Mary his dreams for the future

Mary Dearest

Today four letters greeted me. I tried to read the biggest one with a gas mask on - it being temporarily required.

We're in real battle and much of it. Yesterday our Colonel offered me a job - temporary command of a battery in trouble. I am very flattered he could think that I could whip a battery into shape.

What a stern person you are going to live with and "obey".

I love discussing spiritual matters dear - particularly the unorthodox.
We all fall short but I believe in living with high expectations for the betterment
of neighbors and myself.

To hell - excuse me dear - with regulation rulings, right and wrong. You
and I will have a happy future in this or in another sphere.

Sorry you have had financial losses but as long as you are O K 'till I get
back I'll hammer out a living for us both. We'll be the happier for it all I know.
As for Rita* what makes you think of her?

*Rita Rogers's niece of Sir Henry Pellat who owned the very large house called
Casa Loma.

I could not - would not marry her even if she owned all of Casa Loma by herself.
I do not care for her. It's you and only you and not your property.

Wish you were here. I must admit I do fall off sometimes and raise Cain
with all the other boys. Please forgive and for your sake I'll watch myself.

Good night sweetheart

With all my love

George

23 March '18

All is going well. Officers and men work like trojans for me now. Results are
good and appreciation shown by higher command. But it's work, work, work and
many nights with little sleep.

Weather good and ground drying. Good Spring offensive weather.

Are Easter exams upon you now? Here's best of luck.

23 April '18

Your birthday box arrived - and on the very day. I can't believe I'm
twenty-nine. Have moved again - fourth time this week. Still running all the
show on my own. These boys have not had their clothes off for weeks. When I
can give them clean socks it's like Heaven for them and makes me feel better too.

We're in a big old farm house with some French who have artillery in
the yard. They have no English and, as you know, my French is very ragged. But
I introduced them to your chocolates. The Captain dropped by today to say
they'd named me Candy King.

My bat-man, Parker, is a servant by profession and excellent. Perhaps one day we can introduce him into our establishment.

If you can come to England - DO. We would be so much closer and I think you would be happier.

I won't forget this April 21st. My camp was blown to bits and men and horses scattered to all compass points. Some boys were killed. Been under fire for hours but am a lucky sod.

This is war so can't worry. It's exciting and no time for thinking about myself.

Yesterday the boys killed and dressed a porker. Fresh pork is rather nice.

Weather is better, dear, and when there are no fireworks it's fine to get about a bit.

Thank you for asking. Voice still weak but otherwise O K. Try not to worry. Paper headlines make the war look much worse. Hope YOU are well. We hear about an epidemic flu in Canada.

With love my dear from your "old man".

THE NEW INDIAN AGENT

After two or three months on the job George began to realize he was much better qualified than he had thought. First, he knew the Blackfoot and they knew him. His long visits to the reserve as a teenager were remembered and he was thought of as a friend. He had just come back from "overseas" where he had served victoriously as an officer in His Majesty's armed forces. Serving in the British army endeared him particularly to the Blackfoot who were, at that time, extremely patriotic. They felt a direct relationship to George V, grandson of Queen Victoria, with whom they had signed the treaty which defined their lives.

For the Blackfoot, living near Gleichen on the main CPR line 57 miles east of Calgary, the British aristocracy meant "party time". Dukes and duchesses, princes and princesses considered a stop at the Blackfoot reserve a must on every visit. (Described later) In 1907, when George visited his family for the first time in 10 years, he just missed one such celebration.) The Blackfoot were pleased George had served with the Imperial army. Canadians being close to home suffered a more qualified admiration than did the distant British.

In Ottawa it was noted that George had a university degree from the University of Toronto. Senior officials were quick to learn that George understood what they wanted done and was not afraid to tell them if he disagreed. He was always able to defend his position. His superior education helped him persuade local businessmen and visiting officials that he knew what he was talking about. He was at ease with all the powerful officials or visitors who had business with the reserve.

George was 30 years old and anxious to tell his fiancée, Mary Kentner, in Toronto, that they could now afford to get married even though their home would be in the "Wild West" rather than in Toronto as planned. He was sure he would be able to be in Toronto for the wedding by late Spring of that year.

When George went to Regina for an interview with the Commissioner the trip gave him time to think about his prospects. What did he already know about the Blackfoot? What did he want to accomplish by working with them?

In counting up his assets he realized on the positive side he had spent more time with Indians at a more intimate level than many 'qualified' applicants. He had spent his early

childhood with the Cree and Saulteaux in Saskatchewan where he learned to speak Cree and understand and like them. As a child he knew more Indians than whites and saw Indians as people rather than as foreigners. On the negative side it did occur to him that the Blackfoot and the Cree were sworn enemies and his childhood with the Cree might not impress the Blackfoot.

However he did know more than a little about the Blackfoot. During his 1907 visit to his family in Gleichen when he was 18, the threat of tuberculosis kept him out of University until he was well. This interruption in his career allowed him to learn quite a bit about the Blackfoot reserve and the people living there. It was often his responsibility to drive visiting dignitaries around the reserve. Famous Canadians who had a long history with the Indians of Canada filled his head with history and dreams for the future when Canada would recognize the Blackfoot as having something special to offer.

He learned the Blackfoot were one of the richest tribes in Canada. From royalty to adventurers, they were everyone's favourite group to visit. Artists loved to reproduce their rugged "aristocratic" handsomeness on paper or canvas. Authors loved to hear their stories and politicians dreamed of the day when all other Indians would be as successful as the Blackfoot.

George had another ace up his sleeve. His grandfather, George Sr. who had raised him from the age of eight, operated a large company farm for the firm of Gooderham and Worts (the whiskey people). George had first-hand experience with farming as a corporate business - a perfect model for the farming operation being introduced to the Blackfoot at that moment.

But George also remembered the poverty of Cree neighbors in his childhood and stories that were told about the famous Cree chief, Piapot, who went from door to door in Regina. In the middle of the winter Piapot would lift his shirt to show his ribs with their covering of skin devoid of fat. George was sure he could help the Blackfoot build a rich community the whole world could admire. It was these thoughts which he shared with the Commissioner in Regina.

George's appearance may have been to his advantage too. He was a handsome man with an athlete's figure and was quite an Edwardian dandy. He had been in London and Toronto where he had all his civilian clothes tailored for him. He turned up for work in a brown tweed suit, starched white collar on brown striped shirt, silk tie with a matching handkerchief in his vest pocket. A second handkerchief - also silk - also matching - tucked into the left sleeve - the tiniest edge showing below the cuff. A platinum watch was in one vest pocket with a delicate chain draped across his front to the other vest pocket where a tiny matching pen knife was

hidden. His shoes were brown and polished to the highest military standard. They were partially covered by grey spats, a very popular winter accessory in the East at that time. George promised to be unlike any other Indian Agent. The Blackfoot understood the importance of being well turned out. George might be just right for them.

George dealt successfully with the first priority which was locating feed for the 1,500 head of cattle which were close to starvation. He scoured the country. There was feed which he was able to purchase north of Gleichen where the land was irrigated and had not been harvested because of the early frost and ferocious hail storms late in the season. He replaced a stockman killed in an accident with a member of an early pioneer family called Walter James - better known by his Blackfoot name, Kepinox. He understood ranching, had been raised among the Blackfoot, spoke their language and was accepted as a friend. His expertise helped bring the herd through the winter.

The job of Agent included a Ford car but the combination of heavy snow and poor roads rendered this modern invention more of a nuisance than an asset. It didn't help that George had never driven a car before and did not learn that skill readily. He had to turn back to the tried and true - a cutter and team of horses. Luckily both were still available. He travelled up and down the country. Often the only road available was along the Bow River where the ice was thick and the snow packed.

George was busy. The Blackfoot had 8,000 acres under cultivation with an additional 8,000 acres in crop on a new experiment in large scale farming called the Greater Production Farms. Slowly he became used to the car. "During the summer I went back to the Ford. It was more convenient in some ways but late in the Fall I went to a grain loading stop on the CPR line called Namaka where I picked up some grain storage tickets. I headed back to the office along a side road. In those days farmers paid their taxes by making roads and some did not do the job lovingly. Often they would pile all the earth in the centre and never level it. I hit one of these soft hills and the next thing I knew the car swung around sideways and I was out on the ground. I got up and after deciding I was all right turned to look at the car. The roof and top of the car had been ripped away and it was now facing the opposite direction. I had to walk along the road until I found some help. In those days settlers all helped one another and we got the car back to the office. It required new seats and a new top but went on functioning. It was my first and last accident."

The reserve was large and the responsibilities varied. The Agent was Justice of the Peace, Inspector of Schools, farm manager, building contractor, counsellor, and visionary. He had to deal with the Ottawa bureaucracy. Letters went back and forth across the country explaining why such and such was required and this and that not allowed. He had to work as well with local businesses, ranchers and farmers. Would they be allowed to lease the same land as before? Could they sell or buy? Were there men or women seeking employment off the reserve?

Each Blackfoot had a treaty number and it was the number that mattered. Names might change and frequently did. The Blackfoot had a family structure totally unrelated to the European nuclear family model. Children might belong to one household one year and another the next. People received new names when their status in the band changed. It was never certain that the English translation of a name was correct or whether his or her relation to other members of the band had changed. Unilingual administrators did not understand the reason for the difficulty. Numbers would be faster and safer. The number would not change. It was the official record of a registered treaty Indian. The number sold a cow. The number bought a car. The number had a baby. And numbers died or got well. Everything must be recorded because every individual had a personal relationship with the government. George and his staff were involved in almost every aspect of every resident's life.

Although the Blackfoot had a complete set of social rules and religious guidelines the Canadian establishment seemed preoccupied with their status as Catholic or Anglican. This division was stressed particularly when it came to schooling. There was a Catholic school and an Anglican school and great concern that one group should not "raid" the other. Changes in religious status were frequent. Each time George was asked to ensure the change was a "genuine conversion" and not a shift in allegiance due to influence from the opposing religion.

George was working every minute. When would he be able to go to Toronto? There was never time and George had to tell Mary they would be unable to marry in Toronto as planned because he could not be spared from the reserve for the time required to go to Toronto and back. It was a great disappointment for Mary whose many friends had already planned how to celebrate her wedding. What to do? Fortunately the couple had a mutual friend, Creasor Crawford, in Winnipeg who would act as host, best man, father of the bride and any other needed function.

George Gooderham and Mary Kentner became Mr and Mrs G H Gooderham in Winnipeg, December 21, 1920.

Although Mary had been in Alberta during the summer of 1912 she was definitely a "city girl" and perhaps even more significant, a Toronto "city girl" with very little understanding of prairie life as it was then. A train trip from Winnipeg to Calgary was arranged to arrive in Calgary, December 31, in time for one of the year's best parties in the Palliser Hotel - a perfect time for George to introduce his new bride to Alberta Society.

They had no sooner registered when who should appear but Jack Morton and a friend. "My heart sank. His huge 6' 3" frame was wrapped in a beautiful beaver coat. His companion was smaller but similarly attired. Both coats were unbuttoned as were the shirts beneath. They were impressive in a negative way." It was clear that they had been celebrating and were delighted to see George and his new missus. Jack grabbed her little hand (everything about Mary was petite particularly next to this giant) in his big paw and gave it a shake which shook her whole body. His companion attempted to do the same at the same time. They went on their way leaving George to hear a sigh from Mary saying "Is this what I'm going to be up against?"

George was back to work, January 2, 1921 and Mary was wife and chatelaine of The House.

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insert letter from Blackfoot Band Council asking that GEORGE be made Agent to the Blackfoot
should go in chapter - The Funeral

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JACK MORTON - RANCHER

When George and Mary were on the Blackfoot reserve John C Morton was an important man. He ran a big outfit on the Red Deer river. To the cowboys on his crew he was known as 'old sundown' because he never got around to laying out the work plan until late in the day. "I always thought of him as Captain Blood of the Prairies. When he hit town he invariably started something which would be talked about and marveled at forever. “

In the early days Gleichen was the only town between Medicine Hat and Calgary with a bank. All the ranchers from north, south, east and west would have to visit. It was social as well as business and the two hotels (which incidentally offered the only bar service) were the centre of the fun. There was almost invariably a group of remittance men ready for a party too. They had the reputation, rightly or wrongly, of being the bad boys from aristocratic families who were sent a monthly remittance to remain in the colonies. They were gentlemen who loved the wild and woolley west and were invariably keen horsemen.

After a 'few', Jack would get into an argument with someone and challenge him to a horse race. Bets were on. It didn't really matter who won as the winnings were kept at the hotel and well spent consoling the loser and praising the winner.

Jack was huge - well over 6 feet and weighing more than 200 pounds with hands like hams. It was 'before the car' and Jack would come to town with very spirited horses. After all he was a horse rancher. It was a kind of advertising. In the bar, on one occasion, Jack said he could throw any horse by grabbing it by the ears and twisting its head until the horse flopped over on its side. His drinking partner claimed even greater strength. He could lift a horse off its front feet and throw it over on its side. No one believe either of them but it was worth a bet.

Bets were placed and a horse brought out into the street in front of the hotel. To everyone's surprise both managed the impossible! Each using his own method, threw the horse onto its side. There was new respect round the town and territory. The decision - leave the bets on the counter till the whole town has celebrated.

Some cowboys would race their best horse up and down the streets with wild yipping and the odd rifle shot into the air. On occasion things might get out of hand and a tenderfoot or out-of-line cowboy might be roped and dragged down the street where he was allowed to escape to his digs to 'lick his wounds'.

By the time the car took over transportation Jack was a very successful rancher and came to town in a ford car. He was still thinking in horse-day terms and expected the car to go anywhere. He was often disappointed. But he admitted the car had one advantage. He didn't have to get out to open the wire gates which were so much a part of prairie living. He just drove right through them.

It was told that one day when he was crossing the Rosebud creek the crazy car upset and pinned Jack underneath the water. There was no one around to help so Jack had to help himself. He lifted the whole car off his body with brute force and turned the 'critter' on its side - just like he would if it was a bronco.

When George and Mary met Jack at the Palliser he was rich. People claimed he was worth a quarter of a million (a lot of money in those days). Certainly he was rich enough to stay at the Palliser - that is until.....

Jack hadn't changed his drinking habits and still had very lively parties in his room. Complaints were made and the hotel police visited three times telling him to stop the noise. On the third visit Jack saw red. He grabbed the man by the throat and took him to the window, opened it and hung the poor fellow out the window. "The next time you come to bother me I'll drop you." The result? Jack was no longer welcome at the Palliser - or so the story goes.

The Calgary Stampede had become an annual event. It was right down Jack's alley where a racing team of four horses, a wagon with utensils and men on horseback riding as outriders had to "break camp, load up and race around the track with the outriders always next to the outfit". A hundred things could go wrong. And did. All eyes would be on Morton because he was sure to create a lot of excitement. Once when his centre pole broke, the sharp end dug into the ground bringing his wagon to a sudden stop. It threw Jack over the heads of the whole team to land on his head in the middle of the race track. Anyone else but Morton would have a broken neck. Not Jack. His comment the next morning "Well my neck's a bit stiff."

The men who worked for Jack had to be nearly as rough and tough as he was. They understood and admired him. This fact was impressed on George most graphically at a jitney dance in the Gleichen Town Hall. A jitney was a charitable event where participants had to pay for each dance. The floor was cleared after each dance by young volunteers who would rope off the dancers at the end of every song. This particular night one of the visiting cowboys got more and more out of control. George, who was one of the rope volunteers, couldn't get him to behave.

Two husky bouncer-types came to help with no success either. No one knew what to do till someone remembered the trouble maker was one of Jack Morton's men. Jack was in the bar down the street and informed that one of his men was on a rampage. "Well, I'll fix that".

George was still trying to get the jitney working when he noticed the cowboy "staring at something as though he were under a spell." The guy froze. Jack just reached out, grabbed him by the throat, turned and dragged him across the floor to the fire door and threw him out onto the grass.

Jack was rough but people loved him. When he was rich his wife took the family to Calgary for schooling. It was a great success. There were five children. Lucy was brilliant and earned the Governor General's medal for the highest marks in the District. She taught school in Gleichen where she expected - and got - scholarship from her students. She was famous for her ability to write on the board with either her left or right hand and some said she could even write with both at the same time. Her memories of the ranch and her father shed a gentler light on the Morton family.. .

"To me as a child ranch life was the only way to live - free, full and exciting. Here one was never tied down to hum drum tasks, because there were none. Every aspect of life had its charm and its thrill. To awaken in the morning to my mother's loving care, my father's voice, and to have my own horse waiting just outside the door was the peak of joy. To follow my Dad, running to keep up with his strides, from corrals to barns out onto the wide unfenced prairies to check herds of cattle and horses, or to visit a neighbor many miles away were high lights of my life. I remember the "Dipping days" (disinfecting animals), the roundups, and most exciting of all, the stampedes in Calgary, Gleichen, and other centres, and the regular 'ride outs' at our own ranch.

"I remember the prairie fire that swept southward from the Rosebud Creek area carrying death and destruction to stock, wild animals and hayfields. When the heat and smoke got so intense and my Dad had to leave the ranch to fight the fire he put my Mum and me and my very young sister in the spring. It had an earthen igloo-like hut over it and with a floor made of flat rocks around which clear cold water constantly flowed. The three of us sat on those rocks until my Dad returned.

"Flies and mosquitoes were pests of the first degree. But I remember the excitement of helping to make 'smudges' atop the hills surrounding the CX (the Morton brand) where horses and cattle waited in droves for the smoke that drove away the insects.

"The wind-swept prairies are no more. Now the wind waves the wheat fields and this is as it should be. But my heart leaps every time I return to the Red Deer River with its deep coulees and its grass-covered hills. It is very little changed - even the antelope are still there."

Times changed. Jack's fortune dwindled. No one needed his horses. His best customers, the Blackfoot, were not buying. His life dissolved. He suffered the worst defeat. He never did win the chuck wagon race at the Calgary Stampede.

It was quite some time before the suffragette, Mary Kentner Gooderham, was able to see the gentle side of Gleichen life and particularly its men.

MARY'S NEW HOUSE HAS GHOSTS

Mary moved into her new home on the Blackfoot Reserve with some trepidation. It was new to her but not to George and his sisters. The Gooderhams had lived and died there over the last thirteen years. Only George bridged the two worlds. He had lived with his grandparents in Meadowvale, Ontario, just around the corner from many of Mary's relatives. When Mary came - in 1920 - the house was "the Gooderham's". They had moved to the Blackfoot Reserve from the Peigan in the Spring of 1907 following one of the worst winters on record, branded in the memory of old-timers as "The Hard Winter." Mary's new in-laws had experienced thirteen years of pioneer life that Mary could only hear about.

From December to March of 1907 the weather just got worse and worse. It was a winter of blizzards and temperatures of 60 degrees below zero. There were Chinooks which blew through from time to time melting the top layer of snow only to freeze again into an impenetrable crust and creating worse conditions than before the balmy visitation. Cattle froze to death or starved because they couldn't get through the snow to the grass below. In six months Alberta ranchers lost 65% of their stock. Some lost everything.

The Gooderhams were on the Peigan Reserve, snow-bound on the far side of the river for days at a time, in a house without central heating or plumbing. They heard through the Moccasin Telegraph about the devastation of Peigan herds and of those of neighbours. To make matters worse their mother, Maggie, was slowly losing her battle with tuberculosis - the dreaded consumption.

John learned he was to be promoted to the Blackfoot reserve in the Spring. The whole family was excited at the prospect. They would be living less than sixty miles east of Calgary, just across the railway tracks from the thriving town of Gleichen - the fastest growing town in southern Alberta. The town was on the CPR line only an hour's journey from Calgary. There was a train to and from the city every morning and evening and the house was big and modern. They heard it was the talk of the town. It had a basement with a furnace and a central heating system, its own water system, piped into the house from a well and pressure tank which would provide water even in the upstairs bathroom. There was also a huge water cistern to collect rain water for washing and a large room for fire wood or coal.

At Peigan the oldest "Gooderham girl," Muriel, (the four of them, Muriel, Kay, Ishbel and Jean were soon to be known as "The Gooderham Girls") was still in high school, dreaming of University as well as the trip to Gleichen. Unknown to her a girl who would become her best friend was planning a trip to the same destination from a great deal farther away.

Isobelle Millie of Fifeshire, Scotland, had persuaded her parents to let her go to Canada with her older brother, Charles, who had a farm and a business in Gleichen. Her parents agreed even though Isobelle had just received a scholarship to go to University (only the Scots would have such an idea - women indeed!). After all it would only be for a short time and Isobelle was young. Besides University might not be all that useful for women anyway.

Isobelle and her brother, together with Charles' best friend, Douglas Hardwick (who would one day become her husband) left Scotland in April, landed in New York and went on to Montreal to begin the train trip west. Isobelle described it to Muriel later that year after they had met and become friends.

"Charles and Mr Hardwick had a drawing room on the train, a neat little place with two seats opposite one another and a lounge all fixed in and a lavatory at the side and a bed to pull down from above. It was so nice and private. I had a sleeper just outside but they let me come in and sit with them most of the day.

"The country just outside Montreal was bleak, even wretched, with only a few trees here and there. I saw few settlers . A little farther west there were huge forests stretching for miles and miles, nothing but trees and masses of rock.

"The most beautiful part was around the lakes. We passed right close to Lake Superior and I did enjoy the sight. Then the train plunged off into the forest again and again. It all reminded me very much of the Highlands.

"But when we reached the prairie we saw the worst sights of all, hundreds of dead cattle. We would pass one here, one there and sometimes beneath a little hillock there would be a whole bunch. Dead antelope as well. But some were alive and kicking. Horses were in better shape than the cattle who were all miserable looking creatures. Sloughs were scattered all along the way and covered with ducks. I had never seen so many. And by the time I reached Gleichen I was pretty well excited."

It was also pretty exciting for the Gooderhams who were to arrive in Gleichen a month or two later. At the Agency there were three houses for staff. The biggest and best, "the nicest in town with a most beautiful garden," which was to be theirs, was built for the Markles, Grandfather John's predecessor. Mr Markle had been named Inspector for the Western Region and would be moving, so the house would belong to the Gooderhams. In a letter home Isobelle exclaimed:

"The Gooderham's house is on the other side of the railway tracks on the Blackfoot Indian Reserve. It would be quite grand anywhere, but in Gleichen it is very grand. It's like an estate. The house is made of wood rather than stone or brick but it is very large, with five bedrooms and an inside bathroom complete with bath tub, elegant little corner hand sink and flush toilet - the kind with a little handle not a tassel that you pull.

"Outside there is a large fenced garden. and wide gravel paths running from the roadway to the house. Another leads toward a courtyard with barn, carriage houses (there are two) a chicken house and run, an ice house (they have ice for their ice box all summer) and the office. At the back there is a pump house where their water supply is pumped out of the ground. There are lilac and honeysuckle trees all through the garden as well as evergreen trees and a hedge called carrigana with pretty yellow flowers in the Spring. On a side lawn covered with prairie grass rolled flat you can play lawn tennis. Everyone wants to be invited to parties at the Gooderhams.

"The inside is just as spectacular. A screened verandah surrounds the entrance to a reception hall with a bell on the door to let them know you have arrived. The first thing I noticed was the floor made of narrow boards of a creamy white colour. I'm told they are maple hardwood floors. A grand staircase leads first to a study or office and then turns a corner to another landing where there is a door leading to a closed-in stairway to the kitchen. The "main" stairs turn again and take you up to the bedrooms and bathroom. The reception hall has panelling matching the banisters and the mantle surrounding a fireplace faced with green tiles and a matching metal cover when not in use.

"The two adjoining rooms, a parlor, or living room as they like to call it, and a dining room, can be closed off from one another by pulling out sliding doors hidden in the wall. I think they're called pocket doors at home.

The ceilings in all three rooms are quite spectacular. They might be in a castle. Muriel's brother, George, who is here from Toronto on a holiday, told me the ceilings are made of tin which has been pressed out in a mold. They are painted a light creamy colour. Very elegant. They remind me of patterns designed by William Morris at home and so popular there. Each room has a matching chandelier of translucent glass in various shades of orangey brown. It is pretty during the day but wonderful when the lights are all turned on and the whole ceiling glows. A large window in the living room has stained glass borders.

"There is a swinging door leading to the kitchen which is really two kitchens, a summer and a winter. The summer kitchen was built separate from the house so that kitchen heat doesn't fill the whole house. There is a separate pantry, with a pump beside the sink as well as two taps. The pump is attached to a cistern in the basement that collects rain water for hair washing. Soft water makes your hair so much more beautiful. There is a hot as well as cold water tap. We don't have anything that luxurious.

" There is a back garden as well with a long narrow vegetable garden and in the corner next to the pasture and the barn, a privy. I asked Muriel why they kept it and she said she was surprised how many people preferred it to the toilet in the house. It was certainly more convenient for anyone working in the garden, and what if something went wrong with the new system?"

When Isobelle visited Muriel just after the Gooderhams had moved in Maggie was in bed. Her tuberculosis was keeping her more and more in bed and she relied on Muriel. The Gooderhams had a piano (another luxury) and sheet music so Isobelle amused herself by trying some of the pieces. The two girls sang in the church (Methodist) choir. The minister started a literary club - a poet each month- and the two girls belonged to that as well.

They went to the movies. "After the show (a cowboy rescuing a girl from the Indians) there was a concert and a cinematograph. Just imagine my seeing that in Gleichen. It was San Francisco before and after the earthquake. You should have heard the exclamations of surprise, particularly from the Indians."

Everyone rode horses and Muriel gave Isobelle her riding habit (such a pretty one) to copy when Isobelle made her own riding costume.

But the girls were to learn that the main entertainment in Gleichen was dancing. The big dance of the year was the Ranchmen's Ball but there were many others almost as grand. And the

girls got all dressed up. "I wore my black velvet skirt and my new blouse. I pulled the sleeves right up to the elbow and had on long black silk gloves and my little yellow fan with a black velvet ribbon on it. So, with Mother's shawl to top it off, I looked quite fine."

They had to learn to dance the waltz. "Reversing was a problem but soon became the best part. There were quadrilles - sometimes a most fearful mix up. There was the Jersey two-step to learn - a business known as a pas-de-quatre. The French minuet was a new dance. Three steps forward, three steps back then a steppy business, a whirl then a waltz. The dancing might last till five in the morning and men rode as much as 60 miles to be there.

"Men? Well. Gentlemen in Britain would be put in the background by many of the men who came to the Gleichen dances. Even if they came in working clothes it didn't take long to tell who they really were. It does seem funny at first meeting so many men of good families speaking perfect English but wearing overalls instead of white collars. Boys from the bank are also much sought after. Gleichen has a very mixed population. There are a lot of Mormons and French people so we just dance with our own lot."

There were lunches at midnight and the girls had to take their turn preparing layer cakes either caramel or white, swiss rolls, little queen cakes filled with jelly, little ham sandwiches on brown or white bread.

Fashion was not reserved solely for the dances. "When Mrs A and Mrs B drove up in their trap at Charle's farm they were regular fashion plates. Mrs. A was in black silk, a mission blouse with elbow sleeves, long black net gloves and a light picture hat. Mrs. B wore blue voile, all ruched, and a black hat with blue chiffon, all from London. Their relatives send them a lot."

"But woe to those who step down from their carriage. Everything is mud, mud, mud filled with alkali and clay that sticks to everything. And mosquitoes, so many you can't protect yourself and your whole face swells up. Muriel tells me that you get used to them after a while and their stings don't hurt so much. I know I have a much worse time than she does, so I hope she's right - and it doesn't take years to become immune."

There was also Calgary! "We came up to Calgary last night. The train was very late at Gleichen, 11 PM instead of 5:30, so we reached Calgary at 1:00 AM. I was perfectly astonished.

Such a nice looking town, nice buildings and each one of them lit up. All the lights are left burning during the night. After dinner we went to see *The Merchant of Venice* which wasn't bad."

A year later, in 1908, Isobelle was to tell her parents that "Mrs. Gooderham is to take a long vacation with some friends of hers in Saskatchewan, for her health's sake." Isobelle never saw her alive again.

NWT AND THE REBELLION

HISTORY ON THE WALL : Going West

By the time the newly married Mary Gooderham arrived her father-in-law, John Gooderham, was dead of course and so only existed for her as a sepia-coloured photograph on the den wall. He was wearing a round cossack-style fur hat above a wide forehead, large elegant nose, eyes fixed on the viewer with a knowing look. A bushy mustache and huge fur coat definitely designed for the travails of pioneering in Canada's wild west prompted more than one visitor to exclaim "Who's the Russian?"

Like most family stories John's came slowly and with contradictions. Georg's version was that John had been in business with a partner on Front street in Toronto but had a severe disagreement and decided try his luck out West. There were others who said he was just looking for adventure. Some said he was merely escaping his father and the indignity of being a farm-hand subject to his father's demanding ways.

A more complete view had John Gooderham deciding to try his hand at business in Toronto with another Uncle, his mother's brother, Peter Macdonald. He owned a very successful retail business in Toronto and thought he might expand his operation with the help of his sister's son. However the enterprise did not last and John began to have a more favourable opinion of his rural background.

John was raised on a farm in what is now Scarborough. His father, George Sr, a favourite nephew of Old William, the famous owner of the Gooderham and Worts Distillery, was asked to move to Meadowvale to manage the Gooderham and Worts farms at Meadowvale and Streetsville and young John would go along with him.

George Sr had no difficulty making the decision to work for the company or in putting himself in his uncle's camp. He was impressed by the life style the "Whiskey Gooderhams" had built for themselves. Farming was always a risky business and although George Sr was good at it there were definite advantages to being a company man.

George Sr assumed the Gooderham and Worts farms would always have company support. He would manage the farming business including the hiring of suitable staff as well as determining their duties.

It had another appeal. George Sr had grown up on the Gooderham homestead in Suffolk, England. He and his two cousins, William Jr and James had lived next door to one another The three were of an age and were friends as well as relatives. The move to Meadowvale would allow

George Sr to stay in touch with two of his favourite cousins as well as with his favourite uncle, William. Without intending a break with his immediate family he found himself in the camp with the whiskey-makers and under suspicion from Baptists, friends and relatives. He enjoyed Meadowvale and stayed on after the farms were sold, keeping a part of the Meadowvale farm for himself and never losing touch with his Toronto relatives who had moved to Toronto - a fact that was to influence his grandson, George, many years later.

George Sr's son, John was about to see his farming skills pay off in an adventurous job. John A MacDonald, Prime Minister of the country at the time, was looking for farmers to help with Indian people who were having a difficult time adjusting to the myriad changes in their homeland - now called the North West Territories. MacDonald was afraid they could be encouraged by unhappy Metis to join in an uprising against the government. They had staged one insurrection and he believed they were encouraging their old leader Louis Riel to come back to Canada and lead another.

Word reached him people were starving in spite of the fact rations were being provided. The Indians must have help in learning how to farm and thereby feed themselves. The job seemed a perfect match for John. It also looked like a long range project. It was 1879.

To ensure the success of his plan MacDonald had taken on the portfolio of Superintendent of Indian Affairs himself in addition to being Prime Minister. In fact the Territories, including the railway which was being built across it, were his major concerns. He kept his working office in that department and his desk may still be there.

Under treaties signed between Indian bands and the Canadian Government MacDonald was obligated to provide food rations to all who signed the treaty. Immediately after the signing rations were issued but how were the people to get the supplies? There were no roads, few towns and no infrastructure other than that supplied by the North West Mounted Police. In Alberta the food might only be available at Fort Macleod. In Saskatchewan, in Regina.

MacDonald devised a plan for hiring young men knowledgeable about farming, who would look after the immediate needs of providing food to the people but who could also teach them how to farm and make a living.

On Front Street in Toronto this offer of adventure seemed perfect and our John greeted John A MacDonald's plan with such enthusiasm he didn't wait to find out if his application had

been approved. He took off for Winnipeg as soon as he had put together the appropriate wardrobe.

It was a journey of some consequence. Once outside Ontario there was little beyond grass, rock and water. And on the other side of Winnipeg, few if any roads, cities or towns. John was twenty years old. The difficulties of such an adventure merely made the whole thing more attractive. The photograph of the Russian that we all saw on the den wall was in fact John Gooderham dressed for his journey west.

To reach Winnipeg he first travelled to Owen Sound, a port on the eastern side of the Great Lakes where he had an aunt and uncle (his mother's sister and her husband) In John's mind they were themselves on the edge of civilization and he looked forward to their advice. They encouraged him in his plan and saw him off in one of the steamers that travelled across the lakes to American ports on the western side.

Landing in the United States he had to make his way north to Winnipeg by stage where his Toronto connections helped him secure an interim job with the pioneer firm of Kilgour Brothers who had connections in Toronto and knew the name Gooderham well. John waited for the promised government position to materialize.

In time it did and he set out on the last 355 miles to his destination of Fort Qu'Appelle and the Touchwood Hills, a spot on the map just north and east of the town of Regina and surrounded by Indian bands -the logical place for him to start work. There were no roads and few men knew where the place was or how to get there.

He went by dog team and Red River cart with his boss, James Scott, knowing only that they were to perform various duties to do with Indians in the area. No one knew what those duties might be but John A MacDonald knew the making of Canada meant keeping the Indians loyal. There had already been one Metis rebellion. There was every indication there would be another in which the Indians might take part.

The Metis thought their claim to land and their traditional manner of apportioning it had never been addressed by the Government. Worse still, surveyors had already mapped the western part of the prairies into sections (squares) which would make the Metis claims (long narrow trapezoids) impossible to ratify. The Metis believed they would have to fight to maintain their claim to land. The government could not, or would not, negotiate this difference and was fully aware that a fight was imminent. The Metis hoped to persuade their Indian cousins to join them

and although they received a sympathetic hearing most Indians were anxious to protect their own interests which did not always coincide with those of their cousins, the Metis.

This was the world the two Government employees faced. They "took up residence" on the old telegraph trail about six miles from the present town of Punnichy. They were the first white men, not just to visit but to stay, in the area. Residence meant a tent first and log hut later. Provisions could only be purchased in Qu'Appelle, miles away and delivered by Red River cart. Comfort was not part of the plan and nor was safety. The two must fend for themselves.

An immediate need was to make sure the Indian people saw the intruders as friends and helpers. It was agreed John would visit the camps and find out how best to help. For the government a major responsibility was to report any sickness. Because the Indians had no immunity to these new scourges, diseases as common to Europeans as measles could spread from one person to another killing almost all it infected.

At first John was received with hostility and suspicion. If he wished to be trusted he must learn the Cree language and the related Saulteux, and even Sioux for there were groups of Sioux here and there as well - representing possible trouble

In June of 1876 under the leadership of Chief Sitting Bull, the Sioux had fought and won the famous Battle of the Little Big Horn in the United States just south of the Touchwoods. Lieutenant Colonel George Armstrong Custer's army was destroyed. Only a horse called Comanche survived. The Americans were more than a little concerned about this massacre and outlawed Sitting Bull and all his followers. The Sioux may have won the victory but it meant they were now criminals and must flee. Sitting Bull and most of his followers went north across the invisible border to Canada. The Canadian government may have been sympathetic to Sitting Bull's cause but could not be seen to be harbouring a criminal. Sitting Bull returned to the U S in 1881 but by then many Sioux had melted into the Canadian scene.

John learned quickly. He gained the trust of each band. He learned that (after rations) their first concern was for their horses. It was horses more than any other modern improvement that had created the Indian life of the day. It was agreed the white men, not yet called Indian Agents, would organize the collection and storing of hay for the horses during the winter. The most modern mowers and rakes were ordered and shipped in. The Indians were astounded. They had never seen anything like it and were amazed at how fast haying was accomplished. They

were quick to learn the new ways and haying soon become a major source of income for many of them. John got quite a bit of credit for this innovation.

John was on an adventure that might change or end at any time. He never once guessed he would live there for the next 24 years of his life, moving from reserve to reserve, Poorman's in the north, the settlement of Kutawa in the middle and Piapot in the south.

TOUCHWOOD HILLS AND THE REBELLION

Settlers started arriving in 1880 to a country that showed great promise in its lush greenness. It was not the Saskatchewan of today with its droughts, its golden wheat fields - each one like the one before - stretching to the horizon.

The Touchwood Hills John found when he finally creaked into "town" on the red river cart that brought him the 355 miles from Winnipeg was one of rolling hills, groves of trees, huge patches of slough grass as high as your armpits, and only very rarely, buffalo. There was water everywhere, sloughs round every corner and in every gully. When John returned to Ontario for a visit in 1882 he went to Winnipeg by boat. It was the year of the big flood and the boat did not need to follow the river channel. "The whole country was under water."

The country was not only wet it supported many groves of trees. There was plenty of timber (primarily poplar and birch) for building and for fuel. There were acres and acres of luscious grazing and masses of water both above and below the surface. It was clear that many settlers would arrive as soon as it was open to them. Surveyors were already at work. A settler arriving in 1883 was delighted.

"The first summer we spent in the shack of some bachelors - there were only single men in the area for several years - until we were able to build a house made with logs from a "forest" on what we called The Mountain. The country was like a huge multicoloured garden with prairie flowers everywhere. Flowers we never see today. Those first years seemed wonderful to me."

Getting there was not easy. Even as late as 1881 it was only possible to go by rail to Portage La Prairie, the end of the CPR line. After that travel was by "Prairie Schooner" west to Fort Qu'Appelle, then north along the trail some eighty miles to what was later called Round Plain. The surveyors were there ahead of the settlers - often leaving equipment behind which the settlers found very useful.

The trails were just that - two parallel ruts wandering across the open spaces around hills if possible, over them if not and around sloughs if the slough hadn't expanded over the trail. One family found a spot where the trail had gone between two sloughs. Recent rain had raised the water level which then spilled across the trail.

"The first wagon got through but Dad's wagon sank to the hubs and the ham straps broke on the oxen's harness and left the wagon sitting in the middle of the water. Dad had to carry

Mother and the kids to dry land then fix the harness and put two teams on with a log chain to pull the wagon out." (TTT p.29).****

There was water everywhere - too much water. A quarter of the land surface was covered with sloughs, most of them shallow but some as deep as ten or fifteen feet. Every settler had a private lake in the backyard. The sloughs were teeming with water fowl of all kinds and the bluffs and prairie with partridges, prairie chicken and rabbits. In the summer there was lots of food both for man and beast - wild strawberries, saskatoons and masses of grass, vetch and peavine for the stock. All one had to do was mow, rake and stack.

All newcomers, including John Gooderham, had expected to raise grain but that was not to happen until the early 1900s. Marquis wheat had not been discovered. Frost came early and the wheat grown was mostly Red Fife which ripened too late to avoid freezing. Some oats and barley were grown but the cash crop that everyone had to rely upon was cattle.

The whole country was one big range. In the Fall everyone had to round up cattle which roamed within a ten or fifteen mile radius and agree on who owned which cow, which calf. But the busiest time of the year was haying season (late June and early July) when hundreds of tons of hay were stacked for the large herds of cattle that wandered the range in summer but had to be fed during the winter.

Livestock were greatly pestered by sand flies and by mosquitoes. Sand flies could eat tiny holes in strips over an inch wide across the breast of a horse, under the jaws, inside the ears and any other thin-skinned part. It was almost as bad for the cattle. The large bodies of still water meant mosquitoes were everywhere.

Particularly as the country became dryer, raging prairie fires were a constant terror. The grass was both thick and long - so long that later, when slough hay became scarce, people cut the grass, called prairie wool, for hay. It was so nourishing horses turned out in the Fall would be fat in the Spring because they had been able to paw through the snow to the wool below.

But grass fires were serious trouble. A settler might set fire to an old slough bottom to ensure a nice clean cut in the summer. All that was needed was a sudden gust of wind and the fire was out of control. It could travel for miles whipped by the wind and, worse, create its own wind as it moved. Once started it had unlimited sweep. It could move as fast as a team could run. Buildings, haystacks and anything vulnerable had to be protected with a fireguard. This was a circle or preferably two circles with a space of burned grass around the whole area to be

protected. There were no telephones but the first smell of smoke was the alarm system. Everyone dropped whatever they were doing and rushed in the direction of the smoke grabbing wet sacks or willow branches as they went. It could mean their livelihood, their property or even their lives. A fire could destroy hundreds of loads of hay, a whole years supply and livestock could be killed or severely burned. And, of course, homes could go up in flames as well.

May 24th was a great celebration for everyone - Indians and settlers. Indians arrived from Moscowequan, Gordons, Poorman's, Daystar, Fishing Lake and Nut Lake reserves. Most came in Red River carts - with high squeaky wheels. But there were lots who came by travois. The mother rode the horse with two long poles tied together in front of her. These rested on the horses neck and stretched along its flanks out behind the horse to drag along the ground. In a basket seat between these poles sat children anxious for the fun to begin. It was a comfortable springy seat, perhaps the best method of transportation of all, and probably superior to the new buckboards - buggies without springs - that some of the Indian leaders were able to afford. In 1897 one settler counted over fifty tipis, all painted, set up in two long lines. Settlers might come by horseback, wagon, driving team and democrat - an elegant horse-drawn buggy. They all came for the horse races.

Indian men and boys had not yet adopted the custom of wearing trousers or overalls. They wore a breech cloth and leggings, which had the dual purpose of protection and warmth but could be taken off and used as a "shopping basket." You might see a boy or young man carrying one or more leggings tied around the cuff. A foot or more might be filled with wild duck and mudhen eggs which he had picked up on his way past the many prairie sloughs. The difference in the incubation of each egg was not a concern. Ducks of any age were good to eat.

There was now more than a little concern about a second rebellion. New rumours came every day. Riel was back in Canada from the USA. Riel was at the border. He was in Montana gathering support for an invasion. He had become an American citizen and was no longer interested in Canada. The air was filled with tension. Every movement of the smallest Indian Band was viewed with alarm, The Federal Government had more information than ordinary citizens and knew it must prepare for an insurrection. Communications would be crucial. The hot spot was expected to be in the north central part of what is now Saskatchewan, likely the settlement of Prince Albert. Many Metis there were in constant contact with Riel and filled with dreams of re-establishing their control over the West.

In 1883 the telegraph station at Humbolt was closed and the operator there, A.V. (Von) Lindeburgh, was instructed to relocate about ninety miles to the east. There was no settlement there at the time so Lindeburgh had to name it. He chose Kutawa, (Cree for a gap between hills) Assiniboia, NWT. Lindeburgh and his wife were destined to be close friends of the Gooderhams.

The move of the telegraph station was part of a larger plan. John was detailed to supervise the construction of the telegraph line from Humbolt to Prince Albert. It was 1884 and the government knew there was a growing unrest in that area. The line was completed just in time. Not only did it supply information "over the wire" but it also provided a trail which soldiers and suppliers could use. John showed a remarkable grasp of the situation, not to mention courage.

The rebellion did break out. Riel returned to represent the Metis' land claims. Unsuccessful in the courts he established a provisional government in March 1885. A rising followed. Every move of every Indian, no matter how innocent, was a threat to settlers who had no way of knowing the person's intentions. John was instructed to visit various Indian groups to provide what help he could and to persuade them to "stick with the government." He was successful. They all remained neutral if not loyal.

At one point he travelled with an escort of ten Mounties over a hundred miles north into "enemy territory" to make treaty payments to various bands in the Nut Lake, Fishing Lake areas and to find out whether these people were involved in the rebellion or remained "loyal." Once again the trip was a success.

According to George, his father John's knowledge, not only of the language but the point of view of the various bands, gave him a very strong advantage over other government men. "He always had good rapport with the Indian people."

George also gave much credit to Edgar Dewdney who was made Lieutenant Governor of the North West Territories in 1881. Dewdney had previously been Indian Commissioner and had gained the respect and confidence of many of the chiefs and their followers across the prairies. George said credit should go to Dewdney for the limited participation of Treaty Indians in the rebellion.

George also emphasized "John never carried a gun." Relatives in Toronto had no such reservations. Albert Gooderham, who would later become Sir Albert and Colonel of the Queens

Own detachment which fought in the rebellion, was eager to "go west." He joined the militia with the specific intention of fighting in the rebellion but was turned down as the complement of officers for the Queen's Own was filled. Some members of his family claim to this day he was there.

The rebellion never reached the Touchwood Hills area but the settlers had many stories to tell. "When the fighting started around Battleford, we were all afraid of the Indians around here. Being new to the country, we did not know what to expect. Some lived in fear and dread that the Indians from Day Star and Poor Man reserves would come and kill us all some night. Whenever we saw a fire, we were sure it was a signal fire made by the Indians. Then one night the dogs all began to bark. The men went out to listen and heard the clatter of horses' feet. Every man loaded his shot gun, ready for the worst, but the riders did not come near and everything quietened down. When the same thing happened the second night some of the men decided to go to Kutawa to see the police. They were told the horsemen were mounted police on patrol. We were relieved but we continued to gather together each night." (TT - p 41)

One settler claimed that a teacher had prevented an uprising in the district by misinterpreting a message from Riel to an ally. He claimed that Riel had asked the Indians, camped near the (old) Hudson's Bay Post, to wait for his next message. The message had actually ordered an attack and of course the second message never arrived.

Although the settlers formed nightly patrols and some had scary experiences, no one in the district was hurt and the rebellion was very soon over. But the "war" meant that the trail from Qu'Appelle to Prince Albert was a busy thoroughfare transporting supplies for the troops out west. "Everyone who had some sort of conveyance was 'on the transport'. We were all glad when the rebellion ended but it seemed very quiet and dull and we missed the extra cash after the soldiers pulled out."

Indians moving about the land after the rebellion continued to frighten the settlers. The government accepted their band organization and set aside reserves for all - Poor Man's, Daystar, Gordon and Moscovequan. An Agency headquarters which would be necessary if the Indian people were to receive the help they needed, was established in 1886, a stone's throw from Lindeburgh's telegraph station. There were three houses - one for the Agent, one for the clerk (John) and one for the interpreter as well as an office building and a huge warehouse for Indian

food supplies and horse stables. The agency was later transferred to a site just north of Punnichy. A police detachment was sent to Kutawa as well and their barracks erected less than a mile from the telegraph office. John noted that not only would his home be safe but his (possible) wife would have a neighbour, one Margaret Lindeburgh.

No one knew at the time who that wife was to be except John. He had just met Margaret McKinnon, a school teacher from Cape Breton who had already decided to "try the west." Would she be willing to take this additional step?

*****John H. (Hamilton) Gooderham of Touchwood Hills NWT was married to Margaret McKinnon of Strathlorne N.S. in Portage La Prairie on July 11, 1886 Witnessed by Malcom and Margaret McLean (relatives of Margaret) Affidavit available*****

THE DEAN ACHESON CONNECTION

Although the family supported the Canadian Government in the Rebellion John was the only Gooderham to be actually involved . However, Albert joined the Royal Grenadiers as an officer hoping he would be able to join the government forces. Unfortunately for him there was a full complement of officers before he applied. There was, however, a young man who would later join the Gooderham family who was "in the thick of it." His name was Edward Acheson and he would return to Toronto a hero. He would later marry Eleanor Gooderham which would have some interesting consequences

Edward who was born in northern Ireland in 1857, left his home for Canada in 1881. He secured a job in a drygoods company in Toronto as an elevator boy but somehow also managed to enter University College of the University of Toronto. What's more he enlisted in the militia group, the Queen's Own Rifles. Trained and ready in 1885 when the insurrection began he was among the first to be sent out west.

At the Battle of Cut Knife Creek he was wounded in what appears to have been an ambush. When he saw a fellow soldier shot and fall in no man's land he ran out to pick him up. After bringing back the dead man's body he went back for yet another fallen comrade. Both he and the second soldier survived. Edward was given the Victoria Cross for Bravery. Perhaps because of this horrendous experience he became convinced he should enter divinity school.

Some say he began his new calling in the field and conducted his first (evangelical Anglican) church service at Fort Qu'Appelle, the center of John's world and John would be there to hear Acheson, the hero never guessing that Edward Acheson would later become a relative.

When Edward returned to University he studied for the ministry at Wycliffe College, part of the University of Toronto. Graduating in 1889 he was made curate of All Saints' Church in Toronto. Wycliffe College was part of a local Anglican evangelical movement and Edward emphasized the supremacy of the Scripture with fervor. It was there he met the Gooderham family who were his parishioners. They had been involved in the Anglican evangelical movement from the time they first arrived in Upper Canada. In 1892 Edward married Eleanor Gooderham, one of thirteen children of George Gooderham which included Albert, and WG (William George) about whom we will hear more later. At the time George was head of the Gooderham financial empire and often called the richest man in Canada. The wedding reception was held in his recently constructed red stone and granite house at 135 St. George street (still standing today) just down the street from Wycliffe College.

Eleanor was not the expected model for a clergyman's wife. She was a sportswoman, dressed in the latest styles, rode horseback and was the first in town to buy a car. Her father had taught her to shoot, ride and fish. She might, it is said, while dressed in her long swishy silks, spy a squirrel on the terrace, seize her shot gun from inside the door of the verandah and in Dean's words "high heels and pearls on she'd take a shot and drop the intruder dead".

She was intimidating and tended to dominate groups with a fine sense of humour and a determination to avoid conformity. Dean and his mother were very close and shared the same sense of humour. It is also said that Dean inherited his mother's forceful character, her somewhat theatrical nature and her need to stand out from the crowd, to organize things and to be a leader.

The Achesons left Canada to take a parish in the United States and Edward eventually became a Bishop. Eleanor's father, saw no reason why his daughter should live an economically deprived life just because she chose to marry a clergyman. In 1904 he settled a substantial block of stock in his insurance company (Canadian General Insurance) on her. It was enough to provide the Achesons a prosperous life among the gentry of their adopted country, the United States. They were also able to provide their first son, Dean, born April 11, 1893, with an education that included Yale and Harvard Universities. It was money well invested because Dean later became famous as Under Secretary of State of the United States ((1945-1947) where he secured Senate

approval for US membership in the United Nations and, even more important outlined the main points of what became known as the Marshall Plan. President Harry Truman promoted him to Secretary of State in 1949 in which role he was a leading figure in the formation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. When he returned to private life he continued to serve as foreign policy adviser to successive presidents.

There were political connections in Canada too. The first president of the Canadian General Insurance Company was John A. MacDonald (later Prime Minister) and the final president was Henry S. Gooderham who became close friends with our George when the two of them were at the University of Toronto just before World War I.

PIONEER FRIENDS

The June 24th, 1943, edition of the *Punnichy Touchwood Times* boasted that "Two products of the Touchwood Hills were honoured in the King's Birthday List." Marion Lindeburg, President of the Canadian Nurses Association has been given the title of Officer of the Order of the British Empire(OBE) and George H Gooderham, Indian Agent at Gleichen, Alberta made Member of the Order of the British Empire(MBE)

"The names Lindeburgh and Gooderham go back to the very earliest days. They were here before there was a railway or even a school. and Marion and George were the first white babies."

Amazingly the Lindeburgh's original home was still standing in 1943 and occupied by Frank Lindeburgh, the youngest member of the family at that time. The house where George was born was also still to be found on the Poorman's Indian Reserve in that year.

George, born in 1889, says, "In 1890, when I was just a baby, we moved from the Poorman's Reserve where Papa (John) had been assistant agent to Kutawa, a tiny white community on the original telegraph line which crossed Canada. The "town" consisted of three homes which acted as home, telegraph office, Indian Affairs office and RCMP outpost but it seemed like a town to the families who were used to living miles apart. And it was a supply centre. After the Rebellion of 1885 the Government expanded the Indian Agency buildings to serve all the surrounding reserves.

Just after the Rebellion, a young woman named Margaret McKinnon came out to the Touchwoods to visit her brother, Malcom. Although she was a qualified teacher from Nova Scotia - Strathlorne, to be exact - she appears to have taken time off to help her bachelor brother get settled on his homestead. When the prairie weather changed for the worse Malcom went back East. However Margaret or Maggie as she was called by her friends had long range plans in mind.

She had met a young Indian Affairs employee named John Gooderham and after some hesitation and a trip home to consult, Maggie agreed to marry John. Maggie had an aunt and uncle in Portage La Prairie who were delighted to "stand up" for the young couple. The wedding took place July 11, 1886 in Portage La Prairie. There was a home waiting for them on the Poorman's Reserve where George was born three years later.

When Maggie came to visit her brother, Malcom, she had met Margaret and Alfred Von Lindeburgh. And of course the two men had known each other since John supervised the construction of the telegraph line from Humbolt to Prince Albert. They were instant friends.

When the Gooderhams moved to Kutawa, the two Margarets became fast friends. They both had a talent for pioneering and the friendship lasted the rest of Margaret Gooderham's life, even though the Gooderhams moved to the Piapot Reserve, near Regina and then even further away, to Alberta, .

In 1884, two years before the Gooderhams were married, Alfred (Von - the title rarely used or found necessary) Lindeburgh married Margaret Ligget. Like her friend this Margaret was a woman of considerable personal strength and character. She was a proficient telegrapher who could take over the office when her husband was away inspecting the area for which he was responsible. It stretched from Fort Qu'Appelle 55 miles east of Kutawa to Humbolt 90 miles to the west. He was often away. Margaret was often alone, though not lonely.

She was famous as the "First White Woman Hunter of The Plains". She carried a gun and knew how to use it. She was the only white woman for miles around and on good terms with the many Indians who came to have a look at the first white woman they had ever seen. The Lindeburgh's home was the centre for the whole district and provided the post office as well as the telegraph station.

Mail came weekly, by "stage coach", actually a democrat and team, from Fort Qu'Appelle Station. On mail days neighbors for miles around gathered at the Lindeburghs to visit and wait for the mail. It meant an extra leaf or two in the Lindeburgh dining table. Margaret could manage that social responsibility too.

Like most settlers, the Lindeburghs owned cattle and horses which had free range throughout the Touchwood Hills. During the mosquito season and the evening onset of biting insects arrived, you could hear and feel the thud, thud, thud of galloping horses hoofs as the Lindeburgh's horses raced home to the safety of the smudges prepared (often by Margaret). A "round up" was not needed.

Little Kutawa was many days travel from the nearest store. Bankers in Fort Qu'Appelle saw this as an opportunity and financed a young man from Montreal called W A Heubach to open a store just a mile or so beyond Kutawa. His Indian customers were fascinated by his youth and by the downy blond hair which covered his face.

Cree men did not have beards and were careful to remove any stray hair that appeared on their face with tweezers. The young Heuback's whiskers looked to Cree men like the down of a goose. Descriptive names have always been a Cree custom so Heuback became Punnichy (down of a goose or fledgling). When the CNR came through it passed close to Heuback's [Punnichy's] store. When railway officials asked the locals what this place was called they assumed the question was "Who lives here?" The answer, of course was Punnichy. The town of Punnichy was born and would later replace the "town" of Kutawa.

Heubach and John became close friends and partners in various enterprises. Cattle were the cash crop and everyone who could afford it started a herd of cattle. The Montreal-born Heubach knew nothing about farming of any kind but of course John was raised in Ontario and familiar with the Gooderham and Worts championship shorthorns. He was an invaluable partner. They were a great boon to the neighborhood. They had cash. Neither had time to do the haying and winter feeding so they hired a local settler to supply and feed their herd during the winter. It cost the owners \$5. a head for the year. During the winter the cattle were fed slough hay which was cut and stacked during the summer. The cattle also had to be provided with smudges against mosquitoes which were a real menace to man and beast. Smudges cost an additional five dollars - a lot of money in those days but looking after a herd meant plenty of hard work.TT p 24

Punnichy (Heuback) was not only a merchant and entrepreneur but also a dentist. Or at least he was a man willing to "pull teeth". When one of his neighbours had a terrible toothache he was told to "try Punnichy." He borrowed a pony and set off for the store. Along the way he met a young man wearing a cowboy hat and a red bandanna. Casual conversation indicated that the dentist had been found. The cowboy was in fact "the tooth puller" himself.

Back at the store he got out his equipment which consisted of a kitchen chair and a pair of forceps. Having located the "culprit" Punnichy clamped the forceps gave them a mighty yank and out came the offending tooth. The two men chatted for a while then agreed that there was another offender. By the end of the afternoon five "offenders" had bit their last." Quite an afternoon's entertainment. TT p 28

Pioneers depended on one another and developed long lasting friendships. Years later another Gooderham friend wrote GH.

My Dear George Gooderham,

I suppose you will be surprised to get a few lines from Saskatchewan. How often I think of you and your sisters. I wish so much to see all of you again. It seems it is not so long ago I held you as a wee tot. Yes, dear George, I never had such good friends since your loving father and mother left here. Oh, I feel very lonely when I think of all the time going by.

Well, dear George, I have a photo taken of the old barracks at Kutawa. Your dear mother told me this building was your late uncle Malcom McKinnon's. She said she lived there when she first came out to Touchwood to see her brother. She past the winter with him in this house.

I suppose you are in your dear father's work. Oh dear, dear I must stop writing. You maybe don't remember me. I can tell you Mr. Slater is getting pretty old. Well we have had more than a week of rain, oh dear it almost ruined the crops and when it is so so low price it's no price at all. I must come to a close. Mr. Slater joins me in sending you our best love to you and your sisters. I remain yours sincerely
Mrs. James Slater.

James Slater came to the Touchwood Hills district from High Bluff, Manitoba in 1883. He worked for the old Hudson Bay Post of Touchwood Hills which was just east of Punnichy (you can still see the ruins today). He was a soldier in the first Riel Rebellion and was put in charge of the Hudson Bay store at Touchwood during the second rebellion when the factor moved himself and his family to safer quarters.

Mr. Slater was a man of many parts. In the early days of the Touchwood Races he served meals in a large tent, and sold popcorn and sweets much to the delight of the children.

He built and taught in the first school on Day Star Indian Reserve, teaching during the time of the famous Chief Day Star himself. When the Hudson Bay Company abandoned the post he took up a homestead. T T p 36 -7

There were many, many Touchwood Hills friends and when the Gooderhams left to go even farther west to (what is now) Alberta they gave John a gold-headed cane inscribed with his name and the date of his departure. Later in his life he relied on it to such an extent that the gold broke into pieces. It was repaired many years after his death and one day a grandson or daughter may find it "just what the doctor ordered."

THE INSPECTORS

A government job meant government inspection, even in the 1880s. John Gooderham's contribution was evaluated every year - once the government was clear enough on what it wanted done. The reports describe just how quickly the Indian people adapted to their new circumstances and point to some distinct differences between the way Indians were assisted and settlers were not. The reports praise John, various chiefs and their wives, as well as teachers. They also describe the birth of a welfare system probably meant to be temporary but which became a permanent fixture.

The Drought Begins

The Touchwood Hills District (part of Treaty #4) inspection report for 1887 describes the end of the wet years.

"Our crops which looked so promising at first, suffered considerably in consequence of the prolonged drought, so that we harvested but little grain." The Inspector did not think the crop failure was due to a lack of effort and at the time may have thought the drought was tempoary."The Indians worked well this spring and planted the ground in excellent order."

Another pressing concern was the effort required to restrict the constant movement of Indian families and bands. It upset the settlers who were afraid hostilities had broken out again. Instead of all bands meeting together on a food distribution day the Indians received their rations weekly on their own reserves which kept them at home. The flour and bacon they have been getting are of a good quality, and in a good season, with an occasional duck or prairie chicken and with some potatoes and turnip they are able to manage very nicely in the way of food. The clothing distributed during the winter was much appreciated and did a lot of good."

"The desire to roam is gradually leaving. The pass system is working well. When any of them wish to visit a relative they always come to the office and request a pass. There were no complaints from any of the settlers who surround us."

Although the Indians in the north at Nut Lake had a good year trapping, those closer to the settled areas had little or none. "The hunt is nearly a thing of the past. Most fur-bearing animals have left these parts or have been killed out." Government help was needed. "However those who were able were expected to give some work in return for the relief given. It was

remarked that "All the bands in the area were 60 or 80 miles from any centre where they might sell hay or other produce."

Schools were operating at George Gordon's and Muscowequan's and were doing well. "The children are beginning to like attending school. Several swings have been erected which cause no end of fun. The teacher at George Gordon's received third prize for best conducted school in the North West Territories.

"Mr J H Gooderham, who is in charge of Muscowequan, George Gordon's and Yellow Quill, has a good deal of travelling to do; he issues the rations every week on Muscowequan Reserve and drives 18 miles to Gordon's. He spends half his time on each of the above, with the occasional visit to Yellow Quills at Nut Lake and Fishing Lake. They are hunters and do not need the same supervision. Mr Gooderham is a hard working man and a great favourite amongst the Indians." John's annual salary was \$110 in 1879, increased to \$460 in 1886 and to \$600. by 1900.

The drought was not temporary and was about to force many settlers to pull up stakes and leave the country. One settler explains:

"The major problem was the water situation. Every year it got drier. The first winter we ran out of water we melted snow for the oxen and cows. Then we discovered they could survive by licking the snow. [tt p 32 -33]

"Those who could afford it, went back to the States. Some even drove their horses back. Others who did not have the money walked to Manitoba to look for work. The one and only reason we stayed was because we had to. [tt p 48]

Another remembers: "A lake near our home 13 feet deep dried up. Father drove cattle to Regina and took them home again as prices were so low. [tt p 43]

"The poverty that people talk about now is nothing to what we came through in those days. There were no government handouts then, either. We were all in the same boat, therefore no one could help the other. On one occasion we had to butcher the only cow we had to keep the neighbours and ourselves from starving. Woollen clothing was almost impossible to get and the mothers made mitts out of sacking." [tt p 48]

The Indians had a different problem. The old ways were less and less possible. There was a growing reliance on government support which for some was almost total. Freedom of movement had been curtailed as more and more settlers took up adjoining land.

1888 Poor Man's Reserve

By 1888 John has been placed in charge of Poor Man's reserve and is living there. The inspection report states:

"A new school house has been erected here; an addition has been made to the storehouse which will allow for a carpenter's shop and for the storing of grain. A corral for the cattle has been made and a number of houses and stables, including one of each for the Chief. A large quantity of hay has been secured and distributed on the reserve for the convenience of the cattle during the winter. Crops include wheat, oats, barley, peas, potatoes and turnips. There are 65 head of cattle.

"Mr. Gooderham has got married since my last visit and his wife is taking a great interest in teaching the Indian women the ordinary household duties. The Indians are working most cheerfully.

"The Inspector travelled entirely by buckboard with a (driver) teamster."

In the 1889 report we are told the size of each band and reserve.

"The first reserve inspected was Day Star's #87, Mr Gooderham being the farmer in charge. The area of the reserve being 20 square miles; population at present being 81.

"As many as eight new homes have been constructed all of a good class, high, and with sloped thatched roofs and some with top floors. The logs are square cut and dovetailed at the ends, and will be plastered with lime, instead of mud, which is preferable as lime will exterminate vermin whereas mud is disposed to attract and shelter it. Some very good new stables have been built.

"The Chief hoisted his flag in honour of our visit and was very friendly. He showed me a milk house which he had lately completed; it was very clean as were also the milk pans which were nicely arranged on shelves. His house was very clean as were all the houses and no rubbish of any kind was found around the premises. The gardens also showed careful attention."

Haying which was an essential activity was becoming more difficult. Two hundred tons of hay were required for winter feed. "Some good hay bottoms were found on the western boundary of the reserve, but in order to make use of the hay it had to be stacked at the meadows.

"It is proposed to winter 50 or 60 head of cattle at this spot this winter. With this in view a very fine stable has been built close to the lake which will hold 60 head. Hay stacks are close at

hand and the whole is enclosed with a strong fence and an Indian is camped there to guard the place. There was no chance of reaching it by hay racks as a new road had to be cut through the woods, so that temporary racks had to be made on the spot. The herd numbers 105 and is one of the finest that can be seen."

The Inspector found fit to mention that " A mud oven has been built near the school and serves the purpose of baking bread very well." He also remarked "The school house was in capital order."

"The next reserve was Poor-Man's # 88 area 42.25 square miles, population 117. Mr. Gooderham is in charge here as well as at Day Star. Prettier fields or better breaking cannot be seen anywhere. The self binder, a new one, purchased by the Indians was cutting the wheat; it was drawn by three oxen, driven by an Indian, the binder being worked by the interpreter. The herd numbers 89.

"The chief has a nice milk-house and he took great pains in showing it to me; 11 pans of milk were on the shelves making cream. Mrs. Gooderham took special trouble in teaching the Indian women to scald all vessels. (Maggie receives an annual salary of \$120) The Chief's wife makes good butter and the Indian women are doing well at knitting, sewing and mending.

"At the exhibition held in Regina this week the band has gained prizes for butter, dresses, wheat, turnips and other articles. The Chief is doing well and is progressive. His reserve is a fine one and he is justly proud of it. No trace of the wild rice which was sown some time ago. No doubt the drying up of the small lakes and sloughs is one cause. Mr Gooderham is very active and seems to get through a large amount of work."

GEORGE THE BOY

John's first son, George Hamilton Gooderham (George), was born April 21st, 1889, right after the Rebellion when he and Maggie were living on the Poor Man's reserve. That year April 21st was also Easter Sunday making the event seem particularly auspicious. George Hamilton was the first white baby to be born on Poor Man's or for that matter in the whole area. It was quite a celebration.

The Indians surrounded the house, riding round and round on horseback, shooting their guns. It was a very noisy and boisterous welcoming party but the family knew the celebration was for them not against them. The fact he was welcomed into this world by the Cree coloured George's whole life.

He was also welcomed by the Scots. Maggie must have been more than a little concerned about how she was going to deliver this small package so many days travel from a hospital or doctor. She was lucky enough to find a Scottish midwife who had come to western Canada with her husband and lived ten or fifteen miles from the Poor Man's reserve. She was told there might be one small problem. The midwife spoke very little English. Her language was Gaelic. Maggie was a McKinnon from Cape Breton which was just one step away from northern Scotland. Her first language was also Gaelic. So rather than a disadvantage, it was a great relief to be assisted by "some one from home." George came into a trilingual world: English, Cree and Gaelic.

In the 1880s small reserves were often named after the head man of the group that lived there. Poor Man was the name of the chief of the group who took over the reserve the Gooderhams were living on at that time. The chief's son was called Ed. Years later researchers visited Poor Man's to speak with the oldest living member, Ed Poor Man. When they told Ed they knew a man called Gooderham who had been born on the reserve Ed said, "My goodness that must be little George. I played with him when I was a boy. I'm a few years older than he is. I certainly loved the Gooderhams. George and I had a lot of fun together. You must take a picture of me for George to see what I look like, and I hope you will bring a picture of him for me when you come back."

The photograph arrived and showed a very fine looking old man. Because Ed Poor Man had such a treasure house of relics, costumes and stories the researchers returned many times.

When they showed Ed a photograph of George his comment was "My goodness, he's grey." Ed was in his nineties then but wasn't willing to have GEORGE grow old too.

Shortly after those visits Ed was moved to a hospital in Fort Qu'Appelle where they cut off his hair. No doubt they needed to do so for health reasons but it was a very serious loss for this old man whose hair was part of his soul. The values of the modern world were very different - it is possible no one thought to ask Ed how he would feel about having his hair cut.

George was only three years old when the Gooderhams left the Poor Man's Reserve so his personal recollections were few but he learned more about them later.

"Poor Man was a very forward thinking leader. His people had log homes on land which they farmed. There is a picture of a very "modern" side-delivery binder harvesting a crop of grain on the Poor Man Reserve. It required three people to operate and was pulled by a team of oxen. One man drove the team, another made sure the machine was operating properly and a third gathered the stalks as they came off the machine and, using a piece of the same straw, tied them into bundles.

The Gooderhams went first to Kutawa next door to their very close friends, the Lindeburghs. The next move was to the Piapot Reserve. George's earliest personal recollections were of that reserve, on the opposite side of the Qu'Appelle river about twenty or thirty miles from Regina. John became the assistant agent (farm instructor) there in 1892 and the family stayed for several years.

George's first recollection of the new home was the trip from Kutawa to Piapot. They travelled by buckboard over a pretty rough trail including fording the Qu'Appelle River.

"I must have fallen asleep. All of a sudden I woke up on the ground. I wasn't seriously hurt but I was certainly startled. I'm sure shouts of alarm could have been heard for miles across the prairie in all directions. After that I sat up straight and held onto mama pretty tight.

"I remember we moved into what seemed like a huge house. It had been built originally as a school for Indian girls by the Presbyterian Church. The project was not a success so the government took it over as a residence for the farm instructor. It was much larger than normal houses, of course, with two stories and numerous rooms. There were six stoves and I had to pile wood next to each of them. In my mind's eye I can still see that never-ending pile of logs stretching along the back fence of the property.

"One day just before Christmas it was very cold and I brought in extra wood. Mama said it was too much but I wanted everybody to be warm all night and on Christmas day as well. I was thinking of Santa Claus and his long drive to our place. He should warm up before he went on. I was also worried about Santa crawling down the smoking chimney, but I was assured that Santa was used to that in Saskatchewan where winter was always cold.

"I had been dreaming about possible Christmas presents for some time. What I wanted most was a sleigh and harness so my dog could pull me out to the hill where I met all the other boys.

"There were no Christmas trees in that part of the country but that didn't matter. We moved a huge elk's head with its rack of antlers and six big horns to a place where Santa would see it and Muriel, my sister, and I could hang our stockings on the horns.

"I admit I had trouble sleeping that night and heard a queer noise coming from far off. It wasn't coyotes howling. What was it? Was it Santa? Disappointment was extreme when I realized it was the noise of a squeaky Red River cart, returning home from Regina - probably one of the Indian men who had taken a load of hay to sell there.

"When I woke up the next morning it was still dark. I ran through the house to the elk's head. Reaching up to feel my stocking I knew that Santa had come and gone because I could feel something there. But more disappointment. There was no harness, only candy, apples, oranges and a little box. In my concern I hit something and bells jingled. I reached over and found Santa hadn't forgotten after all. There was a stiff dog harness hanging by the collar on one of the horns. And there were two bells on the back band. I was about to burst with excitement. I stood up and hit something with my foot, and there was the sleigh, with real round iron runners and handle bars on the sides."

George could now enjoy the apple and the candy as he opened the little box. A mouth organ! He gave it a blast that woke up the whole family. John came down and lit a lamp. And everyone had a wonderful, wonderful time.

Later, when George went outside to put the harness on his dog he looked up at the new snow that had fallen on the roof. "I couldn't see any tracks where Santa had landed so I looked around on the ground and then I understood. Santa hadn't driven onto the roof. He had driven up to the front door and tied his reindeer to the hitching rail the Indians, Mounties and other visitors

used. There were the marks of their cloven hooves in the fresh snow. Santa had tied them up while he went in to make his deliveries and to warm himself before moving on."

George rushed back into the house to tell John and Maggie the news. They were very impressed and agreed that Santa was a very wise and clever man. It took some time before George's dog became as enthusiastic as George about the harness. But that didn't matter. There was lots of time.

Since his childhood playmates didn't speak English George spoke Cree. They had great fun together, particularly with his new sleigh, sliding down the river bank. His house, the ration house and out buildings for the farm instructor, were on the bank of the river while the Cree lived along the flats. The banks were long and gently sloping, perfect for the home-made sleighs the children used. One boy had a very large frying pan which had been left behind by a survey party.

"He could sit on the frying pan holding the handle between his knees, whirling round and round as he went skimming down the bank. He was King of the Hill (or perhaps Chief) and the envy of everyone. Even the new sleigh couldn't compete with that. When we all reached the bottom we were, of course, just outside someone's home. In we would go and the mother would serve us bannock and tea. Delicious! "

The house the Gooderhams lived in was very big, so big that part of it was set aside for the Mounted Police. "They would come on patrol, either singly or in small groups, and would stay overnight at the Gooderhams. They would use the ground floor which was a separate living quarters with one room set aside for an office.

"I really looked forward to their visits. They were all strong, athletic, young men who often took time after their day was over to show a small, admiring boy just how real men lived, rode horses, shot revolvers. There was a good deal of the military in their bearing and demeanor. I was a fan! I remember they were such good shots with their revolvers they could kill prairie chickens perched on the house fence posts on the other side of the yard."

According to George, the Indians on the Piapot reserve did not farm but haying was a good source of income. They cut it in the Qu'Appelle River valley where they lived and hauled it to Regina in Red River carts pulled by oxen. If they were lucky they would get \$1.50 for the load. Quite a lot of money in those days.

The carts squealed and creaked their way along the trail over miles and miles - a sound George went to sleep with many, many nights. The eerie howling of a prairie coyote frequently kept him awake as well.

Another exotic visitor was the "mailman." Mail to all points as far away as Prince Albert was dropped at the Qu'Appelle station and carried from there under contract. George remembers during winter months seeing half-breed runners with their dog teams speeding the mail across the frozen prairie. They invariably wore a handkerchief bound around their head, a print shirt even in the coldest days and baggy trousers held up by a large sash whose ends flew out behind them.

THE PIAPOT RESERVE AND THE SUNDANCE

George was accepted as part of the Cree community and experienced celebrations as well as day-to-day events. He was (unwittingly) even present for a Feast of the White Dog.

"One afternoon I wandered down the trail from our house to the Indian community along the flats of the river. Something special was going on in one of the houses. I saw two men killing a white dog. They were careful to bleed, skin and gut it then carry it into the house. The hide was nailed to the door of the house. People started arriving. I was so fascinated I followed everyone inside. When we were all seated the medicine man came in and the ceremony began. The people prayed and sang as he circled the crowd and blessed the bubbling ingredients on a stove. Finally the pot was removed, cooled and with further chanting by all, one of the old men carried the pot around the group. He paused before each one and placed a tiny morsel of meat in each person's mouth."

It was clearly an important event and a little scary for George. He knew he didn't want the medicine man to put any of the stew in his mouth. His concern was obvious and he was passed by. But the image of that tightly packed room with its religious seriousness stayed with him.

At Piapot he also witnessed a Cree Sun Dance, the summer religious festival where the people gathered to renew their relationship with the Sun and all of nature. In July 1895 - George wasn't certain of the year - John took the whole family to see the Cree Sun Dance which was set up on the Qu'Appelle River flats. It was there that George witnessed what he called "the making of a brave."

George his parents and his sister, Muriel, arrived at the camp by democrat just in time for the ritual. John parked the democrat at the eastern entrance to the lodge so they could see every movement. George remembers:

"Facing east, the lodge, made of fresh boughs and 40 feet in diameter or more was surrounded by tents and tipis. In the centre a huge tree trunk had been planted firmly in the ground. It was 25 or 30 feet high and crotched at the top. Seven foot high posts circled the tree and supported other poles leading up to the crotch. Strips of hide kept everything in place

"From a small platform placed in front of the centre pole two rawhide ropes dangled. Drummers stripped to the waist and painted in red and yellow designs sat cross legged on the left. They beat drums over and over and over. Behind an inner circle of leafy boughs which

formed a waist-high wall, a row of men and women danced close together around the inside of the lodge. They blew whistles in time to the drums. The medicine man sat in front of us.

"A young man was led to the medicine man by a group of women. He wore only a breech cloth and his body was painted with bright ochre markings. With the help of the women, the medicine man cut strips of flesh in the young man's chest and threaded sharp bone skewers through the flesh and muscles. Then he tied the skewers to the dangling ropes.

"The young man stepped onto the platform and started to dance, throwing his weight back away from the centre pole. The drums beat louder and louder, whistles blew, both men and women sang and cried out. The young man's flesh rose and fell but did not break. The medicine man stood nearby guarding and fanning the young man and himself with a sacred eagle wing.

"Suddenly the young man's head fell forward, he staggered and hung limp from the dangling ropes. The medicine man stopped his fanning, grasped the eagle wing by the feathered end and gave the young man a sharp blow on the temple. The ritual had ended and the unconscious young man was carried out. I didn't know what it all meant. Perhaps the young man's offer to the Sun was not accepted. Everything became quiet and we left."

George did not know at the time that the young man chose to undergo this sacrifice because he had made a vow to the Sun to do so. It was common practice for men and women of Plains tribes to vow a sacrifice to the Sun in thanks or for good fortune in the future. It was an experience George would never forget even if he didn't understand it at the time.

Later, someone, perhaps Piapot himself, or one of the other wise men did tell George what it was all about. The ritual he had just seen was not an essential part of the Sun Dance but it was the only time when this supreme sacrifice could be made. The Sun Dance itself was a separate ceremony petitioning the Sun on behalf of all the people.

It begins with the individual. First a young man fasts and meditates to become pure of heart. He must learn about the spirit world when he is still a virgin. He must have a deep, irresistible yearning to understand. He finds a hill or a secluded wooded spot where he will not be disturbed for days at a time. There he will be alone to pray and meditate for several days. He must neither drink nor eat but spend his time and energy seeking his personal vision. On the third or fourth day he may hear a voice or see a vision. He then returns to camp and describes his experience to the medicine men who can tell whether his story is "real" or just wishful thinking. If the message is real the elders will start training him in spiritual knowledge and understanding.

He must sequester himself twice more over the following years. When he has three mystical experiences he may sponsor a Sun Dance or Rain Dance on his way to becoming a leader or medicine man.

If the elders allow a man to take on the great responsibility of sponsoring a Sun Dance he must prepare in the autumn when the leaves are turning colour even though the ceremony itself will not take place until the following summer, when the trees are in full leaf.

He must know exactly why he wants to perform the ceremony. Perhaps he wishes to pray for a loved one who is ill or handicapped or to express his gratitude for some good fortune. The band may be facing difficulties and he wishes to help find a solution. His concern may be for all of humanity.

Next a symbolic Thunder Bird is created. Wise, older women fasten twists of tobacco together into the figure of a bird and wrap it with forty braids of sweet grass. As sponsor the young man must supply the next wrapping. In the old days it would be the best fur he could find. After the Hudson's Bay brought in blue, white and red stroud the Cree came to call it sacrificial cloth and stroud replaced the fur. It soon became the most precious fabric known. Two yards were required for the wrapping. More wrappings were donated to create a great medicine bundle. It was now the powerful, sacred Thunder Bird which has taken on mystical powers and must be carefully guarded until the day of the ceremony.

The selection of the central pole was crucial. The medicine man sees the tree in a vision then asks its blessing before marking it with sacrificial cloth. It is cut and the whole community drags it to the site in a joyful parade. The tree is planted and the ceremonial Thunder Bird nest is placed in the crotch at the top.

When the sponsor raises his ceremonial rattle, the singers, drummers and dancers begin the Sun Dance. No one will eat or drink for three days and the sponsor and his assistants never leave. The dancers may come and go but they dance for hours at a time because they want to maintain the concentration which will lead to a mystical experience or revelation.

After three days the leaders enter a Sweat Lodge. It is large enough to hold eight men and is built of forty willows bent and bound together with willow bark. In the centre are eight white-hot stones. Blue stones are chosen because they heat without cracking.

The men are dressed only in breech cloths. Water is splashed onto the rocks with braided sweet grass and the lodge fills with steam and intense purifying heat. More sweet grass is burned

as incense. The men give thanks for their own purification and that of the community through them and the Sun Dance is completed. The sacred Thunder Bird is taken down and is opened and the tobacco and sweet grass braids inside are distributed in small pieces so that all may hold these symbols of Life.*

This rite was performed on the Piapot Reserve for the last time in 1899 and as Abel Watech, nephew of Chief Piapot, says "It was the cause for twenty years of unhappiness for the Cree of Piapot Reserve."

The Canadian government opposed the ceremony. Canadians claimed the Sun Dance kept the Cree away from their farms and forced them to give away too many possessions. They were particularly upset by the ceremony of the piercing and tearing of flesh.

By 1889 a whole generation had passed since the buffalo-hunting days. Young people knew nothing about it. When the time for the Sun Dance came a group of twenty older boys became very excited about the romance of "the piercing of the flesh." They asked to be pierced and allowed to perform the dance. None of these boys were prepared for such an ordeal but Piapot thought it over and decided to call their bluff. He agreed to allow the ceremony.

The boys turned up at Piapot's home wondering what they had gotten themselves into. The Medicine Men who Piapot had asked to help, took the traditional bear claw, made the incisions and threaded the shaganapi (buffalo hide) through the flesh. The boys could not back down and must now dance until their flesh was torn and they were free.

One elder who witnessed the event said the ritual may have made good men of some of them. But all hell broke loose.

A reporter for the Regina paper wrote a blood-curdling description of the event and the news soon reached Ottawa. Church leaders demanded an explanation. An inquiry was made into this "illegal and monstrous act." The Agent knew nothing about the ceremony and had to make inquiries. John Gooderham knew the boys and the medicine men. He knew the story before it was a story. More importantly he knew Piapot. They had been friends since the rebellion when they had discussed the advantages and disadvantages of staying with the Queen rather than joining the Metis. He was able to explain that this particular performance was an important spiritual lesson the young men must be taught. The Agent for the Piapot Reserve wired Ottawa saying, "I am informed that the so called making of braves was a mockery and not a serious ritual

compared with the old time Sun Dances". That explanation was not enough for Ottawa or for the churches who were particularly anxious that pagan practices cease.

The fat was in the fire. Mounted Police came and arrested Piapot. When one of the band members went to visit the Chief in the Regina jail he was told Piapot had been arrested for being drunk. As he never drank everyone knew that was not the reason. It was the Sun Dance. He was released from jail but the government deposed him as chief and demanded the people elect another. They refused.

There was no chief for years. The people refused to elect another. He was their leader. And it was not until after World War II when young soldiers came home that the reserve won the right to perform the Sun Dance every year, minus the piercing of the flesh for Canadians could never bring themselves to believe that agonizing ritual was necessary.

The Cree had changed by then. Preparing for the Sun Dance sponsorship took years of study and determination. It was almost impossible to find young men to embark upon the vision quest which was the basis for the celebration. In Abel Watetch's opinion " Most young Cree men were contaminated by the worst of the white man's culture long before they were old enough to begin training." 1

1. Guidance for this reminiscence was taken from Piapot and His People by Abel Watetch as told to Blodwen Davies and published by the Saskatchewan History and Folklore Society in 1959

George remembered Chief Piapot as a bit of a character and prankster rather than as the famous activist who set up his tipi on the CPR right of way in opposition to the construction of the railway.

In those days most of the Indians were poor, even leaders like Chief Pipapot. He would go into homes in Regina and pull up his shirt to show the lady of the house how thin and hungry he was. I believe that this direct approach was almost always rewarded with a meal.

But George was aware that his father, John, and Chief Piapot were very good friends. The family had always treasured a red stroud war shirt with ermine tails along the sleeves and beaded geometric patterns front and back. It was a magnificent gift from Chief Piapot to John when the family moved to the Peigan Reserve in Alberta.

The Gooderham family was growing larger as the years went by. When they were at the Poor Man Reserve there were only George and Muriel. On the Piapot Reserve there were five: George, Muriel, Roderick, Katherine and Ishbel. The children continued to speak Cree to one another, a language more familiar to them than to their mother which created some family tensions and made Maggie worry just a little about her children's future beyond the reserve. Outside experiences were sought

George, being the oldest was allowed on occasion, to go to Regina with his father. He remembers the first trip by horse and buckboard, some twenty or thirty miles. In those days thirty miles was a long way and it took two long days travel. They stayed over night in a German settlement.

"I remember the settlement quite well. The people all spoke a particular broken English and lived in log houses with dirt floors. Home -brewed beer was served with the meal. It was the first time I had tasted anything but tea or milk. I took one gulp and that was enough. My tastes did change in later life and at University where I may have been noted for my ability to overcome any distaste for 'strong drink.

"In Regina we stayed with a Mounted Police Sergeant friend of Papa's. It was the first time I had met white boys of my own age and I felt quite out of place. More familiar were the young RCMP recruits in training, learning the military discipline the Mounties have been famous for over the years. I was able to see first hand just what went into making a Mountie. I was impressed and never lost respect for military discipline or for the Mounties who were so essential to keeping the peace on the prairies."

In 1895 six-year-old George was taken to the Territorial Fair in Regina, a spectacular event complete with exhibitions, parades and the Governor General and his "army" of body guards. In Regina George saw his first train. And soon he was to have his first train trip. He and the whole family would travel to Meadowvale, Ontario where George would live for the rest of his childhood.

***** More information is available if required - Regina 1882 -1955 by Earl Drake pp 2- 17
Canadian Geographic January 1955 [Vol. L No. 1 *****

SURROUNDED BY GOODERHAMS PAST AND PRESENT

GEORGE GOES TO MEADOWVALE

George's prairie idyll was soon to come to an end. It was now 1897. He was eight years old and it was high time he went to school. It was decided that meant Ontario. He was to live with his grandparents, uncle and aunts in the little town of Meadowvale. The whole family went East with him as a holiday. None of the children had ever been on a train before. George was the only one who had even seen one. What an experience! The train had special places for sleeping, one bed piled on top of another. The berths were a great novelty. You had a choice of climbing up on a little ladder to the top one from which you might fall or choosing the one at floor level, which was a bit like a cave. You could go to a proper dining room and have a real meal by walking from one car to another. Going from car to car was scary. If you looked down you could see the prairie rushing past just below your feet. What if one of the doors flew open or the floor gave way?

They went through Winnipeg to Fort William, the port at the western end of Lake Superior that was the end of the line for the train. Everyone had to transfer to the boat - the *Manitoba* - for the trip across the Great Lakes to Owen Sound.

It took two days and almost that long for George and the others to remember which cabin was theirs. There were many doors and passageways that had to be memorized if they were to get to breakfast or back to their cabin. What fun they all had getting lost, chasing one another, hiding and being found. The sun shone and the lakes were calm so no one was sick.

In Owen Sound they were met by John's aunt, Elizabeth Duncan, and her family who lived in a big house with a lot of furniture. The children had never seen such a place except, perhaps in a magazine. Aunt Lizzie - which is what she wanted to be called - was particularly interested in George when she learned he would go to school in Ontario. There was room for the whole family to stay and visit before they took a train to Meadowvale, just a few miles past Toronto. George must come and visit whenever he liked. George thought he might never do that but the invitation helped him to be less nervous about being alone.

It was going to be a tremendous change for George. Everything was so different. On the prairie he could see for miles and be surrounded by sky. Prairie trees were thinner and not nearly as tall. A boy could see around them. He could wander for hours and never really lose sight of home. If he ever did get lost everyone knew who he was and how to direct him home. The East was one huge forrest with fields here and there. A person could get lost and no one know who

he was! All the land was owned by someone and was fenced with logs or stones. There were roads everywhere and people! It seemed to George the whole world was on the move in their buggies, carts, wagons and even bicycles. How would he get along without his Cree playmates and the growing group of siblings? Would these old people he was to meet take the place of Mama and Papa? He didn't think so.

There was the Boss, Grandfather (George Sr), his wife Catherine, George's grandmother, two aunts, Jennie and Jessie, and two uncles George and Willie. They were all very old. Who would he play with?

It was May and George was invited to a big celebration in the neighboring town of Brampton. It was Queen Victoria's 60th jubilee. George piled into the democrat with the other children, all of whom were white, not a single dark face. He'd never seen or imagined so many white children in one place not even on his trips to Regina.

Brampton was a big town, bigger than Regina, five or six miles away - a long distance for a horse-drawn democrat. The other children stared at him and whispered quite a lot. They didn't seem to be interested in him which gave him lots of time to examine his new surroundings. The whole town of Brampton was decorated for the Jubilee. George was told it didn't always look so grand. But he still thought it was enchanting. What's more, each child was given a bag of fancy cookies and cakes. Everyone went to a big arena where they heard speeches and sang songs - mostly about the Empire. He was pretty tired when he got back to Meadowvale. He was beginning to think he might like it there. He started to learn some of the history.

The firm of Gooderham and Worts (G&W) had taken over a mill owned by a man called Silverthorn who was ruined by the Crimean War. He had ordered grain based on the war. In 1860 it took a long time for news to cross the ocean. The war was already over and Silverthorn was overstocked and over extended. G&W took over and operated it for twenty years under the leadership of Old William's youngest son, Charles Horace (Holly).

The company also had a large general store for which Old William's two oldest sons had responsibility(more later) and an immense barrel and cooper factory which Holly also managed.

In 1865 the firm also purchased a large (500 acre) farm and William Jr was given the responsibility of operating it. For three years he ran it as a sheep farm with between 400 and 500 sheep. No expense had been spared in setting it up but William was not cut out to be a farmer and alternate employment was needed and found. William moved back to Toronto and George Sr

came out from Wexford (now Scarboro), where he was a proven farmer, to manage it. He did an excellent job until the farm was sold in 1880. George Sr. took half the farm which he was still operating when George came along. The third brother to live and work in Meadowvale was James who went on to become very wealthy in his own right (more later). Later all three of Old William's sons moved to Toronto and left Meadowvale to George Sr

Partly because George Sr had been the manager of the Gooderham and Worts farm and still owned part of it, he had a high status in the small community. But George would learn that his rich Gooderham cousins in Toronto were even more formidable. And that wasn't all. His Grandmother Catherine's brother, Peter Macdonald, was also a rich Torontonion who, with his in-laws and friends, had created a bank known as The Dominion (which many, many years later would later amalgamate with the Gooderham's Toronto Bank to become the Toronto Dominion). They were all rich and impressive, and according to George weren't above letting him know just how important they were.

George was used to being pretty well top dog among the children on the reserve. But he was now at the bottom of the heap. He was eight years old and had never been to school. Not only did the the Meadowvale children know all about school but they had known one another all their lives. None of them spoke Cree or had even heard of the Cree. The first days were rough.

"I certainly remember the first day in school - a one room school. I was introduced to the Principal and when he asked where I would like to sit - seats were all doubles in those days - I took one look at the situation and chose the biggest boy in the room. My preference was allowed for a few days but he was in grade six and I had to start in grade one. I had to settle for a smaller seat up at the front."

George had two or three things going for him, however. He liked to work. That gave him some status in the family. He was athletic and loved games so he soon overcame resistance from his school mates. He was a very articulate boy who wasn't shy. He learned early that both adults and children loved to hear his stories about his romantic past. And his relatives, both in Meadowvale and Toronto became more and more impressed with this young man from the wild west. His grandmother and his two maiden aunts, Jenny and Jessie, were the first to succumb to his charms. But George proved himself to the men in his family as well. Against all odds he was a success. And throughout his long life George would be a great raconteur and ladies' man.

It was part of his good fortune to love working, which was fortunate because the Gooderhams expected him to make a real contribution to the operation of the farm. He was young, strong and willing. And although he had helped his parents with a large garden he had never farmed the homestead his father had obtained in Saskatchewan.

He was expected to do chores around the Gooderham farm from the beginning. The barns, specially designed by a Toronto architect, were still unusually large even later when George arrived. There were different barns for different stock, the horses getting the biggest and best. The cattle were in the lower part - not a hole in the side of a hill as in western homesteads but a two-storied building with the lower walls built of stone and cement to a height of eight feet. The upper part was frame construction with ramps built to allow huge farm machinery, including threshing machines to be moved inside when not needed.

The horse was king and the horse barn the most attractive. Only George Sr, Uncles George and Willie and the senior labourer were allowed to look after the horses. George was detailed to the cow barn!

One of George's jobs was to bring in the herd for milking. The farm was 250 acres, huge for that part of the country at that time and the cows were invariably at the far end. Getting them home required a lot of time and patience. In those days there was a lot of "help". Everyone had big families and there were lots of hired hands so convenience was the last thing that the farmer ever had to consider.

The well was never near the barn and any spring or creek was invariably over the hill and far away. George spent a lot of time walking, running and carrying pails of milk or water across those acres. One way to get to sit down was to learn how to milk. George was an expert by the time he was nine.

Once the cows were milked and turned out into the field, the milk had to be taken to the cooler. This was a manufacturer's box about one hundred yards away and in front of the ice house. The front of the cooler was filled with tall milk cans. First you had to pour the milk into the cans and then let it sit so the cream could separate from the milk and rise to the top. Each can had a glass top so you could see how much cream there was. A tap at the bottom allowed the

skim milk to be drained off until there was only cream left. George drained the skim milk every night and fed it to the pigs in yet another barn, and to the calves in the cow barn. The cream was taken to the house where some of it was used in cooking and on the table. Most was saved for butter-making.

The milk cans were stored in front of the ice house for the obvious reason that the milk had to be kept cool. In those days there were no refrigerators. George had to go into the ice house, dig around in the saw dust (which kept the ice from melting) to find a good piece of ice, then chop it up in pieces to fit the cooling system. The chunk of ice could not be so large as to be wasteful or so small it melted before it was time to remove the milk. George chopped the right-sized piece, carried it to the milk shed and loaded it into the rear of the cooler.

Another part of the "milky" business was weaning the calves. As soon as possible the calves were taken from their mothers and the cow returned to the milking barn. The calves still needed milk, of course, but it had to come from a pail. That meant George had to teach the calf how to drink from the pail. He had to take one hand and force the calf's head into the pail while he stuck two or three fingers of the other hand into the calf's mouth so it would have something to suck on. The calf was used to butting its mother's udder to get things working faster and that's what happened to the pail as well. George had to keep the calf from knocking the pail over and also make sure it was drinking and sucking on his fingers. Every so often the calf would give the pail a good butt. If George wasn't ready for the attack there would be milk all over the barn and George. He would also have to start all over again. After a few soakings he learned how to make sure both hands and legs were working in the most efficient manner possible. Cleaning up the barn after the milking and the calf feeding was also George's job. Not his favourite.

In summer he was up at five. In winter he could sleep until six. The first thing he had to do was to light the fire in the kitchen stove and then get into his farm boots - heavy duty boots with brass toe-caps and rivets purchased at the local store for \$1.50 a pair. These boots and all the rest of his outdoor clothes were kept in a closet off the kitchen. They weren't washed often and were clearly not for polite society. His overalls were so milk-saturated, even after he learned how to control the calves, that they were stiff enough to stand by themselves.

Early morning chores had to be finished early because he also had to hike back to the house, wash, change, have breakfast and rush off to school. On Saturday and Sunday there was more time but even more to do. Summer holidays meant haying and harvesting as well as the daily chores so he was still too busy to spend much time wondering about what the rest of his family were doing. George didn't visit them until 1907 and he was eighteen years old. His father visited once or twice and his mother came with his sister, Ishbel on their way to Cape Breton to visit Maggie's family. When George finally made the trip home, home was in Alberta rather than Saskatchewan.

When the grass was green in the Spring, the calves were turned out into a small pasture under the hill. They had spent their whole life in the barn so they had no idea how to handle the big outdoors. George had to help here too. With his encouragement, they learned to nibble the grass and scamper about. They were still fed chop (a special mix of ground grain). However George had to bring their milk out to them in the field. You might say that George's best friends were the calves since he spent more time with them than any other living creature except his dog, who really was George's best friend and always there to help with the chores.

Soon after the calves were in the field George would choose a favourite to halter and train. The fall fairs were coming up at nearby Streetsville and Brampton. He hoped to be allowed to take the calf and show it. The decision depended upon the head farmer and whether he would be showing a horse, or team. George wouldn't know until the last minute. Only when the day came and horses were ready to be taken to the show was he allowed to ask whether the calf could go too.

The decision was never made until the calf had been inspected. George's second choice might be selected instead but both would have to be inspected. The farmer might decide on George's second choice but George never objected or admitted he had not chosen "the best" himself. What was really important was going to the fair as an exhibitor. Exhibitors were allowed in free of charge. That meant George had an extra 25 cents spending money. If he got a prize it might be as much as \$1.50 for first or \$1.00 for second. Even third meant 50 cents. Any prize was incentive enough to try again next year.

If a breeder showed an interest in purchasing George's calf, George Sr took an interest too. The Gooderhams raised short horns for breeding rather than merely for slaughter and so a

good yearling could be worth as much as \$50. If George's calf was sold he might get \$5. for himself.

One of his greatest treats was to go with his grandfather, George Sr, to Brampton by horse and buggy. It was quite a drive. His grandfather always drove a little grey mare called Kitty. "She would stop everytime we met somebody. George Sr would say Hello and Kitty would wait while they had a little chat." When they got to town Kitty and the buggy would be parked in a large yard at the rear of one of the hotels - quite similar to parking lots now set aside for cars, except each horse and buggy required more space than a car. The hostler was paid five cents to look after the outfit and feed Kitty while they were in town. They might do some special shopping. George remembers being taken to a shoemaker and being measured for a pair of boots. A beautiful pair of hand made leather boots cost \$2.50. George was very proud.

George graduated from public school in 1902 and went to high school in Brampton. It was only six miles away but not always easy to get to. During the spring, summer and fall he could walk or ride his bike which happened to be a woman's - Aunt Jessie didn't want her bike anymore and turned it over to George. He was pretty embarrassed when he appeared at school on a woman's bike but those were the days when having a bicycle of any kind was quite a big deal. And he did get a man's bike later on.

The roads were not paved and the least bit of rain made it impossible to keep a bike upright and moving forward. On wet days he had to wait for a train which meant sticking around Brampton after school until late in the evening. Sometimes he would walk up the road to the railway tracks and then follow them home to Meadowvale. There was one advantage to that route. At just about the three mile mark the railroad took a wide curve on a steep incline. The freight train would have to slow down as it made the curve. George could grab onto the last car and ride on the back steps of the train all the way to Meadowvale - always hoping, of course that the train would stop there.

There was another alternative. Uncle Willie had a pacer or trotter which he had trained to a two-wheeled cart similar to a racing sulky. He would sometimes allow GEORGE to use the cart and GEORGE would make arrangements for the horse to be stabled in Brampton while he was in school. It was only a "fine weather" solution though, because there was no cover for the cart. In winter he boarded in Brampton at \$2.50 a week. He loved boarding and started as early as he could. He was good at all sports and if he was living in town he could participate in all of them:

football, lacrosse baseball without worrying about getting home to Meadowvale at night. Some one else looked after the chores.

COMING TO CANADA

When the Gooderham and Worts distillery story began it was called Worts and Gooderham and was concerned only with milling grain. The change in name and purpose came later.

Three families emigrated together. William Gooderham, his brother Ezekiel, their sister Elizabeth, her husband James Worts and their families. It was particularly William's story. A born adventurer he was the inspiration, energy and imagination behind the uprooting of all three families and moving to a new and uncertain world. There was considerable motivation for a man of ambition - and William certainly had that!

William had paid off the mortgage on the family farm and was living there as a country gentleman, but he was no farmer. The depression at the end of the Napoleonic wars saw the value of his holdings shrink almost to disappearance. Something must be done. He wasn't afraid to tackle something new. He'd been away from home before and travel did not frighten him. He was able to persuade his favourite brother, Ezekiel and his brother-in-law, James Worts, there were other opportunities elsewhere.

The second son of Sarah and James Gooderham, William was born on the 29th of August 1790 on the farm his family had owned and operated since 1697 near the village of Scole in Norfolk County, England. The family had lived in the same Norfolk neighborhood for over 1,000 years. But William's death came in Toronto, Ontario, Canada just before his ninety-first birthday.

In an earlier time when an infamous Gooderham planned emigrating he had in mind a move to England rather than from it. He was called Guthrum and his destination was East Anglia. One of the dreaded Danish Viking chieftains, his ships raided, plundered and burned and eventually captured all, or most of the Kingdom of East Anglia in 866. It was Viking ferocity which made it possible to conquer East Anglia. Killing was accepted and so was torture. Originally interested only in raiding, they noticed the richness of the land and decided to stay. The conquered land was divided among his followers with Guthrum assuming the Kingship. And according to Augustine Page's *History of the County of Suffolk* he died and was buried at the town of Hadleigh (Hidlega).

Guthrum (Guthrin or Gormo) and his followers were quarrelsome raiders not governors and a general lack of discipline among his men threatened his control of the Kingdom. To retain his position as "King", Guthrum made a deal with the English barons and consented to become a Christian. He was granted East Anglia and Hadleigh became his capital. He apparently lived there another eleven years and was, they say, a sincere convert to Christianity. He was buried within the grounds of the present Church of Hadleigh which is just down the road from Scole, the 19th century home of the Gooderhams. By this time they called themselves Goodrum and spelled the name in the English manner - Gooderham. They farmed century after century, their warlike history fading even in memory.

William and Guthrum had much in common. They were leaders. Neither of them appear to have been tall. Certainly William was well under six feet. He had a very sturdy build, a magnificent beard, piercing eyes and a prominent nose but his internal strength led everyone to see him as bigger than life. Perhaps both of these men shared that attribute. Both men were in search of something new. Both founded a new kingdom in a new country- one by force and military skill, the other through cooperation and economic acumen.

It was clear that William would not be a farmer. He was only twelve when the family sent him off to London to join his uncle Rodwell's mercantile house which was engaged particularly in shipping boots and shoes to the East Indies. That career was short lived, however, as his uncle soon gave up the business and William was out of work at the age of twelve.

It was 1802 and England and France were engaged in the long and bloody Napoleonic war. William decided to try the army. He enlisted in the Royal York Rangers and was sent out to the West Indies to join the regiment that captured both Martinique and Guadeloupe. After that victory, he was retained in the Caribbean where he carried dispatches between the islands. He found the climate difficult and yellow fever was to put him into the marine hospital in the Barbados for months.

Having survived many battles as well as the fever he embarked on the steam ship *Majestic of Whitby*, only to have the ship catch fire and burn down to the water line. William escaped with his life and tried again, this time with a number of invalided soldiers. Eighty-four of his fellow passengers died during the voyage and were buried at sea. Not yet twenty one, William had escaped death once more.

He was considered fit for active duty in about six months and was sent to the Isle of Wight. A few months later it was suggested he return to the West Indies but William had had enough and decided to make other plans. He got a job recruiting for the army. This was an entrepreneurial position and William made some money - quite a bit we are told. He returned to the family farm with a modest income and enough cash to pay off the £800 sterling mortgage on the family farm. His father died soon after but William continued to run the farm. But not for long. It was time to move on.

He and his brother-in-law, James Worts, had earlier agreed that they would see what the colonies had to offer. Emigration from England was becoming very popular. In 1831 a book was published in London, England by William Catermole on the advantages of emigration to Canada. Catermole even made a speech in Ipswich, Suffolk. "Canada is considered, even by many otherwise well-informed persons, as a country covered with eternal snows, and scarcely fit for the habitation of a civilized being. Such is not the fact, and that in point of climate, soil, and capability for an advantageous settlement it is not exceeded, if equaled, by any country in the world." He went on to say that he expects many hundreds of people from Suffolk and Norfolk to settle in or around the town of York (Toronto) within the next two years. He also emphasized the fact millwrights are very much wanted. It just so happened that the Worts family had been involved in milling in Norfolk and Suffolk for many years and James was the proprietor of the Kirtley Mill in Bungay, Suffolk, just fifteen miles from the Gooderham farm.

James was sent on ahead to see whether the prospects were as good as Catermole had claimed. "Yes! Come!" was the answer and William prepared to set sail with fifty-four people belonging to the Gooderham and Worts families. He also had £3,000 sterling* to invest in the business. It was the largest sum ever placed in the Bank of Upper Canada to the credit of any single emigrant.

*Although some sources claim that William's first cheque deposited to the Bank of Upper Canada was for £3,000 sterling and that the whole town heard about this immense amount within hours, the amount stipulated in *The Windmill*, a private family publication, was £1,823 still a very sizable sum and not the only amount expended for the development of the mill and establishing all the Gooderham and Worts families in Upper Canada.*

James Worts and his thirteen year old son, James Gooderham Worts left England in 1831 for York, Upper Canada looking for a suitable site for the proposed windmill which would

provide flour for all the settlers. James found an ideal spot where the Don river runs into Lake Ontario. It was to be the first windmill in York. The main shaft, millstones and castings were brought from England and taken to York from Montreal by James' son who had accompanied him to Montreal.

The two had sailed on a brig named *Sylvan* at the end of May 1831. and after 45 days reached Quebec City and then on to Montreal. Young James Junior was to attend school while his father went to Upper Canada (Toronto) to scout the location. In October James received a letter from his father stating that a location had been found and that he was to hire a bateau and bring all their goods, personal effects and the necessary machinery for the construction of the mill.

Young James left Montreal with about ten tons of cargo. He had with him six voyageurs who, with the exception of being towed across Lakes St. Louis and St. Francis by a small steamer, made the whole journey by polling the bateau along the shore of the St. Lawrence. When rapids were reached, horses and oxen were hired to tow the bateau up the rapids. The group reached Prescott 14 days later. The goods were transferred to a steamer for the trip along Lake Ontario to York. Two days later father and son were able to embrace in "muddy" York, a town of 2,000 people.

The times were dangerous. In 1832 when the Gooderham families set sail there was a new threat, cholera, on the horizon. The village of York received a report that Ezekiel, who appears to have been an advanced party of one, was on his way up to York from Quebec on May 30th. The prediction about the numbers of emigrants was right. There were thousands of people leaving Britain for Canada. The transportation capabilities of this new country were strained to the utmost and this new threat made matters worse.

On June 3rd a ship called *The Carrick* arrived from Ireland at Grosse Isle with only 103 of its original 145 passengers still alive. The rest had perished from cholera. There was no news from William and the remaining Gooderham/Worts family members who were also on the ocean somewhere. There was great concern. Cholera was spreading fast. Originating in India it was following the lines of travel, just as fast as the travellers. A further 56 of the *Carrick* passengers were to succumb after landing and within two weeks 1,000 people in Quebec suffered the same fate. The disease was in Kingston by June 20th, and in York four days later. Ezekiel did not reach York until July 5th by the steamer, *Great Britain*, from Prescott.

His arrival was a great relief to James Worts. First, Ezekiel was safe and second he had arrived with funds. Work on the mill had been progressing and receipts piling up. Perhaps a harbinger of things to come was an item which James had placed in his journal during construction of the mill. " Men consume a great deal of whiskey. Even good workmen seem to suffer from a fundamental failing with various degrees of seriousness. First a man might come to work partly drunk. A more serious case would be drunk half a day, worse yet sleepy drunk, or dead drunk. Drunk as David's sow was the most serious state of inebriation." There was no remedy suggested.

James was overjoyed to receive word two days later that the *Anne* had arrived in Quebec and that both Gooderham and Worts families were well. William had escaped another threat of death and this time his associates were saved with him.

James' concern about the cholera scare led him, on June 30th, to add a recipe for the treatment of cholera. It was a mixture of charcoal, lard and maple sugar followed (should the patient survive) with spruce beer. One might also apply the lye of wood ashes to alleviate spasms. Fortunately for the inhabitants of York, whose habits we now understand, this procedure could be replaced by the ingestion of hot brandy. Later bean soup with very fat pork should be eaten and as for a drink - water in which live maple coals had been quenched was a very Canadian solution to this international problem.

This recipe may have had doubtful results but could not have been worse than a Montreal "cure". The people there, thinking prevention better than cure, attempted to scare the disease away by burning tar barrels and firing a cannon on one of the corners of Notre Dame St. Records indicate that this "remedy" was not successful until after 2,000 deaths had occurred.

But James had been busy preparing for the arrival in other ways as well. Housing was urgent. He was able to persuade one Rev. Dr. O'Grady to sell a parcel of land together with a residence on the north side of Kingston road near the Don Bridge. At the time the main street in York was King Street which ran east and west, more or less in line with the bay, until it reached the eastern limits of the town - Berkley St. Once you reached that point you were said to be on the road to Quebec or the Kingston Road. The mill site was just to the south along a path that was soon to become a road known as Windmill Road. It was cleared and graded by the two partners so that farmers arriving in town on the Kingston road would be able to deliver their load of grain to the mill by way of this new road.

William arrived in York in the fall of the year with his wife, their nine children and 32 other members of the two families, including Ezekiel's wife and family. They were all well. There were an additional 11 small strangers in the party. They were the children of one family orphaned by the death of both parents on board the ship probably of cholera. The Gooderhams had adopted them on board and added them to the party. The accommodation provided by James Worts was clearly in need of expansion. A second home was built which William later gifted to government trustees.

100 Years of Banking in Canada - Joseph Schull - Copp Clark Pub. Co.- 1958 - p41

In 1832 there was also considerable political unrest in the land. William Lyon MacKenzie, a member of parliament, believed that the ruling party, the Family Compact, was corrupt and he was anxious to rid the country of "such as they." Mr Mackenzie did, in fact, raise a rebellion five years later. But in 1832 the community was split between the two opposing sides and the sale of land to Worts and Gooderham by the parish priest, Father O'Grady, may have been facilitated by this political polarization and by the fact that the priest had had a disagreement with his Bishop who had objected to O'Grady's introduction of politics into his religious practices. The Bishop was very supportive of the Family Compact and the priest of Mackenzie and the Reformers.

Mackenzie used to meet friends and supporters in McIntosh's Sun Tavern on the north west corner of Yonge and Queen just up the road from the mill where he would state in fiery terms just what should be done to right the wrongs of the current government. When he carried this style as well as the content into Parliament he was accused of libel and later expelled by a vote of 24 to 15. At about the same time, and perhaps for similar reasons, Father O'Grady was ejected from the church and summoned to appear before the Pope to answer for his indiscretions. This was the lively little town of 3,969 people that the Gooderhams and the Worts were soon to call home.*

*The Windmill by E B. Shuttleworth Edward D. Apted printer Toronto 1924 private publication by W. G. Gooderham pp 21 - 33

Their new home now had a majestic windmill sitting on the eastern sky line. The harbour was busy. There were steamers running hourly from Toronto (as it was called after 1834) to and from Niagara, Oakville and Port Credit. By 1834 there were 10,000 people in the town. There were still stocks in the market square which might hold a townsman who used seditious language. There were public hangings. On the other hand, at the corner of Kingston Road and Windmill Lane, a United Church of England and Ireland was built. Contributors included Wm. Gooderham, Enoch Turner and Wm. Cawthra, leading citizens of the day. The church still stands beside the Enoch Turner School House and is known as "Little Trinity".

THE DISTILLERY AND BEYOND

We don't know when or how the idea of combining a distillery with the mill came about but other mills had tried it successfully. The consumption of alcohol was a daily affair for most adults and every miller had quantities of waste which could be converted from starch to alcohol. The market was there.

An entry in the mill daybook for November 3, 1837 "Distillery commencing today" announced the company's intention to try their luck. On October 30 and 31 middlings (ground wheat mixed with bran) were delivered to "the distillery", a destination previously unknown. On Halloween night – an appropriate occasion for the liberation of spirits – several tubs of mash must have been bubbling merrily in the fermenting room. The Company's careful attention to quality was such that by 1840 they sold 105 barrels of whiskey in Montreal. By 1861 their premium brands, Toddy and Old Rye Whiskey sold throughout Canada and abroad as well. The Company never looked back!

(The Windmill p 69)

Tragically James Worts who did so much to research and organize the business as well as the move. Who located and built the mill. Never saw the project develop. He died in 1834 just two years after the mill was constructed. The Worts & Gooderham mill became The Gooderham mill. But in 1845 James' son James Gooderham Worts joined the firm which would be called Gooderham & Worts, or G&W for the rest of its history,

The mill produced byproducts other than those used for fermenting. Even in the earliest days waste was fed to pigs and to cows kept primarily for their milk. Then the company established a regular dairy which they enlarged into a major cattle business. Sidelines proliferated. More and more grain was required. Where would it come from? The country of course. A railway, or railways, would be needed. The Company established the Toronto and Nipissing Railway (about which we will hear more later). Another obvious choice would be a bank to finance all these projects. The Bank of Toronto would be established with leadership from the Gooderhams.

G&W was soon to become the largest taxpayer in the city. It was the chief proprietor of the Bank of Toronto, the largest distillery in the world (or so it was claimed). It fed more cattle than were fed by any one establishment outside of Texas. They would establish a railway and their interests continued to expand and diversify until well into the next century (twentieth). The village of Meadowvale would become one of the main centres of activity in the early days.

WILLIAM JUNIOR AND THE METHODISTS

When George arrived in Meadowvale the famous Gooderhams had moved their business and themselves to Toronto but the village was filled with ghosts. George heard many stories about the three Gooderham sons who lived and worked in Meadowvale when it was a bustling company town. The most surprising was about Old William's first son, William Jr who announced at the age of 18 that he would not join the firm. The story about Old William's second son, James, was almost as shocking. James had a family trait that William Jr lacked. He was a gifted businessman but hoped to dedicate his life to the Methodist Church not his father's businesses. Would William Jr follow the same path? It was a worry for Old William who agreed religion was important but also believed success in business was a good Christian credential.

Having decided against the company, William Jr first went to Rochester, New York to visit his sister Mildred who had moved there with her husband. The plan was that William Jr would take up a mercantile career in the United States well removed from the company's sphere of influence. The business plan did not work out but Mildred persuaded William Jr to make the same religious choice she had made: join the Methodist Church and support its basic tenet, temperance. William Jr became a staunch supporter and an advocate of evangelical Christianity and temperance. He returned to Canada but what would he do? Would he have to turn his back on the whole family?

It was 1851 and Gooderham and Worts (G&W) was expanding and, establishing mills all along the Credit river valley from Hillsbrugh in the north to Streetsville in the south, where there were ideal milling sites. The mill was central to each location but G&W were great entrepreneurs and chose sites with other businesses nearby - a farm, a cooperage, a general store.

The Company began by leasing a mill and store already operating in the village of Norval. At the same time Old William and James Worts purchased two large properties in Hillsbrugh. William Jr was there and signed the agreement as witness - was this the next opportunity for him? In 1852 the Company built a mill and a cooperage in Hillsburgh and William Jr was involved. So too was an unrelated family, the Kentners, who would later play an important part in our story.

The wood for the cooperage was supplied by an oak forest near the town of Ballinafad. This land was owned and being cleared for farming by former Americans, the Kentners, who had been in Upper Canada since 1803 and had moved from one part of Upper Canada to another,

always improving their economic position. At that time the Gooderhams and Kentners were unrelated but were to meet and have close business ties. In the next century, Mary Kentner would marry George Gooderham. But in 1852 the two families were concerned only with mutual profit from the oak. Jerimiah Kentner, who sold the oak, was Mary Kentner's great grandfather.

Local people naturally assumed the oak barrels produced by William Jr were taken back to Norval and then to the G&W distillery. In fact William Jr would rather go broke than be involved in the liquor business so a less direct route was devised. The barrels were shipped either to the G&W mill in York or to the opposition, an Erin distiller.

The store at Norval, also operated by William Jr and his younger brother James, failed in spite of James' best efforts, and he had a real head for business. Another Kentner connection, Joseph Sutcliffe, Mary Kentner's uncle, was hired to rescue the enterprise. But too late. It was becoming clear that William Jr was not a businessman.

G&W continued their expansion and in 1856 purchased the C W Silverthorn mill in Meadowvale and two more mills in Streetsville. In 1861 they converted one to a flax mill and another, purchased in 1865, was kept as a grist mill. There was ample opportunity for William Jr and for James to work for the company outside the distillery business.

The perfect town for William Jr and James was Meadowvale. There the Methodist Church held undisputed sway. The number of Anglicans, Baptists, Presbyterians or Catholics was never large enough for anyone of them to build a church.

The Methodists chose Meadowvale early and held their first meeting in the early 1840s. It was still very much a pioneer frontier. "Some young men and women came to the camp meeting only serious about having a good time. Many returned home untouched by any religious feeling but some became Methodists for the rest of their lives. Other people came for business only and set up booths, tents or stands to sell refreshments - often whiskey in spite of the admonition "woe to him who putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips."

In the 1840s the heavy use of alcohol was wide spread and there were many taverns in the Meadowvale area. Whiskey was not expensive even for a pioneer economy. A jug of the best was selling for 15 cents. A keg cost \$1.

Most people stored liquor in their homes to be drunk by members of the family and their friends whenever they wished and was always prominent at any gathering. One farmer of the time proposed to raise his barn without providing any liquor to his neighbors. They accepted his

invitation but on the day of the raising no one appeared and he was forced to raise it himself with only the help of his oxen. Intemperance became so widespread and such a scourge that thoughtful men and women of the day were convinced they must do something to stop the further increase of the evil.

But temperance was on its way and in 1844 a meeting was held in Meadowvale with nearly everyone signing the pledge. By 1849 a division of the Sons of Temperance had been organized and grew steadily until in 1854 there were 150 members. The steady advance of temperance was a genuine threat to the Company and a conflict for William Jr and James. Both sons were dedicated temperance advocates but equally strong family members. The family was able to carry on together perhaps because they all understood and sympathized with James and William Jr. It was an amazing feat for the time. The elder Gooderhams were evangelical rather than high church Anglicans and this helped.

In Meadowvale Wesleyan and Primitive Methodists used the same church on alternate weeks to expound, with great enthusiasm, their version of the Gospel. Both groups were apt to shout "Amen" or "Hallelujah" at any time. They stamped their feet, clapped their hands and pounded desks. An outsider might wonder just what was happening. It was not an ideal spot for G&W, the distillers, but it might be a good compromise for James and William Jr. The Company could carry on the distillery business elsewhere.

G&W decided to add to their properties in Meadowvale with a mill, cooperage and large general store. Why not a state-of-the-art-farm? It might appeal to William Jr and James had already agreed to manage the store. William Jr accepted responsibility for the farm with the full support of the company. The farm was famous in 1865 when *"The Canadian Farmer"* published this interested neighbour's description:

"Having just returned from a visit to the farm owned and occupied by Mr Wm. Gooderham Jr of the firm of Gooderham and Worts, I send you a brief account of his excellent system of sheep management and general farming.

"The flock consists mainly of Cotswolds with a sprinkling of South Downs and numbers between four and five hundred. They are all of superior quality and in excellent condition - none of them with torn fleeces nor sickly or diseased. The yard and buildings are arranged to provide them with perfect shelter from storms. There are separate apartments for breeding ewes and for last year's lambs so as to prevent overcrowding. All the hay is cut with a machine worked by

horsepower and capable of cutting ten tons a day. The barn is built on the side of a gentle hill with a roof which extends out both at the front and back, and which provides a covered shed along the entire length of both sides and with a cellar underneath for the storing of roots and the stabling of cattle.

"Buildings which are twenty four feet wide and covered front, back and roof with rough planking, fill almost the entire yard and make it possible for sheep to feed under cover. A manger at the front into which feed can be placed extends their entire length. There are shutters front and back which are raised in fair weather giving ventilation but closed during a storm. The sheep have free movement without mixing divisions and easy access to water. All in all a most successful operation. Of the 160 lambs last Spring only three were lost.

"For Spring pasturage Mr Gooderham sows, in the previous Fall, a few acres of rye on which the sheep are allowed to feed, there being a movable fence made of tarred twine netting which is moved from day to day to prevent waste.

"There is also stall feeding of livestock for market. His formula is to feed hay and roots for six weeks and oak cake (about 4 lbs. each day). He produces very fine beef.

"All operations are conducted with thoroughness and good management. It may be said that Mr Gooderham is able to farm in this superior manner because he has superior means at his command but nevertheless the farm does show an example which could be emulated."

In 1865 William Jr was considered to be an innovative farmer. If the elaborate structures were not always cost effective that did not really matter to a firm as successful as G&W. However his stay in Meadowvale was cut short by his wife's failing strength. Toronto had excellent health facilities and they moved to the city. The people of Meadowvale recalled his fervour and his generosity with affection.

G&W was expanding. Railways, which would change life in Canada forever, were being built. They would eventually eliminate the need for small towns and create large central cities. To own or control what was soon to become a vital transportation link was very much in the Company's best interest. They had their eye on a company called the Toronto and Nipissing Railway. Before the Company bought the railway it was decided William Jr would represent G&W as vice president and general manager.

At the same time G&W wished to keep the farm as a showplace. Old William asked his favourite nephew, George Sr, if he would like to manage the farm and he accepted. George Sr

was Ezekiel's son and farmed with his father in Wexford (now Scarboro). Ezekiel had decided against joining the family milling business to pursue his two passions – farming and the Baptist religion. He was so dedicated to the Baptist cause that he accepted the role of pastor when the original pastor died. George Sr did not have his father's passion for religion and preferred his Uncle, Old William's, life style to that of his father. He happily joined his cousins in the thriving village of Meadowvale and the farm was saved

William Jr was not chosen to run G&W's new railway venture because of his proven business ability but Old William hoped his eldest son might succeed with the railway. William Jr was very popular and this trait might be very valuable in convincing people a railway was a good idea. But William Jr's business track record was dismal. In 1859 after the store in Norval closed William Jr became the Toronto-based partner in a Boston grain firm. His misjudgments there were so costly the partnership was dissolved. Worse, he had to be rescued several times from other unsuccessful ventures but Old William never gave up trying.

In 1873 when G&W bought the Toronto and Nipissing Railway, which ran through the Credit river valley, William Jr was elevated to president. Once again his lack of business acumen led to heavy losses which forced the Company into the arms of a railway consolidation known as the Midland Railway of Canada. William Jr's many supporters (primarily among the users rather than the owners) saw this move as a great tragedy and mourned the loss of their friend.

William Jr's dedication was always to the people. He was a staunch supporter of the newly arrived Salvation Army at a time when it was notorious for its noisy parades and blaring bands. This disturbed and distressed many of the good city folk with whom the Gooderhams were struggling for recognition. Family members saw him, with some unease, marching up Yonge Street to the sound of brass bands bent on temperance and/or conversion. He regularly visited condemned men in their cells to comfort them on the last night before their execution. On the other hand family members recognized his lifelong involvement with helping people. They knew he was much loved by rich and poor.

In 1883 when the town of Lindsay jailed the Salvation Army band because fights had broken out between the Army and some Roman Catholics, William Jr received the news by telegram. He immediately commandeered a locomotive from the Toronto and Nipissing Railway

and drove it himself at top speed to Lindsay where he roused the magistrate at four in the morning, paid the band's bail and secured the band members' release.

In spite of his eccentric behaviour, which included importuning strangers in public places to proclaim the Word of God and embrace temperance, his generosity to religious organizations was greatly admired. He supported missionaries in India, the Canadian northwest and the South Sea islands. In 1888 he gave \$25,000 to erect a Mission in China.

When Old William died William Jr received \$300,000 from the estate. The family claim that this munificence was such a surprise William Jr fainted. He recovered to carry on in character even though both he and his wife, who had been invalided since 1875, were in delicate health. In spite of his poor business judgment he invested the \$300,000 well and even with his extensive philanthropy left an estate of almost \$500,000.

When he died in 1889 it was said more people came to his funeral than any other person in the history of Toronto including his famous father Old William. There were so many carriages that the first arrived at the Gooderham family plot in the St James Anglican cemetery before the last had left the Sherbourne St Methodist church at Carlton Street. He was buried next to his father under the Gooderham monument guarded by its stone angel and next door to the other distiller, James Worts.

More than 150 carriages drove into the cemetery between lines of 2,000 men and women of the Salvation Army there to honour their number one benefactor. In 1886, four years after the Salvation Army had arrived in Canada and was struggling to survive, William Jr had given the money to build their national headquarters in Toronto. His largesse was so generous that some, mistakenly, assumed he had started the Salvation Army himself. He never left the Methodist Church but his gifts were endless and in the Gooderham tradition most often given in secret.*

*attach letter to his mother re charity.

The week following the funeral brought sensational news. He had left the bulk of his estate (worth millions in today's terms) to Victoria College, the ardently temperance-minded Methodist university. But the money did not go automatically. Victoria College had to move to Toronto. Disagreement had raged for years. Should Victoria remain in Cobourg or join its federated partner, the University of Toronto? William Jr's will ended the controversy and in 1891 Victoria College arrived in Toronto in the great college building which still stands today at the north east corner of Queen's Park.

In addition to the basic bequest he gave an additional \$75,000 as a permanent endowment. He gave another \$150,000 to charities such as the Upper Canada Bible Society, the Young Men's and Women's Christian Associations, The Boys Home and homes for infants as well as the Toronto Home for Incurables.

By the time William Jr inherited his fortune from his father, Old William, he and his wife were living quietly and frugally on \$8,000 a year. Now they had an income of over \$30,000. They gave the difference, as it came in, to the charities that were now occupying their time,

On Sept. 12, 1889, William Jr was due to speak at a haven for destitute men on Seaton Street as he did every Thursday. As he rose to speak his eyes suddenly closed and he slumped to the floor. When the doctor arrived he found him dead beside the pulpit. William Jr would have said "What a glorious death to die in harness."

JAMES COMBINES CHURCH AND COMMERCE

James, Old William's second son, was born in Norfolk, England Dec. 29, 1820 and came to Canada with his parents as a twelve year old. Even as a child the spiritual life was important to him and he became totally dedicated to the Methodist Church. At fourteen, influenced by his sister, Muriel (Mildred?) and brother, William Jr, he joined a Methodist class meeting. By the time he was eighteen and employed as a clerk in a store in the village of Thornhill his life had become more and more influenced by the Methodist Church. Some said it was "the providence of God which took him to that town" and it was there he experienced the "greatest event of his life" described for us by one of his teachers.

" He was in the quiet of his own room entirely alone with God on a Sabbath afternoon. All that morning overwhelmed with the terrible burden of sin, he had opened his grief to his teacher, telling him how utterly miserable he was. James was not told he had never committed any great sin, or exaggerated his guilt, nor was he made to believe his distress was the result of morbid feelings induced by too close application to business, or of solitary habits. He was not advised to go into company and seek in recreation, relief. No! His teacher did none of these things but told him frankly he was blessed by God. His distress was evidence that the Lord, by revealing to him his real character as a ruined and lost sinner, was leading him to salvation.

"And the result was the shining into James' heart of a light clearer than the noonday sun, filling his soul with ineffable joy. James was converted and passed from death unto life. Old things had passed away and all things had from that hour, become new."

All this had an overwhelming effect on James. He knew he must become a minister of the Methodist church and he entered Victoria College to prepare himself. The Wesleyan Methodist Church ordained him in 1848 and he was appointed Junior preacher. In 1849 he met his future wife, Sarah Gibbs, who he married on July 23 the following year. It was a double wedding - Sarah's sister, Mary, married the Reverend W S Blackstock. All fervent Wesleyan Methodists.

Over the years the Blackstocks and the Gibbs were to become very closely intertwined with the Gooderhams. In 1907 when George entered the University of Toronto one of his closest friends and advisors was the young Gibbs Blackstock, son of Victoria (Gooderham) Blackstock, nephew of WG Gooderham. The story of these three families is described by ** C Blackstock in her biography *All The Journey Through*.

It was not an easy life James was inviting Sarah to join. He must not only preach the gospel but visit from house to house, care for the poor, minister to the sick and dying, catechize the children and follow all the church's precise and practical rules: to be diligent, never unemployed, to be serious, to converse sparingly, to conduct himself prudently with women, to take no step toward marriage without first consulting the brethren, to believe evil of no one, to avoid all affectation, to sing no hymns of his own composing and to remember that he had nothing to do other than to save souls!

James conducted services throughout the Whitby and Markham circuits, going from community to community when asked. Methodist preachers covered immense distances on horseback and faced real dangers as they travelled from one remote community to another. His horse was James' friend and most precious possession. He rode through the country with a saddle bag containing his Bible, hymn book and a change of clothing. A long heavy scarf served as an overcoat during the day and a blanket at night. He was often offered only a shed in the community in which to sleep - no comforts or refinements. He might also have one more item, a surveyor's chain. As the country opened up preachers were often asked to act as agents in the mapping and measuring of the land.

Early evangelical preachers such as James had remarkable powers of persuasion. James was said to have led 200 to 300 souls to express their faith in Christ and convert to the Methodist way. James was welcomed in all the remote communities. There were few diversions - the shouts, hymns, emotions and enthusiasm he was able to engender broke the monotony of pioneer life. He also brought with him news from the outside world. It did not matter to James or to William Jr that the shouts of joy and jubilation so central to the Methodist way were looked down upon by most established and "proper" families in cities and towns. It did offend some, including members of the Gooderham family.

But Sarah supported James totally in all his dedication, assuming he would be a preacher all his life and never be tempted by the growing riches of his family. It was not to be. James' successful career as a Methodist preacher was cut short, through a throat infection. The one organ essential to a preacher was his voice. Today we might wonder if psychology played a role here.

God had spoken once more and within the year (1850) James left the ministry, and went into business with his father's company, first in partnership with William Jr in the village of Norval. Later, in 1859, he moved to Meadowvale and in 1863 to Streetsville becoming more and

more involved in business. But he still dedicated much of his time to hard work as a layman in a church which moved its ministers frequently and consequently relied on the congregation to look after most administrative tasks: recording steward, local preacher, Sunday School superintendent and in building several churches along the Credit river and in keeping them operating in the black.

In Meadowvale the Gooderhams were able to take over a mill which had become insolvent. Business was complicated. Outside forces might determine the success or failure of an enterprise even more than good judgment or business skill. It was so even in the tiny village of Meadowvale.

In the 1840's the village had a prosperous mill owned and operated by a Mr Silverthorn. He had more business than he could handle in the late 1830s when the country was just opening up. The mill ran night and day and even with the old mule saws he cut as much as 10,000 feet a day. At the time roads were merely narrow tracks through the woods, often through bogs. To keep vehicles from sinking in the mud it was necessary to cover the road with logs or boards . Silverthorn delivered clear pine eighteen feet long and three inches thick for \$4.50 a thousand feet - a quality difficult to find today even for fine furniture). He built a grist mill in 1840 and teams came with grain from as far away as Orangeville.

Then, in 1848, with ten thousand bushels of wheat stored, the mill burned to the ground. Not insured, Silverthorn borrowed money from the Bank of Upper Canada, owned primarily by the Gooderhams, and returned to prosperity. During the Crimean war prices doubled and business was booming. But in those days communications were very slow. It took a sailing vessel from four to nine weeks to cross the Atlantic. Consequently news about the war came very slowly. Mr. Silverthorn was still buying wheat at \$2.50 a bushel and all available space was filled with flour at \$11 a barrel weeks after the war ended.

The bubble burst and prices tumbled. Concerned about the safety of their loan, the Bank of Upper Canada which still backed Silverthorn sent partner and millwright James Worts to see what could be rescued. Worts was greatly impressed with the Meadowvale location and persuaded a third Gooderham brother, Charles Horace (known best as Holly) to take over the Silverthorn mill.

Particularly in the 1850s, business failure was a possibility for anyone but the most successful kept one step ahead. The failure of the Silverthorn mill was not the only problem for

the Bank of Upper Canada. Other failures had put the Bank in a precarious situation. Old William and other Toronto businessmen responded in 1855 by founding a bank that was to last far into the future - the Bank of Toronto. The head office was located on the north west corner of Church and Wellington in Toronto. Much later when Old William's son, George, was running G&W as well as the bank he built the famous Gooderham Flatiron building just across the street from the bank. He added an underground passageway from one building to the other so that he could go from one office to the other with ease and (perhaps) secrecy.

James Worts could see the huge potential for the Silverthorn mill and was able to inspire his nephew Holly with the mill's possibilities. Holly was already living in the neighborhood. G&W had recently sent him to Streetsville to operate a linen mill which the company had just acquired. In Streetsville the 18-year-old Holly met, fell in love with, and married a local girl, Eliza Folwel. The Streetsville job was good but this new opportunity in Meadowvale was too good to miss - and just down the road from his wife's home. The couple agreed to move. They expected it to be a lifelong commitment and built a very substantial house and garden on a portion of the G&W farm. It was the first and last mansion built in the village and is the most prominent relic of "the good old days" still standing today. (In 1998 Holly's house became the centrepiece for a new residential development on the outskirts of the village of Meadowvale - now an historic site).

Holly and Eliza were "respectable" Methodists, supported the church, donated the organ, and acted in a charitable way but they did not have the reputation for religious fervor of Holly's two older brothers William Jr and James.

Holly enjoyed Meadowvale for many years. The "good life" included hunting and shooting. One of Holly's constant hunting companions was George Sr who came out to Meadowvale from his Wexford (now Scarboro) farm in 1869 to manage the G&W farm. George Sr could get very excited about the sport. On one occasion when he was somewhat isolated from the rest of the hunters the hounds scared up a rabbit which ran right across his path. He took aim, fired and missed. The rabbit, confused by the dogs, ran straight toward his human enemy. George Sr, forgetting for a moment it was a gun he was holding, swung the muzzle at the fleeing rabbit. He failed again. The hunting party never let him forget the incident. But George Sr enjoyed the joke as much as anyone and would, on occasion speculate, out loud, whether this or that rabbit owed its existence to the great hunter who had spared its ancestor.

He would miss Holly when, in 1880, the young Gooderham family closed up the big house and moved to Toronto leaving George Sr and his family as the only Gooderhams in town.

But in the 1860s G&W had been so impressed by Meadowvale's possibilities they not only operated the large flour mill, but built a huge barrel and cooper factory - both under the leadership of the young Holly. They made all their own barrels and supplied many thousands to other mills as well as apple barrels to the farmers and fruit buyers. All this was good business for the local farmers who sold their elm, oak and basswood to G&W. On a winter's day the road was a constant jingle of sleigh bells and everyone heard the jingle of coins in their pocket. The Company built houses for employees, George Sr operated the 500-acre model farm, and James built up a large general store. It was the beginning of the golden era for Meadowvale.

James' store was touted as the largest general store in Ontario far surpassing in variety and grandeur the tiny venture on Yonge street to be opened in 1869 by a certain Mr Timothy Eaton and known across Canada for over 100 years as the T Eaton Company - Eaton's.

James' store had five clerks, four tailors and five tailoresses, as well as three dressmakers and three milliners. The place was a fashion centre for all of Peel County which swarmed in on a Saturday by horse and buggy and even on foot. They could buy almost anything their heart desired from biscuits and cheese to lanterns and lamps, dress goods, dishes, cutlery and both tobacco and matches. These last two items were absolutely taboo in the store owned by Timothy Eaton another very strict Methodist. It is interesting that his store prospered and expanded well into the twentieth century without changing its no-tobacco policy. But G&W was king of the hill in Meadowvale and the surrounding area until the 1880s when businesses started drifting into the cities. G&W moved almost everything to Toronto spelling the end to an era.

By 1860 the Toronto Gooderhams were becoming more and more fashionable and James and Sarah shared this new recognition. In that year Old William replaced his original house. Sarah described the new house to her Oshawa relatives. "It is the most splendid I have ever seen with great spreading verandahs, large gardens and a many-mirrored ballroom pale green and gold and so convenient, hot and cold water to be had any time day or night just by turning a tap and a fire place in every room.

In the same year Sarah and James and all the Toronto Gooderhams attended a ball given by the city in honour of the Prince of Wales. While Sarah and James were in the city thieves

broke into the Meadowvale store which was attached to their house (a sign of change?). ***CMB
All The Journey Through****

Another important figure in our Meadowvale story is Joseph Sutcliffe, an immigrant from Ireland. He was hired as bookkeeper for the Norval store and when William Jr and James left for Meadowvale he took over the store - not a great success. When the Gooderhams asked him to manage the Meadowvale store, the biggest in the area, he jumped at the chance and was responsible, along with James for its huge success. Sutcliffe raised a large family there which included a son, Frederick. When the Sutcliffes later moved to Brampton to open their own business, Fred met and, in 1890, married Mary Anne Elliott, Mary Kentner's cousin. The Brampton store was such a success that the Sutcliffes, father and sons, were able to expand to Lindsay, Peterborough and Toronto where they met and became connected to the Flavells of meat packing fame (more about the Flavell family later). In Brampton Sutcliffe Sr hired and trained the young immigrant Timothy Eaton who would soon have the largest retail business in Canada.

Meadowvale lost its economic clout to Toronto due in no small measure to the railways which made transportation to a centre more cost effective and convenient. The village was forced to rely on its beauty to attract business through tourists. John Watt bought the Holly Gooderham property and for many years operated a country retreat for city families. Wealthy patrons from Toronto would come to Meadowvale for a week, a month or possibly the whole summer, to be fed, pampered and entertained by the Watts and their staff. The Watts were still in business of the when George got to Meadowvale and George's Uncle Willie was courting the Watts' daughter, Mary. George was best man at their wedding. Meadowvale, noted for its scenery also attracted artists from all over Ontario. When running a resort became too onerous the Watts sold the big house to the popular artist Chavignaud. Another, Wm Brigden, built a house just down the road and Frederick Haines lived in Meadowvale forming a famous group in the still rural Meadowvale just as the 'Group of Seven' were discovering Canada. Haines contributed a mural for the wall school house which still exists and is much appreciated.

In the sixties and seventies James rapidly became a major economic as well as religious force in the area. In 1863 he moved from Meadowvale to Streetsville where he managed the growing commercial businesses of G&W which included merchandizing and milling as well as

the linen mill. He lived there until 1877 and was reeve for eight years. He retired to Toronto where he purchased a big expensive house at Carlton and Sherbourne, just across the street from his brother William Jr. James and his wife, Sarah, fitted it up with great care expecting to spend their last years enjoying city life and the fruits of their labour. However James did retain his very large interests in Streetsville, was a director of the London and Ontario Loan Society and also vice president of the Dominion Telegraph Company.

He was one of the first to advocate and promote the Credit Valley Railway which he believed would be of great benefit to that part of the country. It was this last venture which was to lead to his death!

On May 10, 1879 James and other prominent Toronto businessmen who supported the Credit Valley Railway travelled by special railway car to inspect the new railway at Streetsville. They left the Union Depot in Toronto, pulled by a Grand Trunk engine to the junction of the two railways, between Parkdale and Carleton where a Credit Valley engine took over. James made a short speech pointing with pride to the rapid completion not only of the Streetsville branch but of the whole line. He was warmly congratulated on this success, not only by supporters but by those who had strongly opposed him at the outset.

The Toronto businessmen spent the afternoon in Streetsville making speeches and promoting the railway. They returned to their railway car to wait for the Grand Trunk engine to take them back to the city. The engine came up the track at fifteen miles an hour or more. Suddenly the switchman opened the Credit Valley switch causing the speeding engine to smash into the sitting car. They all saw the train coming and jumped to safety. Unfortunately, James fell against a pile of railway ties breaking both legs and suffering fatal internal injuries. He was rushed to his home in Toronto which "he had left only hours earlier in the prime of his life and health."

"He bore up wonderfully under his pain and complained little. Drs Wright, Aikins, Richardson and Ross consulted together and decided if he survived the shock till morning both legs would have to be amputated - the right at the knee and the left above the knee. He was given stimulants both orally and by injection but unfortunately continued to sink. He was conscious almost until the last few moments and uttered prayers for his family particularly for his father. This will be the death of my poor father. He rejoiced in the hope of a glorious inheritance beyond the tomb. He shook hands with the physicians and bid them farewell saying, My sufferings will

soon be over and it is glorious to know that I am on the Rock and that the Everlasting Arms are around me and beneath me, to bear me triumphantly into the Kingdom. Kissing his wife and mother goodbye he calmly breathed his last. Thus passed James Gooderham aged 53.

A Toronto newspaper of the day had this to say "Seldom has such a tribute of respect been paid to a private citizen as that which was accorded to the memory of James Gooderham. It is doubted whether anyone in private life ever had in Toronto so large a procession to follow him to his last resting place. So many were there that the Metropolitan Church, the largest in the city, was not only filled but hundreds were unable to gain admission."

The local Streetsville paper thought it fitting to place the following admonition next to the obituary of this famous supporter of temperance.

RESPECTABLE DRINKING

"As long as you make drinking respectable, drinking customs will prevail and the plough-share of death, drawn by terrible disaster, will go on turning up this whole continent, from end to end, with the long, deep, and awful furrow of drunkards' graves.

"Oh how this rum fiend would like to go and hang up a skeleton in your beautiful home, so that when you opened the front door to go in, you would see it in the hall; and, when you sat at your table, you would see it hanging from the wall; and as you opened your bedroom door, you would find it upon your pillow; and waking at night, you would see its cold hand passing over your face and pinching at your heart.

"There is no home so beautiful but it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony...."

When Old William died his daughter-in-law, Sarah, did not receive James' portion of the estate. It was argued that James had left her with more money than she could spend and that any additional funds would go directly to the Methodists. She was a strong supporter of many Methodist organizations and for many years was on the boards of the Girls' Home, Boys' Home, the Haven and the Young Women's Christian Association. She was deeply involved in the work of the Women's Missionary Society and was the first president. She travelled, at her own expense to Japan and western Canada to find out how best to further the work of the Women's Missionary Society. She spent her last years at the 66 Glen Road, home of her daughter, Mrs P W Ellis .

THE KENTNERS

MARY KENTNER

When George moved east to the village of Meadowvale he heard about, and sometimes saw, a young girl named Mary Kentner, petite - only five foot three - dark hair, even darker eyes, pretty and very sophisticated. She seemed to be related to most of Brampton and half those living between Brampton and Burlington. To be exact she lived in Toronto (Parkdale) but could often be seen in Brampton, Norval, Streetsville, Burlington, Lisgar or Meadowvale visiting her numerous relatives and friends. She had the reputation of being just a trifle remote. Some might say "stuck up". She was an interesting mystery.

The two young people had many things in common. Both were born in 1889 and raised by older relatives – George on the Gooderham farm at Meadowvale with his grandparents, aunts and uncles; Mary lost her father when she was eleven and her mother (from consumption) when she was sixteen and went to live with her aunt and uncle Matthews. George's mother also died from consumption when George was nineteen and his father when he was thirty. Both Mary and George would enter the University of Toronto in 1907 where they would share many close friends. They would have to reconcile one or two significant differences. George was a country boy, Mary a sophisticated city girl. George was without funds. Mary had inherited more than enough. George saw her but he didn't know her.

All Mary's Kentner, Carter, Matthews, Sutcliffe and Elliott relatives were strong Methodists. The Carters and Elliots had emigrated from Britain in the 1820s but the Kentners came from the American colonies at the beginning of the century, just after the War of Independence. The Kentners brought with them a different American Methodism, with a strong Anabaptist background. Kentner ancestors were persecuted for their religious beliefs and forced to move from one European country to another searching for acceptance or at least safety. The American colonies, which had a reputation for religious and personal freedom not yet prevalent in Canada, seemed a haven.

Although the Kentners came to North America from Britain they were not originally English. The name comes historically from eastern Europe - Polish, Silesian or Czech - and in each language Kentner is connected with barrel-making and the storing of wine - an ironic twist for the ardent teetotaler American Kentners. They spoke of themselves as German, or more specifically, Pennsylvania Dutch, even though they never lived in that state.

Mary's ancestors appear to have gone from Britain to Connecticut and then to upstate New York and were in the American Colonies for at least three generations before finally coming to Upper Canada. Their motivation was more economic than political. Mary's great grandfather, Jeremiah T Kentner (called Jere) came to the Niagara peninsula with his family as part of a large migration of American colonists who were looking for inexpensive land shortly after the American War of Independence. Canada was anxious to populate the vast "empty" stretch of land north of Lakes Ontario and Erie between Niagara and the St. Lawrence river. Good land was available almost for the asking and taxes were low.

However, the Kentners were not United Empire Loyalists (UEL). Jere's father, John P Kentner, seems to have served with the Connecticut militia (the rebels) during the Revolution.

Jere left Connecticut around 1800 and settled first in the Grimsby area near Niagara where he met the Christopher Boughner family and more specifically their daughter*Elsie. Fellow Americans from New Jersey, the Boughners had come north as refugees from the American War of Independence and were Loyalists (UEL). Apart from that, their background was not unlike the Kentners. They originated in Nuremburg, Germany but around 1470 went to Saxony where they received an imperial coat of arms and were admitted to the nobility of the Saxon Empire.

It's possible the first member of the family to come to America was John Buchner (Boughner) who settled in Sussex County (New Jersey) about 1753. (His will, dated 1791, lists Christopher as one of his sons.) They had settled in New Jersey before the idea of independence had divided the colonists into opposing factions. They were loyal to the British when it was the popular thing to be. When the balance shifted and an overwhelming majority favoured independence the Loyalist group shrunk to a hated minority. But it included the Boughners who still remained loyal and fought on the side of the British.

Life in the American Colonies became more and more intolerable for those loyal to the British. They were considered traitors and often treated as such. Their land was taken and their personal security threatened. Five Boughner brothers, including Christopher, left, with their families, for Upper Canada where their loyalist credentials were impeccable. They were granted UEL status even though they did not come north until 1789. Christopher's daughter, Elsie, was twenty one and Jere twenty two when the two young people decided they were perfect for one another. They were married in Grimsby on May 19, 1801. Jere took the Canadian oath of allegiance on May 23.

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The policy of attracting American immigrants was very successful and during the 1800s there was a large influx of Americans to Upper Canada. By 1812 American settlers outnumbered British and Loyalist settlers by about four to one! In reprisal for Britain's high handedness and brutality in searching neutral American ships, the Americans decided to take part in the Napoleonic wars. They declared war against Britain and American troops marched on Upper Canada in 1812. The invading Americans expected their former neighbours (particularly those who had come north for economic rather than ideological reasons) to throw off the yoke of "British tyranny" and join their American brothers. They expected to capture Canada by merely marching into the country. It was not to be.

In Upper Canada there was a blanket of suspicion over all the recent American settlers. In fact the Kentners and most other recent American immigrants were interested in getting on with building their homes and raising their crops rather than fighting on either side of a war. They had, however, been very critical about the lack of democracy in their new home and knew their loyalty was under the shadow of doubt. The Kentners were happy to have Elsie's very clear Boughner connection to the Loyalists' cause.

The Kentners had only been in the country eleven years. They were used to the openness of the American Colonies and did not approve of the "class-ridden" society envisioned by John Grace Simcoe, Upper Canada's Governor from 1791 to 1796. He had given large grants of land to individuals who would then attract more settlers to the land. It was planned for these large land owners to become squires and form a gentry. A seventh of the land was also set aside for the Church of England clergy reserves and to a lesser extent the Church of Scotland. Upper Canada was to remain firmly in the hands of an English-style oligarchy.

The Kentners and other Reformers did not approve but took advantage of the system by buying or leasing land from the large landowners whether religious or secular. They were more interested in land than politics at the time but that did not mean they were happy with the status quo. However they knew they must be discreet.

The Kentners were Methodists as were most of their neighbors. And although Methodism had sprung from the Church of England it became a separate communion in 1791. It was seen as a powerful organization and much mistrusted by the orthodox Church of England, suspicious of Methodists' evangelical fervor as well as their American past. Consequently, American Methodists were considered as possibly dangerous by the Establishment.

Jere and Elsie Kentner's second child, John, who was born in Grimsby in 1804, would face this prejudice both as a child and as an adult. He came east and north, with his family, into that vast undeveloped land mass between the St. Lawrence River and Lakes Ontario and Erie. In 1838 John left the rest of the family now situated at Ballinafad (near Orangeville) to settle in Halton County, Trafalgar Township north of Streetsville. It was also just around the corner from Meadowvale and that part of the country which would be so attractive to the Gooderhams. At this time Mary's other relatives, the Elliots and the Carters, had left Britain and were busy establishing the village of Brampton.

John Kentner petitioned for Lot 8, concession 9, Trafalgar Township, part of the clergy reserve set aside for the Church of England on December 25th, 1829. He was twenty five years old, a bachelor and as a landowner now husband material. A member of another early (perhaps) UEL family, the Utters, were among the very first to tame that part of Upper Canada. They had a daughter, Annie, who was attracted to this newcomer and the Utters introduced John to the local establishment. Annie and John were married on March 30, 1831.

The Utters' status in the community was enhanced by the fact most settlers thought Annie's grandfather should have UEL status. His petition for that status states he was from New York State and "in good esteem as a Doctor of Physick particular in that branch of inoculation for the Small Pox." He lost his business as a physician and a great part of the property he had acquired because he continued to support the British Constitution and Government and by not complying with the inquisition of the new government. He relocated to the Province of Upper Canada in the year 1790 expecting to receive some compensation in lands for his losses and ill treatment in New York. It was shown that he had provided medical assistance to "rebels." He did not dispute that fact but argued, as a doctor, he had sworn an oath to provide assistance to all who needed it regardless of political affiliation. In New York prejudice was high and the explanation denied. The precious UEL status was not granted.

The feeling was different among the neighbours in Upper Canada. The Utters were early settlers and if they claimed they should be UEL most people gave them the benefit of the doubt.

John and Annie Kentner acquired more land - lot 6 concession 9 and the west half of lot 7. Their home, first log and then brick, was built on this latter lot. Their family grew as their land and affluence expanded. First came Elizabeth, then Robert, Alice, Mary, Catherine, John, Erastus (Mary Kentner's father) and William.

The Spring of 1881 was a time for the now prosperous Kentner family to rejoice. John and Annie had been married for fifty years. The local paper marked the event along with the children and grandchildren of the couple.

"April 8, 1881

John and Annie Kentner were among the very early settlers in the territory only recently purchased from the Mississauga Indians. They both worked long, physically demanding, days clearing the land, building a home, planting, harvesting and raising a large family. This gargantuan task did not set them apart from their neighbours. Everyone who was to survive had to carry, lift, dig, nail, scour, sew, weave, patch and repair. More important they had to invent. There was no store, no telephone or road to town. But there was something which set the Kentners apart. They lived together for over fifty years.

In an era when even minor diseases could kill, when accidents could mean death or serious dismemberment, hard work could finish off all but the strongest. Fifty years of marriage was more than most could hope for even though they married at twenty or earlier.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

More than fifty years have come and gone since Mr Kentner, then a youthful man, settled on Lot No. Seven, Township of Trafalgar. Fifty years since, on the 30th of March he was united in holy matrimony with Miss Annie Utter. At that time Trafalgar could boast of but few settlers; inconveniences were many and local advantages few. The young of the present age have but a delicate experience of the hardships of a bush life fifty years ago.

John Kentner, before taking to himself his present amiable companion, with his own hands, chopped and cleared sufficient land on which to erect a small log house, in which for many years, with their growing family, they lived and enjoyed, in most pleasant harmony, the sweet comforts of domestic peace. The old log house of pleasant reminiscences has given place to a fine brick dwelling, in which for years the honoured couple, in company with their devoted children, have enjoyed the superior advantages of a truly religious home.

As is common and very natural, one by one their children removed to other homes – some to the higher and better mansions in heaven, the living to comfortable possessions on earth. On few families has Providence smiled more favourably. All seem to be doing well for this life, and, better still, well for the life which is to come. Of

their many children only one (Erastus) remains with his affectionate parents, whose presence seems to add to the beauties of life's setting sun.

Two beautiful and costly armchairs, with other articles of filial affection and tender kindness on the part of the donors, were presented to the honoured couple.

After a short address and a prayer by the reverend R. Boyle, the members of the affectionate family dispersed to their homes, each expecting to meet the other in the better mansion awaiting the holy in heaven

John and Annie's seventh child, Erastus, who was born in 1847, lived with and worked for his parents until he was forty. He married Rebecca Carter shortly after his father died and he had inherited the farm.

Erastus's oldest sister, Elizabeth, had married a very prominent Brampton man, William Elliott. Elizabeth died very young, a tragedy all too common in those days. William then married Elizabeth's sister Mary and the couple raised a large family (including Elizabeth's son, Kenneth). Mary's sister-in-law, Mary Elliott Carter had a daughter still unmarried at thirty one. The two Marys brought Erastus and Rebecca together. Because of their age the marriage was, in a way, a miracle. Without the help of their families neither might have married. Their only child was Mary.

There were several reasons why Mary Kentner's parents might feel she was somehow special. When they were married, her father, Erastus was over forty and her mother, Rebecca, was thirty one. It was a late marriage and considered very late to start a family. Devout Primitive Methodists, they considered themselves doubly blessed when twins arrived in 1889. Their joy was cruelly dampened when one baby died. But it made the survivor, Mary Anna, all the more to be treasured.

Miracles continued. When Mary was still a toddler the family was living on their farm in Trafalgar just across the 8th line from her paternal grandmother, Annie Kentner. Mary was investigating a large rainwater barrel at the corner of the house, an important source of water for households at that time.

Somehow she got to the top, leaned over and fell in. One sharp cry of surprise, a pause and then another cry as she bobbed up to the surface for a moment. In the garden, her mother heard her cry, rushed to the house searching for Mary. It took several moments before she discovered Mary's body floating on the surface of the barrel, head down. Mary was no longer breathing but Rebecca's instinct led her to cover the baby's mouth with her own and breath in

and out, pulling air (and water) out and forcing air back into the limp little body. Miracle! Mary started to breath on her own. She was saved. God must indeed have plans for their daughter.

When Mary reached school age it was agreed the family should move to Toronto even though it meant Erastus would have to retire from farming. Money was not an issue as they were "comfortably situated" and Mary would have better schooling. They moved to the village of Parkdale, at that time a small town next door to Toronto. It had the reputation of being "a village of very aristocratic pretentions.... austere, proud and chaste" whose residents were escaping Toronto to establish a model community in the suburbs.

Saloon-keepers were ostracized, churches were built. There were tea parties, temperance socials, sacred concerts and theological lectures. A Village Improvement Society beautified the streets and gardens, planting trees, laying out lawns and flower beds, encouraging the construction of boulevards. Parkdale was to be "the model village of the Province." Even better, it was just a short train trip on the CPR to all the Kentner, Elliott and Carter relatives. You could also go from Parkdale to Yonge St in Toronto by boat for a seven cent return ticket.

Erastus, a very strong Primitive Methodist, became the superintendent of the Parkdale Sunday School. The family concentrated on raising Mary and looking after the church. Tragically their new life did not last long. In 1900, Erastus was killed in an accident. On his way home to 14 Earnbridge street in the evening. He was crossing the tracks near Brock Avenue. He did not see the approaching Canadian Pacific Railway shunting engine which struck him and threw him to the ground. A postmortem examination by his wife's nephew, Dr William Heggie, found an extensive fracture to the base of the skull. Erastus was 52. Mary was eleven.

All relatives, and there were a lot of them, rallied round. The family barely recovered from Erastus' death when Rebecca was gone too. She died of consumption in 1905, at the age of forty eight. Mary was now only sixteen. It was a tragedy but not a disaster. There was plenty of money and two huge extended families to help her reach maturity. In stark contrast to the generations before, and perhaps as a reaction to it, most of her aunts and uncles had very small families or no children at all. There was no lack of adult supervision available. However, Mary was already determining her own future which was not always what her family had in mind.

She was her Mother's only heir, with the exception of a \$1,000 bequest to a cousin. Unlike Erastus who had died so suddenly and had no will, Rebecca had anticipated her own death and prepared a will with legal help from her nephew, Robert Elliott Heggie, of Brampton.

He was appointed executor of her estate along with Rebecca's brother, John Henry Carter, a gentleman farmer and businessman of the township of Chinguacousy (Brampton) ; and her brother-in-law, Henry Steele Matthews, a Methodist minister. They had their hands full with Mary.

Rebecca, unusually broadminded for her time, originally directed that Mary's guardians provide her with a thorough education at one of the best ladies' schools or colleges in Toronto. She must have discussed this proposal with Mary because the will contained a codicil stating that should "my daughter, Mary Anna, desire to continue her education at a Collegiate Institute or High School and thereafter at the University, the guardians should permit her to do so and provide the necessary funding."

Rebecca also stipulated funds be paid for Mary's upkeep. It was previously agreed she would live with relatives who could provide the proper Methodist upbringing. Mary had, in fact, decided to finish her high school at the Parkdale Collegiate and to enroll in the University of Toronto. Few women had been allowed to make that decision and not in the Kentner, Carter, Elliott families. It was daring but not, her aunts decided, necessarily wicked. There was a deeper concern. Mary was aiming for University College rather than the Methodist Victoria College. Perhaps this would be acceptable if Mary lived with her aunt Sarah *Matthews. Not only was Aunt Sarah's husband a Methodist minister but their home was in that new part of Toronto called the Annex within walking distance of the university.

The Matthews had two children, William (Will) and Elizabeth (Did), both slightly older than Mary who could provide guidance as well. Did was heard to say that she could "break Mary's spirit" which we must interpret to mean helping her control her unorthodox thoughts and actions and adjust to correct society. As for Mary, she knew she could count on the support of her Aunt Sarah.

When Mary was eighteen and ready for University she was rich, although not yet in charge of her own affairs. She was also her own person. It was the era of the suffragettes whose ideas were very attractive to Mary even when still in high school. She knew her relatives had her best interests at heart but she was pretty sure they did not know what her real interests were, and if they had known would have stopped her if they could. She was younger than any of her advisors and belonged to the new century. Perhaps she also believed, as her parents had, that she had a special destiny.

THE ELLIOTTS - MARY KENTNER'S MATERNAL ANCESTORS

John Elliott was Mary's maternal great grandfather. He left Brampton, England in 1817 and brought his family to New Brunswick, where they stayed for four years before John, his wife, Mary and their five children moved west to better prospects. In 1821 the West meant the new province of Upper Canada where anyone with an entrepreneurial spirit could do very well indeed. But also included a hard-drinking lifestyle -not the ideal place for Primitive Methodists who hated the sight, sound or smell of liquor. And horror of horrors there was a tavern already established right where they hoped to live. But the Methodist in John Elliott was up for the challenge of changing that.

The country also presented some physical problems for the Elliotts who were not farmers. John did not know the frontier meant a long trek through the woods from Toronto to a nameless swamp in Upper Canada.

Just two years earlier two young surveyors who were looking for a marker in water almost to their hips suggested "Someone will have to do a real drainage job here before it will be fit to settle." They were located at Centre Road in what would later become John Elliott's land. It was not land with obvious appeal. You could say John had been sold a swamp. The Etobicoke creek came right down what would later be Hurontario Street, crossing and recrossing it and frequently flooding at one point or another. The surveyors were laying out Crown Reserve lot 5 Concession E. They speculated that "Right now the beaver will cut more timber than any settler." John Elliott was not daunted.

Pioneers regarded difficulties as challenges to be overcome and when Crown Reserve lot 5 Concession E was thrown open for settlement. It was purchased by a Samuel Kennedy, probably as a speculation. He in turn sold it to John Elliott. Bystanders didn't hold out much hope for the success of the very earnest Mr Elliott but by 1827 he had cleared almost half the land, owned two horses, four oxen and three horned cattle. He was rich. He was also a hard worker and a Primitive Methodist. And he was sitting on land that would be the centre of a town called Brampton, named after his home in England.

He was given a settler's grant of two hundred acres in Chinguacousy County (named for an Indian hero who had helped save the port of Micheliemacina from the Americans during their War of Independence). John bought a further five hundred acres between 1821 and 1858. He farmed for a few years in order to comply with the terms of the purchase but he had other plans.

The immediate problem John must face was the tavern, owned and operated by one Buffy, at the corner of #5 sideroad . People were already referring to the John Elliott home as Buffy's Corners. A strong Methodist such as John could not tolerate such an incursion by the Devil. The increasing number of farmers in the area meant a corresponding increase in the number visiting the tavern. "To have the seller of strong drink immortalized as the name of the settlement was contrary to John's Primitive Methodist soul. He would "civilize" the town even before it became a town and he knew just the man to help him do it.

John's home in Brampton, England was also the home of a prominent Primitive Methodist preacher named William Lawson. The two were close friends and Lawson arrived in the village of York (Toronto) shortly after Elliott came to "Buffy's Corners". Lawson was an entrepreneur as well as an evangelist and established a retail store on Toronto's King street with a partner (believed to be) named Robert Simpson. Lawson's first love, however, was the Primitive Methodist religion, a movement which rose up throughout England between 1807 and 1810 as part of the break-away from the Anglican Church. He had always found time in his native county of Cumberland, England to preach, even if it meant standing on a chair in the market place expounding the gospel. He could help John make Brampton the liquor-free town "God wished it to be."

Lawson made the trip through the forest to visit his old friend who persuaded him to leave Toronto and help tame the northern wilds. In 1834 Lawson left Toronto and the store to his junior partner, Robert Simpson. (The store known as Simpson's would become the first great department store in that city).

Lawson bought part of the John Elliott's land which he farmed and, once again, opened a general store. But his great joy and purpose was establishing his beloved Primitive Methodist church in Upper Canada. He became the first local preacher and John Elliott was the class leader. The two of them were sufficiently popular to gain support in naming the municipality Brampton after their mutual home in Britain. Liquor would soon be vanquished and Buffy's Corners made history.

The Elliotts and Lawsons were part of a large emigration from Britain in the early part of the nineteenth century. The Napoleonic Wars ended in Europe in 1815 and, aggravated by a series of crop failures, precipitated a depression in England. The large emigration to Canada which followed included a contingent of Primitive Methodists encouraged by members who had

been to Canada and seen the new country. By the 1820s several Primitive Methodist families had settled along Brampton's Centre Road. They met in one another's homes (particularly John Elliott's) for religious services. The small religious community became so strong that it erected a church. It was the beginning of the present St. Paul's but situated on Queen Street. It had the old fashioned square pews which were "owned" by prominent members who entered their pew through a little gate or door. This early church was replaced by the present structure in 1885 with Elliotts still on the board of trustees.

In 1834 John Elliott laid out some of his land, Chinguacousy East Concession 1 Lot 5, into village lots with streets named after his children. John, who would open and manage a very successful foundry in London Ontario; William, who turned the Brampton swamp into one of the most productive farms in the area.

A street was named after their sister, Mary, (Mary Kentner's grandmother) who married a gentleman farmer, William Carter, whose farm was just north of Queen street on the border of the village of Brampton. As landed gentry, the Carters gave the family "tone" and the clan prospered in Brampton. They were not only founders but their relatives and descendants continued to be a major force in the development of the city.

Mary (Elliott) Carter's brother, William, profiting from his father's and his own enterprise, was a leading Brampton citizen and the first to merge the Elliott and Kentner families.

William married Elizabeth Kentner who was Erastus Kentner's oldest sister. And Erastus was Mary Kentner's father. Mary Kentner was connected to William Elliott through both her mother, Mary (Elliott) Carter and her father, Erastus. The connection was further intensified when Elizabeth caught one of the mysterious fevers that plagued the country and died. William chose Elizabeth's sister Mary as his second wife. The William Elliotts raised a family and built a very large house in Brampton which could rival any that were being built in Toronto (or for that matter houses built later by other members of the Elliott family which continued to prosper). It was so big it was later chosen to become Brampton's first hospital. The name Peel Memorial Hospital was chosen in 1921 when it was purchased from the William. Elliott estate for \$9000. The hospital accommodated twelve beds. When it was expanded in 1950, stone from the old house was incorporated into the new structure, and wood from the house was fashioned into a gavel suitable for hospital board meetings. A plaque commemorates the founders "William and

Mary Elliott who built this house in 1887 now converted into a hospital and in memory of Charles Elliott Sutcliffe, Major 77th battalion and R F C killed in action in France June 6, 1917.

THE CARTERS

William Carter emigrated with his father from England at the same time as the Elliotts and had a farm next to his parents just north of the growing village of Brampton. The Carters were strong Methodists and Mary Elliott caught William Carter's eye. They were married in 1839 and raised a large family all of whom "married well." However, their youngest daughter, Rebecca, was thirty years old and still single. It just so happened that Mary (Kentner) Elliott, William's wife, and a Brampton social arbiter, had a younger brother, Erastus, who had just inherited property from his father and was consequently a very marriageable, older (forty) bachelor. We have already heard about these parents of our Mary Kentner.

Both of Rebecca's parents, William and Mary Carter lived quiet but influential lives. The Primitive Methodist Christian Journal had this to say:

"Brother Carter, when quite a young man, united with our people on this circuit, but a naturally retiring disposition rendered it extremely difficult for him to speak in class, and after a few months he ceased to be a member although he continued to attend the public means of grace. He continued a faithful and consistent member until God called him home."

Both Mary and William died suddenly. At the end of March, 1874 William had some business to attend to in Guelph and missed the afternoon train. However a freight train was about to leave so William climbed into the conductor's car and took a seat. The conductor noticed that William had fallen from his seat and not knowing who he was supposed that he was the worse for liquor. In Brampton when he and the station agent attempted to help William off they realized that he was dead. He had for some time been suffering from heart disease and was aware that death might strike at any moment. His death was a shock to the whole neighborhood for he was highly respected and well known.

Mary's death was even earlier, just as sudden and even more upsetting. The local paper said "She was at home and had gone to the basement when she collapsed. There was no one in the house to hear her fall or cry out. We do not know how long she lay there but when William returned and called to her he received no answer. It was then he commenced his sad search of the house which culminated in clasping the dead body of his beloved wife to his heart and carrying

her to her bed two stories above. The paper went on to say “Mary Elliott Carter, a true pioneer arrived in Brampton from New Brunswick before any here today and before there was a Brampton. She was a generous and loving mother and grandmother, making sure her family needed for nothing.”

The Lawsons and Mary Kentner's Elliott and Carter relatives made names for themselves in both Brampton's economic and intellectual life. The grandson of William Lawson, the Honourable Ray Lawson, was to become Lieutenant Governor of Ontario.

KENNETH CHISHOLM

One of Brampton's greatest philanthropists, entrepreneurs and politicians, Kenneth Chisholm, joined the Elliott clan when, at the age of 23, he married, Margaret, daughter of John Elliott and sister of William.

Kenneth's parents were UEL and he was born in Mississauga in 1829. He came to Brampton as a salesman for the town's leading merchant of the day, Peleg Howland, but established his own business in partnership with his new father-in-law, John Elliott. It was 1855 and Brampton was enjoying a very strong economy. It was dead centre between Orangeville and Lake Ontario. It had the Grand Trunk and Credit Valley railways and was the centre of the grain trade.

Kenneth Chisholm was smart but he was also strong with an impressive physique. And it was needed. At the time there was no bank in Brampton and Kenneth had to ride to Toronto to do the Company business. Thieves, aware of this necessity and aiming to become "Highway Men," attacked Chisholm on one of his frequent trips. But he was more than they bargained for and he reached his destination without harm. We don't know what happened to the villains.

Although born a Catholic, it was clear to him that if he wanted to marry an Elliott he would have to convert to Primitive Methodism. He joined the Primitive Methodist church and married John Elliott's daughter, Margaret. In partnership with his father-in-law, Kenneth bought out Howland, built the second grain elevator in town, bought out the Big Hill Quarries, had mills in Eldorado (near Huttonville) and a general store in Orangeville. Chisholm was rolling in money. His published income in 1877 was \$500,000 annually. And at a meeting of the Haggert manufacturing Company (see below) he was elected a director of that company.

He was generous to all - donating land for the St. Paul's United Church, stones from his quarry for the St Andrew's Presbyterian Church, both land and buildings for the town's municipal offices and concert hall. His remarkable constitution made it possible for him to hold public office and attend to business as well.

He and his wife, Margaret, for whom he had changed his religion, built the largest estate in town. It was called Alderlea and was just south of the Pines, a similar property owned by John Elliott. In 1883 he became involved with the Central Bank of Canada as a director and investor. Five years later the bank went under. Chisholm lost his own business - disastrous enough - but the town also lost a major benefactor. Another important Elliott-related business, Haggert Manufacturing of Brampton also slid into depression.

When the Elliott-Chisholm enterprises suffered huge reverses their large property with its gardens, fountains and driveway had to be sold. A part became Gage Park, so called because Gage, a successful publisher in Toronto, bought a large portion of Alderlea and donated it to the city. Chisholm was forced to sell off all his holdings. He lost his seat as a Liberal (Reformer) in the provincial parliament he had held for twenty years and was shelved by the Liberal party. But he was very much a part of the Elliott mystique which nurtured Mary Kentner.

Some say Chisholm was ignored by history because he lost it all! But he was a big handsome, high spirited, generous man who had made a significant economic and political contribution to Brampton and who in addition to all his other accomplishments, was registrar of Peel County and the only person to be elected Warden of Peel three times in a row.

His death, in 1906, was marked by a small obituary on page five of *The Conservator* with no editorial whatsoever. At the time *The Conservator* was published by a twice-unsuccessful Conservative candidate for the provincial legislature. Chisholm's Liberal (Reformer) friends did not miss this 'coincidence'.

THE HAGGERTS

Haggert Manufacturing was another part of the Brampton business oligarchy which centred around the Elliots. In this case the family relationship was established when Kenneth Elliott, William and his first wife, Elizabeth's son, married Mary Haggert. Her father, John Haggert, was the founder of Brampton's major industry, Haggert's Agricultural Works. He came to Brampton in 1849. An ambitious young Scotsman, he set up a small foundry to produce farm machinery.

He made the Haggert name famous before Massey and Harris ever met and were still struggling to form their own companies.

Haggert Brothers shipped the first thresher to Manitoba in 1871 at a cost of \$350 for transportation alone. They won prizes in Philadelphia. The Boston Journal of Commerce called the "horse powered separator" of the Brampton Agricultural Works "the most perfect machine for the threshing and cleaning of grain which they had ever seen." Haggerts made steam engines and boilers, the Brampton triple harvester with self rake, the Brampton single reaper, the Beaver mower! And for thirty years Haggert Brothers was the main economic force in Brampton until its collapse

In 1860 the Haggerts built an impressive mansion on the corner of George and Nelson streets which they called Haggertlea. There were terraced lawns, fountains, flower and grape arbours. A former Baptist church on the property was converted into a gymnasium, carriage house and ice house. There was a large croquet lawn later turned into tennis courts in the summer and a skating rink in the winter. *The Peel County Atlas*, published in 1877, before the collapse, said "The rapid growth of Brampton is largely due to the energy and perseverance of Mr. John Haggert."

THE HEGGIES

These eminent pioneers also belonged to the history and mythology experienced by Mary Kentner. It was a family history to be proud of perhaps even to boast about. Her living relatives were equally prominent. Her uncle, Dr. David Heggie (married to her aunt Mary Carter) was Brampton's first medical doctor. A story told about him by one of Mary Kentner's contemporaries illustrates his character and his position in society.

"For some silly reason I put some dried peas up my nostril. I was about twelve at the time. The peas swelled and hurt so badly that I went to the family doctor (Dr David Heggie). He removed the peas and then draped me over his knees and gave me a good spanking.

"Another day when riding my bicycle home from school a coach dog ran out from one of the neighbour's and bit my leg. I was close to Dr. Heggie's so I dropped in and asked him to sew me up. Which he did. Next day I dropped by the dog's home thinking I should make friends with him. I couldn't find the dog anywhere. When I asked where he was I was told 'Oh! I shot him. Dr. Heggie told me to. That was Dr. Heggie, doctor, judge and executioner all in one man."

Dr. Heggie was educated in Scotland but came to Canada as a young man where he studied medicine, graduating from Queen's University in 1866. He moved to Brampton where he married Mary (Elliott) Carter. He was appointed coroner and surgeon of the county jail and served on the Board of Public School Trustees. He was also a scientist and many of his medical treatises were published in medical journals. He was also a great lover of Thomas Carlyle about whom he wrote a book *How I Read Carlyle's Literature*.

His family included Robert, who was lawyer and advisor to Rebecca (Carter) Kentner, executor of her will, and friend and cousin of Mary Kentner. There was also a Dr William Heggie who spent a major portion of his career in the United States but eventually ended up in Toronto, on Davenport Road, just around the corner from Mary Kentner. She was attending university and living at 5 Chicora with her Aunt Sarah and Uncle William Matthews, a prominent preacher in the Methodist church - more about the Matthews later.

In Mary Kentner's time Brampton had two other Elliott businesses. One was owned by Kenneth, son of Mary Haggert and Kenneth Elliott, who had a music store from which Mary purchased her Mason and Rich piano. It would make the long trip out west to Mary's new home on the Blackfoot reserve.

THE SUTCLIFFES

Another thriving retail business was owned and operated by Joseph Sutcliffe who, as you may remember, worked for the Gooderham family both at Norval and Meadowvale before moving to Brampton and establishing a chain of retail outlets in Brampton, Lindsay, Peterborough and Toronto. One of his sons, Frederick, who operated the store in Lindsay, married Mary Annie Elliott, Kenneth's sister. Their daughter, Elsie would later marry Gordon Flavelle of Vancouver. Coincidentally her cousin Mae Elliott, married Aird Flavelle, Gordon Flavelle's brother. All four were to live and raise their families, as westerners in Vancouver (see Flavells).

Mary Kentner had a very clear picture of her place in society when she entered the University of Toronto in the Fall of 1907. George Gooderham, who would also enter Toronto University that Fall, was not quite so sure where he would fit. He knew some of his Ontario relatives but was almost a stranger to his immediate family. George had never seen their present

home. They had just moved to the little village of Gleichen, Alberta and were living on the Blackfoot Reserve where George's father, John was the Agent.

CHARLES GORDON KENTNER FLAVELLE

Two hundred years after the first Kentner arrived in Upper Canada two distant cousins each carrying the Kentner name met in Vancouver B C thousands of miles west of that original homestead. Charles Gordon Kentner Flavelle born four generations from the original John Kentner and George Kentner Gooderham separated by three generations. Both men keep and honour their Kentner name which no longer serves as a surname for any of the cousins.

Both in their early seventies, the two meet in Vancouver at Charles's home, 2075 West 35th Avenue. Charles begins:

"I have always thought of myself as a westerner. I grew up in Vancouver surrounded by Flavelle cousins, who were also Kentner cousins. We were the Vancouver Flavells. But of course I knew our Canadian history began in Upper Canada. It was there our ancestors made a name for themselves. It just didn't seem real or relevant, that is until I started studying our family history.

"My great grandparents, John and Dorothea Flavelle were late arrivers. They left Ireland for Canada in 1850, fifty years after the Kentners. But they were still pioneers. Newly weds with few possessions but from prosperous Protestant families, they were not the humble sod house refugees of romantic folklore. The Flavelle house in northern Ireland from which they came was quite grand and was still standing in the 1980s when we went to "discover our roots".

"The young Flavells had prospects, or at least Great Grandmother Dorothea had. Great Grandfather, John, had ambition but he also had a drinking problem. The family had to rely on Dorothea for financial as well as emotional support, particularly after John was found one morning frozen in a snow bank. Needless to say this tragedy affected Dorothea's attitude towards liquor. It had an equally profound influence on the five children, Mary Catherine*, John, William, Margaret* and Joseph.

Unlike the other families in this history, the Flavells were originally Anglican. But alcohol the demon was not a fictional name in the Flavelle family who enthusiastically embraced the Methodist faith. Great Grandmother, Dorothea, was shocked and horrified by the whiskey-drinking, cock-fighting, Anglican parson. She saw the temperance-minded Methodist church as a saviour and took it to her heart. She raised her family on Methodist values. There was no liquor or tobacco, dancing or card-playing. She taught them life was a perpetual striving for personal holiness and perfection, humanitarian service and accountability to God. All self-indulgence and

luxury was to be avoided. The Flavelle family had not yet met the Kentner - Elliott - Sutcliffe families but they were now on the same religious path and solidly committed to the community of Methodists.

"The Flavells believe that a lot of our success comes from the example set by Great Grandmother Dorothea for integrity and tenacity. Her will, her faith in the Methodist combination of humility and pride, was a major factor in the success of her three sons, William, John and Joseph. And even though we have drifted away from religion and strict sobriety the integrity remains. The same principles guide us today. Flavells believe details matter. Joseph's bacon shops – the beginning of the huge Canada Packers empire - were all immaculate. He demanded a very high standard of cleanliness in an age when most others couldn't find the time.

"The Flavells were living in Peterborough when great grandfather died but Dorothea had a brother, J R Douglas, in Lindsay (where a family called Sutcliffe had a drygoods store). J R brought his two oldest nephews, Willy (my grandfather) and Johnny to work with him in the cold storage and coal business. They candled eggs, made butter and sold chickens and turkeys prepared for the table. The two brothers became partners and the firm became prosperous as Douglas - Flavelle. I have a picture of Dad (Gordon) delivering a huge turkey when he was eight years old. It was on the cover of their 1905 calendar.

"Joseph, the baby, stayed with his mother in Peterborough. Grandfather William, now a prosperous businessman, offered to pay Joseph to go to school so at least one Flavelle would be educated and perhaps be a lawyer or doctor but Joseph said, "I want to go into business and earn for myself." He did just that. From a small feed store in Peterborough to a chain of bacon shops in Toronto Joseph went on to become one of the most successful businessmen in Canada. Later, he was not only knighted Sir Joseph but given the very rare (in Canada) hereditary title.

Thanks in part to their mother's model, direction and perseverance the Flavelle brothers all became prosperous. At the beginning of the twentieth century they began wondering what the next generation might do.

"Fate decided. In 1907, when Uncle Aird, William's oldest son, was only nineteen, he and a young man named H R MacMillan (later founder of MacMillan Blodel) had the chance of a lifetime. They were sent out west by a syndicate of businessmen from Lindsay. The syndicate hoped to take advantage of a new law in British Columbia which permitted anyone to stake a timber claim similar to the staking of claims for gold or other minerals. It was a timber rush

almost as furious as the famous Klondike gold rush. Speculators were arriving in the city of Vancouver, then only twenty years old, in a timber-staking frenzy. The young men were to bring back the best possible stands for their eastern speculators.

"H R MacMillan was just 23 but already had impressive credentials. He was a graduate student in Forestry at Yale University having graduated from the Ontario Agricultural College and been admitted to the Faculty of Forestry at Yale on a scholarship. He had conducted several summer projects in other parts of western Canada and had already established a reputation for brilliance.

"Uncle Aird and HR were to spend the summer staking claims and the two young adventurers arrived in Vancouver, a city quite unlike anything either had ever seen, a wild-west scene complete with real estate schemes, forest companies vying with one another and a growing tension over the rapidly increasing number of Asian immigrants. It was a tension which would fester and grow over the years. Ontario had no such racial mix and the young men felt quite foreign.

"The crew - H R at \$75 a month, Uncle Aird at \$60 and a cook at \$45 - went up the Jervis Inlet to the Powell Lake area on April 9, 1907, in a boat christened the Alisa Craig. They staked claims on Powell Lake, then went up past Jervis Inlet to the area around Mistrel Island. It was a rough and ready country where individual loggers might sell a month's production for as little as \$200. They could drink up that amount in one night. And many did. Some even stumbled down to the beach, drank sea water to empty their stomach and started all over again. The only cure was an empty pocket. It was a shocking experience for the two Methodists.

"The crew staked additional claims in the Adams River Valley and in the Fall H R returned to Yale happy to have had the experience but not yet giving any thought to leaving a very promising scientific career in the East for the wilds of British Columbia. He was a student and scientist rather than an entrepreneur. However, the two established a friendship that would last their lives. Uncle Aird would not only return to British Columbia but would persuade his brothers, Guy and Gordon (my father), to do the same. The Flavells were about to go national!

"Great Uncle Joseph probably heard about H R from the syndicate. He was impressed. The two had more than brilliance in common. Both had lost their father when they were young children and had to rely on themselves and their relatives for survival. Over the years the two formed a close friendship with many letters back and forth across the continent asking for and

sharing opinions on business and world affairs. Among his many businesses Joseph had become President of the huge Robert Simpson (retail) Company which rivaled the even more pervasive T. Eaton Co. When Simpsons decided to expand to the west Joseph knew exactly who could help. H R was asked to join the Board.

“In Vancouver, in 1912, Uncle Aird had joined R J Thurston, a friend from Lindsay to form the Thurston Flavelle Lumber Company.

H R came out to Vancouver as a forester for the provincial government and only much later established the business which would eventually become the MacMillan Bloedel Lumber Company. Uncle Aird and H R went their separate ways but came together often to make a deal or form a temporary partnership. They kept crossing paths in both their business and their personal lives. They were lifelong friends who preferred a quiet social life with most of their energy directed toward business. Both were strict Methodists.

"Uncle Guy Flavelle was born in 1900, too young for the war so he was at University and graduated in 1920. He and Dad (Gordon) joined Uncle Aird and the Thurston Flavelle Lumber Co in 1925. Dad's job was to be on the logging side of the business but a fire in the mill together with depressed prices caused logging to be much curtailed. Dad left the firm which must have been a worry to him and to Mum (Elsie Sutcliffe). They were both used to the luxury provided by established families - a cottage on the lake, sail boats, regattas, servants. There would be no vacations - no trips abroad. Mum did insist they continue to afford a maid and somehow they managed.

"But back to how my mother and father got together and how the Kentners got involved. Mum and Dad were high school friends in Lindsay, sweethearts, whatever you want to call them. As I've said before, the Sutcliffes were in the drygoods business in Lindsay. Mother liked to say the Sutcliffes were sheep-stealers from Scotland but her family were Irish and strict Methodists as were all the rest.

"I am told that Great Grandfather, Joseph Sutcliffe, mother's grandfather, arrived in Canada about the same time as the Flavells. Born in Ireland on August 9, 1828, in Kilkenny, he left as soon as he was educated and had learned a trade in the drygoods business. It was 1851 one year after John and Dorothea Flavelle. He arrived in York looking for a suitable location in Upper Canada where his drygoods training would translate into income.

He discovered a firm of millers, Gooderham and Worts, owned and operated by William Gooderham and James Worts. They had created a string of (company) towns along the Credit river as part of their growing milling and distilling business. William Gooderham's two oldest sons, William Jr and James, who were strict teetotalers, opened a general store in the town of Norval and needed a bookkeeper. Joseph took the job and very soon turned a tidy profit. The two young Gooderhams had many interests, as did their father, and when they left Norval for another Credit River town called Meadowvale, Joseph persuaded them to sell him the business, which they did.

Joseph Sutcliffe and the Gooderham brothers were a good combination and when the Gooderhams opened a store in Meadowvale which they planned to turn into a drawing card for the whole area, they asked Joseph if he would come and help them establish the biggest and best general store anywhere in Upper Canada. Joseph jumped at the opportunity, sold out in Norval and moved to Meadowvale. The store was a huge success due in no small manner to Joseph Sutcliffe's expertise. [see Chapter.....]

"Later, when the Gooderhams decided to concentrate their business interests in Toronto, Joseph took his expertise to the neighbouring town of Brampton where he once again opened his own store - another great success. An ambitious young man named Timothy Eaton could see this was a worthwhile business and persuaded Joseph to hire him as an apprentice. His number one credential was the fact he was as staunch a Methodist as was Joseph.

"Mum (Elsie Sutcliffe), Joseph's grand daughter, always said, "Everything Timothy knew he learned from Gramps." The T Eaton Company certainly understood success. It was to expand across the whole country and Eaton's catalogues were in every home and privy. The Methodist ethos prevailed. No tobacco or matches could be seen or purchased in an Eaton's store. There were no playing cards and certainly no liquor.

"Great Grandfather Joseph Sutcliffe prospered in Brampton from 1875 to 1892 and from among his huge family of 14, there were many sons capable of taking over the business. With the help of his sons and perhaps the example of the Gooderham and Worts store, the Sutcliffes established stores in many Ontario towns, including Lindsay and Peterborough.

Joseph's son Frederick William (my grandfather) who had been born in 1864 while the family was living in Meadowvale, moved to Brampton with his father and operated and later owned the Sutcliffe store in Lindsay. But while the family was living in Brampton he met all the

Elliott - Kentner clan and in particular Mary Anna Elliott , daughter of William Elliott and Mary Kentner Elliott and grand daughter of John and Annie Kentner. She agreed to marry him in 1890 in Lindsay, Ontario. The Sutcliffes had four children, Charles, Muriel, Mervyn and Elsie, my mother.

"In 1914, at the beginning of the War, Mum was only fifteen. Dad was seventeen and given his high school graduation certificate in exchange for leaving early to go overseas. He started out in the army, the Royal Canadian Army Service Corps, and later won a transfer into the Royal Naval Air Service where he learned to fly the Handley Page, a heavy night-bomber, bombing railroads, airdromes and supporting the ground troops in France. While a captain in the Royal Naval Air Service (RNAS) he never set foot on a ship. The RNAS sections which were clearly operating over land were amalgamated with the Royal Flying Corps (RFC) to form the Royal Air Force (RAF). The RNAS continues to this day as a shipboard or coastal air force in Britain.

"The planes were the size, in wing span, of the Avro Lancaster in the Second World War and could carry 1,500 lbs in bombs. For their time they were an effective instrument of destruction. On August 4, 1918, the British were planning a major offensive. It was a pivotal time in the war. Tanks were to lead a surprise attack. The Germans did not know the tanks existed and it was essential their presence not be detected. So the night orders were for four bombers to take off at midnight and to fly back and forth across the lines masking the sound of the tanks. The weather was appalling. Two pilots refused to fly. It was left to Dad and another pilot, Bill Peace, in their two Handley Pages to attempt to mask the sounds on the ground with their twin Rolls Royce engines. For this exploit Dad and Peace were each awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross (DFC).

"It must have been hell. I have a pilot's license and I know what it's like to fly at night. It's OK with all the lights. But flying those huge planes without lights in the clouds and darkness, the cold and wet (all the men were in open cockpits) would discourage most pilots, including the two who thought it was impossible. But Dad and Bill Peace took off, were forced back and took off again. They were up in the air for three hours and 45 minutes, parading up and down. And as it says in the decoration, they came back in a state of utter exhaustion. The mission was a success.

"While Dad goes off to war. Mum (Elsie Sutcliffe) goes off to Haverhill, lots of beaux, lots of buddies. She just has a whale of a time - always was a vivacious person with lots of friends.

"Dad came back from the war ready to settle down and I think Mum took her time. Here is Gordon, her sweetheart and a war hero, and she's taking her own sweet time about when she will see him. But after all she was still pretty young. The two finally did get married in Lindsay on Dad's 25th birthday, May 16, 1922 . She was 22.

"Uncle Aird was that much older. He was born in 1888 making him 26 in 1914. He married another of the Kentner cousins - Mary (Mae) Elliott. Their daughter, Grace, explains from Calgary.

"My father and mother were at a skating party hosted by Mother's Sutcliffe cousins who she was visiting perhaps because of the news that their oldest son was missing or had been killed in action."

Grace goes on "Father was already recognized as a "comer" and , besides, he was a tall handsome man. Perhaps all this glamour was too much for Mother. She fell on the ice. Fortunately Father was there to help her up. And to see her home. She was one year younger than he and had not had an easy life. Although she was a daughter of Brampton's leading family, the Elliotts and, through her Grandmother, daughter of the Haggert family whose farm equipment company had made Brampton famous, she did not benefit from this success as both fortunes had been lost at the end of the nineteenth century. Gone, as well, were the famous family homes. Not only had she suffered this drop in status but both her mother and sister were victims of consumption. Her mother was in ill health a great deal of her adult life and was in and out of T B hospitals. Her sister, Allie, developed "galloping consumption" within three months after her own wedding. Mother was taken out of grade nine to nurse her till she died. Mother was then put in charge of the house and never returned to school. The handsome young Aird Flavelle was seen very much as the knight in shining armour by Mae.

"Father (Aird) proposed and Mother (Mae) accepted. But when Grandmother Flavelle heard her oldest son was taking up with 'one of those Elliott women' she was horrified. Mother did not for some reason exhibit all the necessary Methodist virtues. Could gossip have claimed she had been seen dancing? Playing cards? Worse - smoking? We do not know. But the wedding took place.

"On her part, Grandmother Flavelle would have to get used to the presence of the Elliott clan in the Flavelle family because there were to be more Flavells "taking up with those Elliots". She was reminded that her daughter, Helen, was engaged to Mother's cousin, Charles Elliott Sutcliffe, the pilot who was killed in The First World War. Had he lived there would have been another Flavelle-Elliott marriage. Next there would be Gordon Flavelle and Elsie Sutcliffe - from the Sutcliffe wing of the Kentner- Elliott clan. . As you know the list goes on. There's also Muriel, Elsie's sister, and mother of Molly, who married a Flavelle too, Sir Joseph's grandson , Sir David Flavelle."

Grace remembers family stories about her mother's wedding which took place in Brampton in 1917

"There was a small alteration in plans. Mother insisted that the marriage carriage take an alternate route to the church. I believe that a former suitor, now denied, had promised violence. But no matter how Mother conducted her life before the marriage, she fashioned her future behaviour on that of her mother-in-law, Grandmother Flavelle. It was all too strict for my liking. But Mother and I didn't get along very well and I was sent to boarding school in Toronto.

George Kentner Gooderham interjects some additional information.

"Mary Kentner (my mother), who was at the wedding, was the same age as the bride but they were first cousins once removed. Socially they were even more distant. Mary Kentner was living in Toronto studying architecture, then part of the Faculty of Engineering and very much a male preserve. Discreet relatives called this departure daring. Less discreet called it outlandish. Although Mary and Mae were born the same year and shared the same family and Methodist background they chose very different paths.

Mae Elliott's Haggert and Elliott family fortunes had disappeared. Mary Kentner had not only watched her family become more prosperous but both her father and mother being dead, she was the sole benefactor of this increase. Mae was taken out of school to be family nurse and chatelaine (common practice in those days). Mary not only graduated from high school but went on to University and to post graduate studies in architecture much against the best advice of her mother and other relatives. She received support from a very surprising source. Her aunt, Sarah (Mary's mother's sister) Mathews, married to a prominent Methodist minister and noted temperance advocate, offered both support and encouragement. When Mary's mother died she

went to live with the Mathews and attended University from their home in Toronto's annex district.

" At university Mary Kentner not only experienced intellectual freedom but learned to smoke, dance and play cards – of some concern to Aunt Sarah who did not approve. On a trip to Europe, if we can trust her diary, she even dared to attend Sunday service in a Church of England. Her diary also makes it clear she judged her suitors on their understanding of and support for the feminist, suffragette, movement. Those with traditional male opinions were told that Mary could not marry them regardless of their many sterling qualities. She was an heiress and consequently independent in mind and in fact. Mae could not afford such luxury.

"The two cousins did not have much in common other than the fact they had both chosen to live in the West - Mae in Vancouver and Mary on the Blackfoot reserve near Calgary - still hundreds of miles apart but thousands of miles from Brampton. They maintained a formal relationship but perhaps little affection or sympathy.

"On one of her many trips to Vancouver Mary Kentner Gooderham took her daughter, Eleanor, who was attending the University of British Columbia, to tea at Mae's home on Minto Crescent. Could Mae smell the smoke of cigarettes both her cousins had inhaled moments before they entered her home? It was a one-time visit.

Charles Kentner Flavelle continues.

"But Aunt Mae was not all stern disapproval. Lucile, my wife, and I remember one of her visits when we had a small family and not much money. First of all Uncle Aird and Aunt Mae had to "enjoy" our very boisterous children. And for dinner the best we could afford was a shoulder of lamb. You know how hard it is to get enough meat from that cut. Aunt Mae told Lucile it was her very favourite roast. We always saw her as a gracious, thoughtful, person."

Mae's daughter, Grace adds.

"All three cousins retained a close association with Eastern relatives but none more than my Mother, Mae. She loved being the lady bountiful." She and Father donated \$1000 to Brampton's Peel Memorial Hospital for a room to be called the Mary Kentner Elliott room after my great grandmother. The hospital was in the former William Elliott home and bore a plaque:

" In memory of William and Mary Elliott who built this home in 1887 now converted into a hospital and of Charles Elliott Sutcliffe Major 77th Battalion and R F C killed in action in France, June, 1917.

“Mother also remembered the St. Paul's United Church which had its origin as the St. Paul's Primitive Methodist Church and which met in her great great grandfather John Elliott's home in the 1830s and 40s. On December 20, 1959 Mother's sister Mrs. Eva Elliott Birss presented the Elliott Memorial Organ to St. Pauls on behalf of her sister and brother-in-law Mr. and Mrs. Aird Flavelle. Mother also persuaded Father to build a home for the Birss family on Main Street South in Brampton. It was the only family home I remember visiting and it was not grand in any way.

The big estates of her ancestors had disappeared or been transformed into public buildings

Back to Charles Flavelle who says the cousins, Mae Elliott Flavelle and Elsie Sutcliffe Flavelle weren't very close.

"Aunt Mae was ten years older than Mum (Elsie Sutcliffe Flavelle) who was the youngest in a family of four. We used to visit back and forth and saw some of each other but I was always disappointed Dad and his brothers weren't closer.

"I associate Mum with the twenties - the flapper age - kicking up her heels and having a good time. I think my parents always had a drink. I'm sure Aunt Mae never did. Dad may even have drunk more than he should in later years. Of course during the depression you just couldn't afford liquor but Mum and Dad were never teetotalers and had very different friends from Aunt Mae and Uncle Aird. My parent's friends enjoyed a game of bridge and liked parties and the cocktail party circuit. As a matter of fact they were on the cocktail party circuit.

"Uncle Aird and Aunt Mae led a quieter life. In 1934 they decided to live in Vancouver and they moved (by coincidence) to 1934 West King Edward. Uncle Aird made, what was in those days, a long commute to Port Moody each day. The business was profitable even though it was hard sledding during the depression. As business improved in the mid-forties they moved to Aunt Mae's dream house on Minto Crescent. I thought it was impressive too. I admired the pseudo-Tudor, its finely fitted oak wainscoting in the interior and its solid massiveness as it sat handsomely on the large lot. Uncle Aird loved to tour people around the grounds naming the trees, many of which were sub-species of giants in the west coast forest.

"My parents moved to this house on 35th built in 1909, where we are talking now, very much in the West Coast style - brown-shingled frame with the wainscoting all dark-stained fir. I used to think the oak in Uncle Aird's house was more attractive. It wasn't until 1955 that I

realized this is the real West Coast house designed for the area and time and more suitable than the composite carbon copies of houses in the east. In time I really came to love this house. It is very much West Coast - the whole West Coast - from Prince Rupert south to San Francisco. Think of any West Coast city, including San Francisco, and you see brown shingled-row houses with lots of gables like this house.

"Grace Flavelle's brother, my Cousin Bill, eight years older than I, was always an idol of mine. Before the war he was the Vancouver High Schools' All Star Senior Canadian Football centre forward. Then he had a distinguished war record, starting as a sub-lieutenant in 1939. There were years in Corvettes in the Atlantic, then in the Fleet Air Arm, flying fighters such as the carrier-based Vought Corsair. I wasn't alone in thinking him a hero.

" But Bill had the Flavelle curse - Alzheimer's. Dad ended up with it and so did Uncle Aird as well as his two sisters. Dad developed Alzheimer's in 1978 when he was 81. He died at 90. You can't call that a great tragedy. Mum was very sick by then and died three weeks later. We have always thought that she just gave up. There wasn't going to be a time when they would go back to the apartment together.

"When my grandmother, Mary Anna Elliott Sutcliffe (your mother's cousin) died my grandfather eventually married another woman and Mum always blamed her for being the ruination of Grandfather because she convinced him to build a new store on the wrong side of the street. Mum believed that between the Flavelle and the Sutcliffe ancestors I had every opportunity to learn all the possible mistakes vicariously and wouldn't have to learn them on my own.

"Uncle Aird's business was a very successful, highly regarded cedar mill, making clear cedar siding and shingles which he had kept together during the very difficult depression times. Dad went to work for the Lamb logging company as a bookkeeper, looking after inventories as well as the logs when they came to town. He was also responsible for selling the logs, a job he did for the rest of his life. In the fifties he built his own one-man business. He had an office with a secretary and worked as the log-broker. He accepted other people's logs and sold them on their behalf. He had a string of small loggers along the coast for whom he was their downtown office.

"The families kept in touch and looked after one another. Grandfather William Flavelle and Great Uncle Joseph Flavelle were particularly close. They were similar in appearance and as they grew older looked more and more alike. Neither had much hair beyond the eyebrows but a

fine white beard and mustache covered their faces and accented the straight, strong nose of a leader. Of average height, both men carried their bodies with such upright dignity they appeared taller and more imposing. At large receptions in Toronto, where both attended, acquaintances often became confused as to which one they had just greeted and which one they had not yet spoken to.

"There was a story about the brothers' likeness when Joseph had become Sir Joseph and the whole family had assumed the French Flavelle pronunciation rather than the Irish 'Flavvle'. It was during the first war when a rift developed between Sir Joseph Flavelle and another prominent businessman, Sir Sam Hughes. At Sir Sam's funeral those attending were astounded to see Sir Joseph leaving the house (of his sworn enemy) after the services. Was forgiveness part of Joseph's Methodist upbringing? No. Further investigation revealed it was not Joseph but William paying his last respects to an old friend from Lindsay.

"In 1878 Parliament passed the Canadian Temperance (or Scott) Act and by 1885 it had divided many families and communities into opposing sides – the wets and the dries. In Peterborough it was a fighting matter. Everyone understood Joseph had some personal experience with the disastrous effects of alcohol and remembered his father's fatal accident but some neighbors had business as well as moral concerns and they were infuriated by Joseph's doctrinaire anti drinking position. For Joseph both personal and business life in Peterborough became less rewarding. Fortunately he had been gradually expanding his business interests into Toronto and was in a position to move.

"Neither Grandfather William nor Joseph ever smoked or served liquor in their homes. They did not dance. Joseph's family and their servants knelt in prayer every morning after breakfast. Both families went to church at least once every Sunday whether they were in Toronto, or in Sir Joseph's case, sightseeing abroad or in the middle of the Atlantic.

When Sir Joseph built his very spacious home, Holwood, an English country house at the corner of Queen's Park and Avenue Road, he had to explain to himself and the community why this luxurious home was not a denial of the Methodist admonishment to refrain from all luxury or self aggrandizement. He could say that the house was really modest compared to the huge Casa Loma his friend Henry Pellatt was building and not too grandiose next to his neighbours, George Gooderham, on Bloor and St. George, or the Blackstocks on Prince Arthur. Most agreed it would also be false for Sir Joseph to represent himself as less than he was. Besides a separate

apartment for his mother, Dorothea, was essential. She lived with him and his family the rest of her life. She demanded and got strict attention from her children when they were children. Did she have the same influence on Joseph the man?"

George Kentner Gooderham adds:

"Joseph was interested in the spiritual aspect of the church but also in its management and future. He was instrumental in bringing the Presbyterians and the Methodists together to form the United Church. It was this interest which brought him into close association with another Kentner family connection, Reverend Henry Steeles Mathews whose home at 5 Chilcora Ave. just up Avenue Road from Sir Joseph's mansion Mary Kentner shared.

"The reverend Mathews was a prominent Methodist clergyman, and a strong supporter of prohibition and while President of the York County (temperance) Association, 'rolled up a majority of two thousand in favour of prohibition.'

This dedication was very much to Sir Joseph's taste. The two men had much in common. Henry, originally a strong Primitive Methodist, but worried about the divisiveness that was developing moved from the Primitive Branch to the Wesleyan. He died in 1910 before the amalgamation of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches became a reality but he and Joseph had discussed the need for this move many years earlier. Joseph headed the committee that pulled the whole thing together in 1920.

"In her diary Mary refers to Sir Joseph as Uncle Joseph. They were not related by blood but in those days long-time family friends were often called uncle or aunt as recognition of affection and respect. The Methodist Church did not insist children be granted God parents and this informal arrangement often provided a similar social and religious support. One wonders what Joseph thought of the increasingly independent Mary Anna Kentner!"

Charles Flavelle adds:

"Grandfather William Flavelle ran a very strict teetotal household at 26 Colborn St in Lindsay. His brother, Great Uncle John, was perhaps not so strict. He had a passion for curling and was known for his ability as a curler above all his other talents. As any Canadian knows, hockey is the national sport but curling the national obsession - particularly in small towns. A major curling event was the bonspiel, a competition between teams, almost invariably associated with celebrations, requiring or at least inviting, alcoholic toasts to success or, the reverse, condolences for defeat.

"Religion was the bed rock for the Flavelles but they were also, first and last, entrepreneurs. Sometimes they would prosper and sometimes not. They sometimes had to bail one another out. Of course Sir Joseph was the supreme provider and became very rich. After reading Michael Bliss's biography of Joseph Flavelle, I was surprised by the number of parallels, albeit in a more modest way, between my life and business and Joseph's. It makes me wonder if it is in the genes.

"The parallel that intrigues me the most has to do with Joseph's beginnings in the meat business and mine in the chocolate business. Without the advantage of prior experience in the matter, Joseph opened a shop that only sold bacon, unheard of in the 1880s, and, contrary to all predictions, a great success. So he opened another. He ended up with a chain of 15 or 20 shops throughout Toronto.

"When it became my turn I went into the chocolate business without any experience either. I had a less than successful university career and it looked like a long life ahead filled with boring possibilities. Retail was not a calling I had ever anticipated pursuing. When I was about 14 or 15 working for Birks through the Christmas season my job was to wait for a clerk to make a sale, carry the parcel to the wrapping department downstairs and bring it back up again. I carried eight parcels a day and each day had eight long hours.

"My coming of age in the work world occurred when I realized that my inclinations were toward the practical, the making of things with my own hands. I indentured as an apprentice machinist. I loved it. Through it I realized the work one did was crucial to the enjoyment of a contented life. This understanding influenced my upbringing of our children. I feel my greatest contribution to their development was encouraging them to seek out for themselves the work that was right for them regardless of peer or parental pressure and they have succeeded admirably in that area.

"Various interesting jobs materialized from my six to seven years as an apprentice and journeyman machinist, including people management. Then suddenly there was the opportunity to take on the challenge of a business - Purdys Chocolates! At the age of 34 I had the backing of a \$100,000 loan guaranteed by Dad - a considerable portion of his retirement capital. If I (and a friend who held a minority share in the project) made a mess of the opportunity it would seriously curtail my parents' retirement.

"Gradually, as we learned the business, we made progress. We opened a store here and a store there and slowly grew the business into a string of individual stores just as Joseph had opened a string of bacon shops.

"In Toronto in the 1880s the motto for the bacon shops was, "Where the trolley goes we shall shortly follow." In Vancouver, five years into the business I realized it was, "We'll see you in the malls." In the 1880s Torontonians dropped in for a pound of bacon. In the 1980s Vancouverites dropped by for a pound of chocolate, or perhaps a chocolate bar. The malls were best for us and we grew from four to 44 stores.

"When we took over the business I realized the long-service staff in the stores, the candy maker of 35 years experience and the hand dippers didn't need me to give direction. They knew their jobs and simply got on with it. I watched and learned - and fixed the machinery when it broke.

"From that soft beginning many things became apparent. We could make improvements in the packaging and in merchandising. We could renovate the stores, bringing them up to date and develop new concepts. Manufacturing could be improved without changing ingredients or quality which had always remained high.

"There is another parallel that always concerned me. Who will run the business when I retire? So many family businesses falter when the second generation takes over - mostly because the second generation is just not interested and would like to follow their own career paths. One of the things we have talked about and journalists have now focused on, is how to transfer a family business successfully to the next generation.

"First, even with care it works or it doesn't. Many family businesses try to pass on the enterprise by encouraging their children to enter the business. It may not be what they want or dreamed but because they haven't discovered what they really want to do they enter the business. If they aren't sensitive to the business they don't respond to changes in society and new demands. It can be fatal.

"This possibility has haunted me for years. Fortunately my daughter, Karen, was both interested in, and qualified for, the job. She made her decision early and developed her own career in the corporate world outside the family firm.

"Sir Joseph had a similar opportunity which he could or would not take. His daughter, Clara, had all her father's interests and aptitudes and would have made a wonderful business

heir. She loved travelling with him on business and discussing and solving business problems. But in her day society could not imagine a woman in business. Her own father, who recognized and appreciated her talents, would nevertheless, consider such an ambition to be most unseemly. Society and Sir Joseph expected the first-born son, Ellsworth, to take over. It was not to be.

"Two generations later times have changed and Karen, the daughter with the business interests and talents is now president and running the business.

"A large number of people who were helped financially and in other ways by Great Uncle Joseph, Grandfather William and Great Uncle John and also by Cousin Ellsworth. If they didn't get the money back they wrote it off and nobody worried about it. There was a very strong philanthropic basis to their lives - part of the Methodist philosophy. A letter dated in 1933 from William to Joseph illustrates the loving trust and helpfulness that bound the family together. (Include copy of letter February 22, 1933). During the first World War Joseph was made Director of Munitions and Supplies. He was so successful that he was made a baronet for his contribution to the war. He was the last Canadian to receive an inheritable title. [***** insert Albert Gooderham and the G W contribution????]

"I think everyone, and particularly Ellsworth, was a bit in awe of Joseph. Could they ever match that? This feeling of incompetence may have caused the breakdown of relations between Ellsworth and his father. Perhaps I learned what not to do from Joseph. He tried to force Ellsworth into his own mold and Ellsworth reacted by shutting himself off from his father. When it became apparent that Ellsworth was not going to follow in his father's footsteps, Joseph bought him a 200-acre farm just outside Oakville, having decided Ellsworth would become a professional farmer. There is no evidence this was a mutual decision between father and son.

"On the contrary Ellsworth must have seriously considered an independent business career without his father's help. In the early 1920's, Sir Joseph was the major shareholder in the Robert Simpson Company and had been frustrated in his attempt to gradually turn over the company to senior employees. There were many proposals from prospective buyers, but Joseph was having great difficulty making a decision which pleased him. What would be the best way to handle the cooperation between Simpson's and Eaton's which dominated the Toronto market but which was always threatened by competition from rivals such as the Hudson's Bay or Sears?

In 1928 Ellsworth and some senior employees formulated a takeover plan to buy Sir Joseph's 40% interest without his knowledge. Ellsworth refused to tell his father about the plan.

But one of the participants did so. Sir Joseph was shocked. He saw this action as traitorous and certainly as proof he could no longer consider bequeathing Simpsons to Ellsworth. Uncle Joseph never mentioned this episode but it must have been a great disappointment. It was very distressing for the whole family.

"As a boy I didn't know anything about this rift. I did know Ellsworth was interested in photography but that didn't strike me as being a lifetime occupation. In today's world it can be just that for many artists and I was fascinated to hear that back in the early thirties Ellsworth sponsored a photographic trip by a young Russian émigré, Nicholas Ignatiev, to the Blackfoot Indian reserve when your father, George Gooderham was the agent there. [See Chapter....]

"Of all Joseph's enterprises the only one which remained with the family was the meatpacking business. The bacon shop chain was wound up but was the foundation for the large meat packing company called the William Davies Company. It had become less profitable when it was rescued by a man who loved the business - J S McLean. In a way it meant keeping the business in the family. McLean was married to Sir Joseph's niece (Great Uncle John Flavell's daughter, and Dad's cousin, Edith). At the time he was running the rival company, Harris Abattoir . McLean had the brilliant idea and opportunity to unite the two rivals into one strong company and in 1927, a new holding company, Canada Packers Limited, was formed with J S McLean as president.

"The new company prospered and expanded under the leadership of McLean and later, his son, Bill. But the new company had a great deal of support from Joseph. On one Sunday, in the beginning of the new amalgamation, the family were astonished to see Joseph's seat in church empty. What could have happened to him? He was at home engrossed in business discussions with McLean.

"Uncles Aird and Guy may never have worried about succession. Their business was clearly a great success even though the early years as described in "The Cedar Saga" were not easy. They sold out at the peak of the market and did very well. Dad (Gordon) had some shares in the company I think as a legacy from his mother so he ended up with a nice little nest egg too.

"The business had prospered after the war. Uncle Guy, bachelor uncle to his 13 nieces and nephews, was always generous to us throughout our lives. As children, at Christmas, graduation and any event Uncle Guy deemed noteworthy, a gift would mark the occasion.

"During the time of my apprenticeship, I considered a flying career, first the pilot's licence then on to a commercial pilot's licence. When I got that certificate Uncle Guy presented me with a self-winding watch inscribed with the date August 11, 1953, which I wear to this day.

"As we reached adulthood, a substantial Canada Savings Bond would be tucked in with a present of a linen handkerchief. For me, squirreling away these bonds was the appropriate thing to do - and in fact provided the down payment of \$10,000 which made it possible to purchase Purdy's Chocolates.

I discovered a wonderful coincidence shortly after the purchase was made. Uncle Guy had for years been the largest individual customer of Purdy's chocolates at Christmas time!"

***Add info here on Dorothea's kids for family interest only not part of ms

REFERENCES

Various newspaper clippings and family records

A CANADIAN MILLIONAIRE - by Michael Bliss - published by MacMillan of Canada 1978

A CEDAR SAGA - by W. Guy Flavelle - printed by Agency Press LTD 1966

HR - by Ken Drushka - published by Harbour Publishing 1995

***Mary Catherine did not marry and died in 1898, so long ago she was never mentioned by the family. Margaret did marry and had one son Arthur Milner. His son David lives in Calgary. They called last week hoping to see us on their way to Seattle to see their daughter and family. David had a sister, Maggie. She died, I believe, a few years ago leaving some family. David would be 73 - 74, retired PEng. dealing in oil and seismographic work.

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YOUNG ADULTS

GEORGE GOES HOME

George got a "senior matric" in the Spring of 1907, with a "supp" or two, but good enough to get him into University that Fall. There was time for him to visit his parents in Gleichen. He had not been West in ten years and had only seen his parents if one or both traveled East. Many changes had been made. The family had not only moved from Saskatchewan to Alberta but were in the process of moving again. This time they were going from the Peigan reserve in the south western part of Alberta, between Fort McLeod and Pincher Creek, to a town called Gleichen just east of Calgary. His father, John, had been made Agent of the Blackfoot reserve - an impressive promotion. George was both excited and worried about this reunion. What would his family think of him? What would he think of them? It was scary. John sent George a cheque for \$50 to meet the expenses of the trip - that was a lot of money. George intended to save part of it to buy things he could not previously afford.

Searching for the cheapest way to get to Gleichen and back, he found there was a special fare called "Harvester's Excursion" available in June and July to encourage Easterners to go west to help with the farming. The ten dollars got you as far as Winnipeg where you were given a form to fill out at the end of the season signed by the farmer to prove the young person had been working on a farm. When the form was approved you could purchase a return ticket to Ontario for \$18.

George and a friend, who wanted to go out west too, went to Toronto and boarded a train. The coach looked very comfortable and they were very proud of themselves for obtaining such good accommodation at such a low price. But when the conductor saw their ticket he said, "Well, boys, you're on the wrong train."

He did let them stay as far as North Bay. They got off with their luggage - a small bag with a change of clothes, an overcoat and a lunch that George's Aunt Jessie made for them. They waited and waited for a second class coach which they assumed would be less comfortable. When they boarded in the very early morning they discovered second class meant "on your own." The other travellers were much better prepared and had all ordered straw mattresses at a cost of 25 cents.

A quick examination made it clear why this expenditure was necessary. The seats were wooden slats, uncomfortable to sit on and worse for sleeping. They were designed to slide down to make a bed on which to put the straw mattress - if you had one. Unfortunately the straw

mattresses were all sold so our young adventurers went without. Their light overcoats were used as mattress or as pillow - not both. They did not sleep much.

George's friend left him in Winnipeg. Now alone but still in the harvester's part of the train, George discovered there was a tourist section reserved for families exploring Canada or looking for a new home. George's luck was with him. He met one of his teachers from Brampton traveling with his family for the summer. George was accepted as a guest.

You could cook food on a stove at the back of the car and make a cup of hot tea or coffee. Always hungry, George got off the train whenever the station had a small cafe and supplemented the teacher's lunch.

Outside the train windows country that looked so familiar and home-like just ten years ago now seemed terribly bare. Where were the trees? He did not recognize any Saskatchewan towns, even Regina remembered as a bustling metropolis now seemed mean and pokey. At Medicine Hat everything looked so barren he wondered if he could stick it. George was very depressed. The western prairie was flat as far as his eye could see with patches of trees only near scattered water holes. He did not recognize anything.

He started to cheer up after Medicine Hat, reminding himself his mother and father, his sisters and brother were now only a few miles away. He had been told the Blackfoot reserve bordered the CPR line. How soon would he see it? What would it look like?

At that time Medicine Hat was a thriving little town - emphasis on little. There were no other towns between it and Gleichen. In fact only Gleichen and Medicine Hat were between Calgary and the Saskatchewan border.

George had already learned some of the romance behind the name Gleichen by reading *When The Steel Went Through* by P. Turner Bone. The CPR decided in the summer of 1883 it needed a divisional point at the 14th siding about 60 miles from Calgary bordering the Blackfoot Reserve. It was given the name Gleichen two or three years later in honour of a German count who had assisted in financing the CPR. George speculated, in his mind, about this very cosmopolitan beginning for such a rural hamlet. He would learn the remote little village of Gleichen was indeed more cosmopolitan than it seemed.

Much later, in 1939, Baron Von Stuterheim, a German newspaper correspondent, visited Gleichen and told George more about Gleichen's namesake. In Alberta Gleichen was

pronounced Gleeshen. In Germany it was Glyken. And in Schleswig – Holstein, Gleichen was a famous name according to Von Stuterheim.

"In the 11th century, the first Count Gleichen, a crusader, whose home castle was in my native province of Schleswig - Holstein, went to the Turkish court in Constantinople on his way back from a crusade. He was there for some time and as his family did not accompany him the Sultan's favourite daughter became his constant companion. The Sultan was pleased and everyone was happy until the day the Count was ordered to return to his homeland. They would all miss him but they would miss the Princess even more.

"The Sultan voiced his regrets but stated that there was now a strong bond since his daughter was Count Gleichen's wife. This pronouncement put the Count into a bit of a dilemma because he had a wife and family awaiting his return to Germany.

"He pondered the situation and finally wrote his wife telling her everything, adding that if she wanted to see him again it must be with a second wife - the Sultan's daughter. She understood. On his return the Count built a second castle and the two castles are still there today."

That story added some romance to a town George was to find manufactured quite a bit on its own.

Gleichen finally appeared and George recognized his father, John, all alone on the station platform. There was some unsettling news. Muriel had contracted diphtheria and the whole family was quarantined. George would not be able to see them until the quarantine was lifted. The news was scary because in those days diphtheria was a killer. Would Muriel recover?

The bright side was that George got to live in a large marquee that had been set up on the lawn beside the house to accommodate Prince Arthur and his party of visiting Royalty. They had stopped off in Gleichen to see how the Indians used to kill buffalo. A demonstration was held on the flats beside the CPR tracks where a large group of Blackfoot gathered. A large steer, acting as a "stand in" for the buffalo, had been turned loose. One of the old hunters, Dying Young Man, had been chosen to show how the kill was made.

It was understood that, if Dying Young Man killed the animal with bow and arrow, it would be cut up and distributed among those attending the ceremony (an insurance of a large attendance). Dying Young Man chased it on horse back and shot it with so many arrows some observers suggested the animal looked like a pin cushion.

The Blackfoot rushed in to cut it up and divide the steer among themselves. The Prince chatted with his hosts and visiting dignitaries until it became more and more apparent there was a severe disagreement among the Blackfoot. John was new to the job and did not understand Blackfoot customs so was unable to give an explanation.

Finally an interpreter was found to solve the mystery. An old woman was demanding the "guts" as was her right as an elder. In her opinion this was the best part of the animal. She got her way.

The custom still existed thirty years later. When the Gooderham family were young, cattle were butchered at the reserve slaughter house every week. Old women sat beside the building next to the cattle corral waiting. The animals were herded one at a time into a shoot, shot in the temple and dropped through a trap door into the building where they were strung up by the legs and their throats cut. Their warm blood was saved in a pail and the liver and other innards immediately removed. The whole carcass was cut into appropriate roasts in a matter of minutes. But the prized liver and kidneys belonged to the old women. The blood was also theirs and was often saved to be used later.

George's son, Kent, remembers them sitting in a circle in the sun, each with a sharp knife in her hands, carving and eating the still warm liver. It was of course a perfect diet supplement for older women as the Blackfoot understood. No Blackfoot elder was going to allow the visit of some foreigner to change the rules.

The marquee was a fine place to live and cool in the hot summer months. George continued to sleep there even after Muriel recovered from diphtheria and he was reintroduced to the rest of his family. He was struck by how much older his mother looked. She was so grey. He assumed it was just the passing of time and did not ask questions. His sisters, even Muriel, were full of beans and ready and anxious to tease George about his Eastern ways. He remembered the three oldest sisters from the Saskatchewan days but had never met Rod and Jean. It was a house full.

George did not work on any of the farms but he did make himself useful looking after cattle near the agency. John also turned over a large, very attractive garden to George's care.

John had a very fine team of horses and more than one carriage was required by his position as Agent. One, very like a democrat but with a fringed top, was George's favourite. It

was often used to drive visitors and senior officials around the reserve - sometimes a distance of ten or twenty miles from the Agency.

There were two residential schools on the reserve, one Catholic, in the east and one Anglican, in the west. There was also a small hospital operated by the Anglican Church, next to their school about five miles from the agency on the flats near the Bow river. This chauffeuring job made George feel useful but it was also interesting and informative for him. He met and made friends with missionaries and famous visitors doing this chore.

He enjoyed going to town to see how the locals lived. At that time Gleichen was the centre of the ranching country. Ranchers and cowboys came into town from fifty to sixty miles around to do their buying, drinking and to have a little fun. They would stay for several days. The hotel, beer parlour and pool hall were the main centres of interest. George thought the men looked pretty wild – but what did they think of him? George had worn a pair of white duck trousers to Gleichen one evening and one of his sister's friends said, "Why is your brother wearing his underwear in town?"

EDMUND MORRIS

There was a treat in store for George. He met the famous artist, Edmund Morris, who had been commissioned to paint portraits of western Indians and knew a lot about their history. Edmund's father, Alexander, had represented Queen Victoria at the signing of many of the western treaties including Treaty Seven with the Blackfoot Confederacy, the Stony and the Sarcee. Edmund spent most of the summer on the Blackfoot reserve and George was often delegated to accompany him on his sketching trips and to take him to the homes of Blackfoot who had agreed to have their portraits painted. George and Edmund had several things in common. They both came from Ontario, were strangers to the West and would have to learn about the Blackfoot ways.

George realized soon after he arrived he could not spend the whole summer with one change of clothes. He asked his aunts to send him a trunk with his eastern clothes. When it arrived it contained a straw hat, a blue coat and white duck trousers, which, of course, he would be wearing in Toronto during the hot weather. He remembers one day proudly putting on this outfit. His father, still the brand new Agent, was having a meeting outside the Agency office to discuss a reduction in rations. At that time the Blackfoot were very poor and a reduction in support was not going to be looked upon with any sympathy.

George arrived, dolled up in his white duck trousers, blue jacket and stiff straw hat - the typical University of Toronto freshman, which he was to become that Fall. He also had a brand new Kodak at the ready. What an opportunity - all these colourful men sitting around on the prairie. Suddenly George noticed a very fierce-looking man arriving on horseback. He glared at George then rode his horse full tilt straight at George. Kodak flew, white ducks stained green as George rolled on the grass in his attempt to save his life. The straw hat went flying and was never the same again. Eastern dignity was gone along with Eastern duds.

George learned an important lesson about respect that day. The rider was Iron Shield, one of the three head chiefs of the Blackfoot. It was his dramatic way of telling George he counted for nothing in Blackfoot territory and had better wait in the background to see where he stood in the scale of things. Iron Shield was not a lover of whites and young white bucks had better proceed cautiously. Much later the two men would become friends when George replaced his father as agent to the Blackfoot.

Edmund met Iron Shield that same summer with similar results. Edmund was anxious to paint Iron Shield's portrait. The chief was a striking figure famous for his anti-white point of view. He was also very angry because of the threatened cut in rations. All the authorities, including John, the agent, told Edmund he should forget the idea. But Edmund was determined. He went to Iron Shield's camp with some young Blackfoot men and after Iron Shield had made it clear that many older Blackfoot had starved two years ago because there was not enough food, he agreed to discuss a fee for sitting.

All went well and Edmund was pretty proud of himself until the afternoon. He suggested Iron Shield might like to rest from time to time but Iron Shield wanted his portrait done right away. He sat on and on. Edmund did not understand that Blackfoot considered it quite normal to sit still for long periods of time. Suddenly Iron Shield jumped up with a yell, tore off his buckskin clothes, tossed them aside and stalked away naked.

Edmund was just as shocked as George had been earlier. He asked his interpreter for an explanation but of course there was none. Iron Shield had retreated to his house which had formerly been owned by Crowfoot, the famous Blackfoot chief and Iron Shield's relative. Inside, Iron Shield was aware of the consternation he had created. After some time he relented, came back out, shook hands with Edmund and agreed the sitting could resume the next day.

This time a still suspicious Iron Shield sat with a mirror in front of himself into which he stared during the entire sitting, carefully comparing what he saw in the mirror with what Edmund put on the canvas. It was a hard day's work for Edmund. [p22]

George and Edmund were able to laugh about their similar experience with Blackfoot men but only much later when both had been accepted by the Blackfoot as someone you might possibly trust.

Edmund visited the Blackfoot reserve during the next four summers 1907 - 10. He became good friends with the Gooderham family and particularly, George who, like Edmund, moved back and forth between Toronto and the Blackfoot reserve. In 1909 Edmund presented the Gooderham family with a pastel drawing of Crowfoot. It had a black wooden frame into which he carved a pictograph representing the signing of Treaty Seven between the Blackfoot and Queen Victoria. A peace pipe joined the Blackfoot and their allies with the white men. In the upper right hand corner of the painting he also wrote Crowfoot's name in Blackfoot syllabics.

John had a framed collection of photographs Edmund had made of portraits of famous Indians . Appropriately, they were hung right beside a signed photograph of Duncan Campbell Scott, Superintendent of Indian Affairs. He was a poet and great friend of Edmund's who had influenced Scott's administration of Indian Affairs. Scott wrote one of his most famous poems about Edmund after Edmund drowned in the St. Lawrence river.

But in 1907 George and Edmund were discovering a great deal about the Blackfoot together. Both men were interested in the Blackfoot as individuals and how their lives differed from other people living in Canada. George remembered his childhood spent with the Cree, Edmund his father's stories about the signing of the treaties and his father's deep respect for the Indian people.

Edmund and George went to the North Camp - actually in the west but so called because it was where Blackfoot from the most northerly part of their territory chose to live. Appropriately, the South camp was in the eastern part of the reserve. That geographical anomaly interested George. Edmund's explanation was both surprising and illuminating. He said the designation referred to the past when the North Camp of Blackfoot hunted around the Saskatchewan river while the South Camp hunted in the southern part of what is now Alberta and the United States.

Edmund had also been told that the Catholics, or Romanists, as they were often called in the early days, first came to Blackfoot territory in 1883. Father Doucette, who was to be Edmund's translator and friend, called on Chief Crowfoot (of the South Camp) and asked if he might instruct his people in Christian beliefs. Crowfoot agreed and a mission was established. At almost the same time an Anglican minister named Tims arrived. He also went to Crowfoot who turned him down. Tims went next to Old Sun, chief of the North Camp, who allowed him to start a mission.

Things went quite smoothly with Doucette and the Catholics but it was a rougher journey for the Anglicans. Soon after Tims had established the Mission, Low Horn, a chief, offered his two daughters to the missionary. Tims declined. Low Horn arrived later with money he had borrowed from a white money lender. Tims still said "No."

Low Horn and the whole North Camp were insulted and Tims was invited to leave before the Blackfoot threw him and his belongings into the Bow river. The Bishop had to come and

explain that Tims could not have two wives and could not accept any wife as a gift. He was able to pacify the Blackfoot. Tims was accepted under these new [strange] provisos and from then on the South camp was Catholic and the North Camp Anglican. The South Camp Catholic residential school was named the Crowfoot School and the North Camp Anglican school was called the Old Sun School after the North Camp Head Chief.

George was not surprised to hear about the Catholic and Protestant differences. But more curious, he learned the Blackfoot had not always lived where the whites found them. The next question was, where did they come from? Were they immigrants? The answer surprised George.

According to Edmund, Father Doucette of the Crowfoot mission, had learned from Running Wolf, a Blackfoot historian, that the Blackfoot lived in what is now northern Alberta in the Lesser Slave Lake area. They were forest rather than plains people and hunted and fought on foot, using dogs to pull their belongings on a travois when they moved from place to place. When the Spaniards arrived in Mexico they brought horses with them. Some escaped and some were stolen by local tribes who recognized their great value. Herds of wild horses roamed throughout what is now northern Mexico and the southern United States. Running Wolf said when the Blackfoot saw the southern Indians on horseback they knew they had to have horses. Young Blackfoot men caught wild horses when they could and went on raiding parties to steal horses from enemy tribes. The Blackfoot quickly learned how to master the horse and became famous for their horsemanship. Only the old people preferred to walk.

Running Wolf went on to say there was an ancient fortification on the reserve which had not been built by the Blackfoot or by the Crow who had occupied the territory before the Blackfoot. It was the work of a tribe who ruled the land in the ancient days before the Crow. The Crow had used it when they were attempting to defend their land from the Blackfoot. [p45]

He also said the Blackfoot got their name when raiding parties went south and often walked through country that had been burned over. When they were first spotted by the southern people the soles of their moccasins were black.

As the Blackfoot mastered the skills of raising, training and riding horses they left the protection of the forest and moved out onto the plains, forcing those who lived there to move farther south.

Edmund wondered if the Crow Indians might have reconstructed the fortification near the south camp when they were defending their country against the Blackfoot. [p 156] Edmund said he was told that when the Blackfoot Confederacy made up of the Blackfoot, Blood and Peigan tribes moved south they found the Crows occupying the land. They fought them at what is now High River, three miles from the mouth of that river where it empties into the Bow. The Blackfoot were victorious and fought a second big battle just below what was later called Blackfoot Crossing on the Blackfoot reserve. It was there that Treaty Seven was signed with Queen Victoria.

Edmund believed the Crow or even earlier people had dug huge pits [following insert p 156] as part of a defence strategy against enemies. He couldn't resist visiting the site. He found a horseshoe - shaped trench with ten large pits fifteen feet in diameter and six feet deep. When he and his Blackfoot helpers dug one out they found a fire had been built in the centre perhaps to illuminate the night so the enemy could not creep up on them unawares. They also found thin gray pottery and a stone with designs cut into it. The Blackfoot were not potters and neither were the Crow. Who were these earlier inhabitants? Edmund hoped the earthworks would be a trench with 10 large pits 15 feet in diameter and 6 feet deep. When he and his Blackfoot helpers dug one out they found a fire had been built in the centre perhaps to illuminate the night so the enemy could not creep up on them unawares. They also found thin gray pottery and a stone with designs cut into it. The Blackfoot were not potters and neither were the Crow. Were there earlier inhabitants? Edmund hoped the earthworks would be preserved in their original form and piled stones to mark the last stand of the Crows when the Blackfoot took over their country.

The Blackfoot had a few flint-lock rifles obtained from traders in the north. Although most warriors still used a bow and arrow they drove the Crow out of the country as far as the Missouri river. Edmund said at that time the Cree and Blackfoot were allies. [p 123] This information was a big surprise to George. He had spent his early childhood with the Cree in Saskatchewan and he "knew" the Cree and Blackfoot were enemies. A little reflection taught him one of the truths of history. When the Cree and the Blackfoot were both moving south onto the plains they had much in common. Both were pushing out former owners. Once the two tribes had reached their new territory they had to establish their presence and defend it, quite often against their former friends.

One Gun, a more recent Blackfoot historian, said that Edmund was wrong, and that the fort had not belonged to the Crow but to another earlier group. He also disputed the war with the Crow.

1. Many years later, when George was working with Calgary's Glenbow Foundation during the 1960s, he mentioned this archeological site to Dr. Richard (Dick) Forbis, archaeologist for the Foundation. He subsequently investigated the site. According to Forbis, a Hudson's Bay employee named Peter Findler had recorded, in his 1800 diary, that he passed a point along the Bow river where there were seven circular mud houses which he surmised were about twenty years old. The Indians who were there at the time said the houses had been made by a war party from the Missouri. Neither Forbis nor any other historian has been able to ascertain exactly who built the houses or whether they were part of the fortification. [*Edmund Morris: Frontier Artist* by Jean McGill] It brought history into focus for George. Not only had the Blackfoot only recently come to this area but even their predecessors might have been recent immigrants.

When Edmund returned in 1910 he asked two Blackfoot, Spring Chief and Wolf Collar, the famous shaman, to bring teams and ploughs to examine the old site. About eight or twelve inches under the surface they found pieces of pottery, buffalo bones and antelope horns. In some places they discovered human bones and shell earrings. In another they unearthed a fireplace where they found stone tools used for arrow making and food preparation. Wolf Collar was a nephew of the old leader Running Wolf, who had told him about the Crow fortification and said the hollow in the centre of the earthworks was used by the Crow to confine their horses. [p 159].

THE CROWFOOT FAMILY

Through Edmund, George was to meet many of the Blackfoot leaders and to learn their stories. He also heard about Cree chiefs such as Big Bear. On his trip west Edmund had stopped in Winnipeg to visit one of his father's old friends, Col. Acheson G. Irvine. In the days just before the second Rebellion, Col. Irvine was tracking Big Bear for the crime of blocking surveyors from mapping the country. While Irvine was still searching for Big Bear he met two Blood Indians who took him back to their camp. Irvine felt at home with the Bloods because they had always supported law and order and the North West Mounted Police.

According to Irvine it was night and a fire was burning as all the warriors came in and seated themselves around the fire. Suddenly they stood up, threw off their blankets and stood stark naked in their full war paint with Winchester rifles in their hands. They performed a war dance and announced they would follow Irvine until Big Bear was killed. Irvine was pleased with this show of support but said he would send for them only if he had to. The political scene was very complex at the time and the last thing Irvine wanted to do was to re-ignite old Cree - Blackfoot animosities. Big Bear was detained several times and eventually imprisoned, a controversial action even today.

In 1907 Crowfoot and Old Sun, two of the most famous Blackfoot, were dead but Crowfoot's widow, The Cutter Woman, was still alive. She sat for the first portrait Edmund made in his 1907 trip. At first she demurred saying, "But why does the white man want to paint my portrait - I am nothing but skin and bones."

The Blackfoot were polygamous so The Cutter Woman was neither Crowfoot's first wife nor his only wife but Crowfoot valued her highly. She always accompanied him and was known as his "sits beside him wife." Of Crowfoot's many sons only one, Bear's Ghost (Ka Ye Star Oh) was still alive. Bear's Ghost had also been Crowfoot's name as a young man. It should be noted Blackfoot men and women were frequently given new names when their status changed. Bear's Ghost was totally blind. His wife, Susie, (formerly called Without a Doubt A Bear) had to look after him entirely. They had one son, Joseph (Joe), a handsome boy and man who would become Head Chief and a significant man in the lives of the Blackfoot and the Gooderhams. In 1907, however, as widow of the great Crowfoot, The Cutter Woman was boss of the small family. Both

Susie and Joe often quarreled with her decisions but they were devoted to her and she always got her way. [p 14] .

Through Edmund's many amazing stories about Crowfoot, George began to see the famous Blackfoot chief as much more complex and intriguing than his popular image.

Before the white man's new diseases stole his children one after another Crowfoot had a large family. One son got into trouble with a white man with whom he had been drinking in a saloon. The two chased one another across the prairie. Suddenly Crowfoot's son turned and faced his pursuer ready for a final confrontation. Faced by the angry Blackfoot warrior, the white man escaped as fast as he could and ran to the police telling them his version of the incident. The fat was in the fire. Crowfoot was not only seen as a king throughout the country because of his great administrative ability but was Head Chief of the whole Confederacy, Blackfoot, Blood and Piegan. He had the power to protect his son if he wished. [p20].

The North West Mounted Police, who had just come bringing order to the country, were anxious to establish a reputation for fairness and firmness. Their leaders, Col. MacLeod and Col. Irvine, were afraid this incident might lead to real trouble but they knew they had to respect the law. Crowfoot's son was tried and given two months imprisonment for attempted murder. The Chief listened quietly to all the proceedings and then asked to speak to his son. A hush fell over the court room. There was great consternation. What would happen now? Crowfoot walked up to his son, stepped back a pace or two, pointed his finger and said, "I warned you to go to three places only, the barracks, the store and the HBC post. You went to saloons and other places where you met bad men. Now go and take your punishment" [p12 -13]

Edmund also learned that at the time of the rebellion Crowfoot's heart was very much against the government. Likely he would have joined with the Cree had he been living closer to them. Crowfoot supported his adopted son, Poundmaker, the Cree Chief who led his people in the Rebellion. Edmund said Crowfoot had lost a son in one of the many wars between the tribes. When he saw Poundmaker's strong resemblance to his dead son, Crowfoot went to the young man's mother and said "Your son is my son. I will adopt him." This was a great honour for Poundmaker and his family. Poundmaker's mother said to him. "Go! Follow this man." When Crowfoot adopted Poundmaker the Cree and the Blackfoot were at war. Poundmaker who came to know and respect the Blackfoot, visited the Cree and persuaded them to stop fighting and make peace with the Blackfoot. [p109]

Crowfoot was proud of his adopted son, Poundmaker, and his fight for independence. He was deeply depressed when Poundmaker was captured and imprisoned when the Rebellion failed.

According to Edmund, Crowfoot was both cunning and farsighted. He could see the wisdom of supporting the whites.[p46] who would soon arrive in their thousands. Father Doucette, a missionary at the Crowfoot School, was convinced that at the time of the signing of Treaty Seven, Crowfoot had a better understanding of the situation than did Commissioner Dewdney, who negotiated the Treaty for the Queen in 1877. Consequently Crowfoot was able to "outsmart Dewdney every time" and introduce terms to the Treaty which favoured the Blackfoot.

Father Doucette said the Blackfoot knew, almost on a day to day basis, what was happening during the Rebellion and he personally saw the Cree camps escaping to the United States, hiding among the bushes by the river just south of his mission.

Accompanied by Father Doucette, Edmund visited Poundmaker's grave on the Blackfoot reserve. Poundmaker had died in 1886 while he was visiting there after his imprisonment. His grave was all grown over with grass and the original cross had decayed. A mass of strawberry plants concealed the whole plot. Edmund and John Drunken Chief, Crowfoot's nephew, cleaned up the plot and placed stones from the Bow River around it. Edmund inscribed Poundmaker's name on a wooden cross using the ancient Indian sign of the four cardinal points. The two men also marked Crowfoot's last camp. They made a large circle for the tipi and a smaller one for the fire place. Both circles are still there. It is a beautiful place on the edge of the Bow River overlooking the valley.

Both Edmund and his father, Alexander, were great admirers of Poundmaker. Edmund recalls going into his father's study one day during the Rebellion days and finding him very depressed. His father said "Poundmaker has been imprisoned."

Another story of Edmund's showed Crowfoot's absolute power over his people. Once some Blackfoot were camped near the Bloods. Both were drinking whiskey and in a dispute one of the Bloods was killed. Crowfoot called for the murderer and shot him dead himself. Another time a prairie fire was sweeping down toward the camp. The people saw it but seemed unable to organize a strategy to stop it. When Crowfoot came out of his lodge he ordered everyone to go and put out the fire. They acted immediately and successfully.

At the time of his last illness it was said Crowfoot told the people not to mourn. He would die and in three days come back to life. He then fell into a trance. No one would let the doctor take Crowfoot's pulse but the doctor placed his hand on Crowfoot's ankle and knew that he was alive. After the three days Crowfoot regained consciousness and told the people not to worry but it was the beginning of the end.

When he died the whole Blackfoot nation was stunned. On the reserve even the dogs seemed to know. Not a sound was to be heard. Crowfoot was buried under ground in the Christian way but his brother, Three Bulls, claimed he could hear Crowfoot kicking up the dust in an attempt to free himself. The Blackfoot believed that the spirit would have great difficulty freeing itself from the body if the body was covered with a box and with earth. A compromise was reached and the coffin was raised nearer to the surface.

By the time George was on the reserve in 1907 Crowfoot's daughter-in-law, Susie, and his grandson, Joe, were living in a house near the agency and looking after the blind Bear's Ghost.

According to Teddy Yellow Fly, Blackfoot scholar and historian -----
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At that time the Blackfoot were very poor. The Band's herd of cattle ran together but was individually owned - ownership being shown by a numbered brand. The terrible winter of 1906 - 07 nearly wiped out the Crowfoot herd and Susie went out to work for agency staff and for people in the village of Gleichen, washing clothes and scrubbing floors. Her earnings augmented the subsistence government rations so the Crowfoots and some of their friends lived better than those who could not find work. Susie was friendly and outgoing and understood English well enough to joke with anyone one she met on the street. She was known for her wit and back chat and was not adverse to a little firewater if offered. She was a colourful attraction in the town and her son, Joe, shared in this jovial acceptance.

One of the Gleichen families remembers that Susie, then in her sixties, used to baby-sit them and help around the house. She hadn't learned enough English so the family learned Blackfoot. She had many Blackfoot visitors who were curious about how the whites lived. Susie would explain what the family was having for dinner and if it sounded good to the visitors they would stay for dinner. No one objected. "Some meals at our house looked more like a potlatch

than a normal meal." Susie was a great help to the Gooderhams and to many other families. All her "families" enjoyed her visits.

Joe Crowfoot should have attended school but Susie said he was needed to look after his blind father. He quite often accompanied his mother from house to house. He was a bright, attractive boy who spoke English. Everyone liked him which translated into lots of treats and extra food.

In 1912, when the band was rich from the sale of land, they built a comfortable two-room house for the Crowfoots a mile south of Gleichen and just east of the Agency. They also put Susie and Bear's Ghost on relief. Joe got employment with the government stockman and was no longer at home so Susie retired to look after her husband, now bedridden.

When Bear's Ghost died, a few years later, Susie and Joe placed his body and his personal belongings, unburied in the Blackfoot manner, on a hill overlooking the small pond which faced the house. People started calling the pond Susie's Slough. It was difficult to imagine how this fair sized body of water could materialize in the middle of the prairie so the story grew that it was made from Susie's tears.

Later, when the George Gooderham children were old enough to ski, George would drive the ford coupe with the rumble seat to Susie's with their skis, usually skijoring behind the car in the ditches on either side of the road which could be dangerous as there were culverts and other obstacles. Another car on the road meant dropping the tow rope without being left behind and finding it again buried a foot deep in the snow. Fortunately there were only three or four cars in the whole neighborhood. Wagons were not a problem and often let the skiers manoeuver around them. Only experienced skiers were allowed. But once at Susie's it was all clear sailing over what seemed like miles of deliciously flat snow. George would drive the Ford as fast as the skiers could manage without crashing. There was lots of room for fast turns where they could swing out in a huge arc travelling faster and faster catching up to and almost passing the car. Turning on ice, even ice covered with snow, could mean a tail spin for George and the car and a huge and rapid whip lash for the skier. Heavenly! The slough was famous for another reason as well. Most of the country was dedicated to cattle ranching in the early days and in the spring the cattle had to be "dipped" in a disinfectant solution in order to kill mange and other debilitating diseases. The operation required lots of water and a gentle slope so that cattle chutes and corrals could be constructed and removed easily. Thousands of head were dipped at Susie's every year.

What happened to Joe? His grandfather, Crowfoot, would be proud. He grew into a tall, good looking man wearing the newly invented jeans and silver belt buckle. He was smart and everybody liked him. Almost immediately Joe proved to be an outstanding farmer. He did well in his job with the government stockman looking after the band's herd of cattle. He was an ideal assistant, hard working and a perfectionist. He married a young woman, Maggie Spotted Eagle, shortly after she left the Old Sun Residential school. In 1921 they had their own farm complete with farm buildings and a four-roomed cottage.

Joe loved good horses and both his work and saddle horses were top quality. Maggie kept an immaculate house whose decor was the envy of housewives both on and off the reserve. The whole farm was managed to the same high level. In the 1920's Kathleen *Shackleton, the artist and sister of the famous Antarctic explorer, *Richard Shackleton, visited the Crowfoots to paint Joe's portrait. She and Maggie became good friends and Kathleen painted Maggie's portrait as a gift and remembrance of the visit.

Joe liked a good time. In the twenties when he was making big money he went on lots of parties with both whites and Indians - in the country or in Calgary's swish Palliser Hotel. When the Blackfoot were still using the hereditary form of band government Joe was put on the Council. The appointment did not last. Joe was drinking quite heavily and he was removed.

Later when the band adopted the elective system Joe was elected first as a counselor and then as Chief. George thought Joe would support his agenda but Joe did not always see things George's way. Joe wanted more independence for the young people to strike out on their own assisted and encouraged by the Band. George would later agree that Joe was more often right than wrong. Joe knew he was right all along and he would eventually persuade everyone to his way of thinking - including some very conservative Blackfoot. No matter how often George and Joe might disagree they both knew they were aiming for the same goal - independence for the Blackfoot.

Joe was pretty much everything you could wish for in a young man and in 1938 when the Sydney Australia Fair Board came looking for young men to take part in their show, Joe Crowfoot was an obvious choice. The candidates had to be outstanding cowboys with winning records at the Calgary Stampede, appropriate costumes and a tipi. Joe went to Australia on the payroll with another Blackfoot, Joe Bear Robe, and ten other men from southern Alberta. Joe was the senior Indian representative because he was a chief. The Band provided travelling clothes

for both and a counselor's uniform for Joe tailored to fit like a glove. The contingent was a great success but Joe was the star.

Joe found reserve restrictions difficult. They were designed for everyone with no room for personal differences. He liked parties and drove a car - a costly combination. He had a good sized herd of cattle which he wanted to look after himself. But the rule was all cattle in one band herd - no exceptions. When the policy finally changed Joe and his son, Cecil, developed their own independent farm company. They got control of their cattle, sold some to buy machinery, cars and trucks and all the trappings owned by their white neighbors. An increase in the consumption of alcohol followed - not a plus but Joe and Maggie raised a family of outstanding children, each a leader. Joe was trusted and admired by friend and foe alike in the 1940s and 50s, first as a minor chief and then as the elected and re-elected Head Chief. And he managed without the help of education. Later when George's administration came under criticism Joe not only defended George's point of view but convinced the critics to be quiet.

The Gooderham children remember Joe for his generous-hearted, jovial personality. The Blackfoot used to hold traditional dances late into the night at the Crowfoot Community Hall just across the field from the Agency. One, almost balmy New Year's Eve they borrowed the agency car to go to the dance. They loved listening to the drums and the singers. In the middle of the room there was a small band stand where the singers sat around a huge drum singing and drumming. Sometimes a drummer or two would use the small traditional Blackfoot drum.

There were circle dances for couples. They danced holding hands crossed in front, couple behind couple, in a circle around the band stand. The Gooderhams were invited to join. There were also special dances for "chiefs" - older men, who would dance in their very best buckskin costumes complete with headdress, never missing a step, never ruffling a feather and looking distant and aloof.

There were dances for young men - the prairie chicken or the hoop where young men with bells round their ankles, a cock's comb head dress and perhaps a fan of feathers on the back of their beaded loin cloth would imitate the mating dance of the prairie chicken. They amazed the audience by dancing in and out of first one, then two, then three or more hoops. They would swirl and dive and prance in time stopping only when the music stopped.

The room was always jammed with people sitting on benches around the dance floor, men and women in buckskin, women in multi- coloured shawls, children running around - and

everywhere, babies, babies, babies. It was hot and it was powerful. The longer you stayed the more the drums got to you and the harder it was to leave.

This particular night the Gooderham children left late. Their car was parked against the building in what had been firm snow before the chinook blew in. The car did not move. Racing the motor merely dug the wheels deeper into what was now slushy mud. Some Blackfoot “friends” who guessed the Agency car was borrowed stood around watching - and enjoying! What to do? The car would not move. It was clear the amused bystanders were enjoying the situation too much to help. Then Joe Crowfoot showed up. Perhaps he had stepped out for a drink with a friend. Perhaps he had been watching the whole time. But there he was and suddenly six or eight of the bystanders picked up the front of the car and pushed it out of the parking lot

THE CALF CHILDS

Edmund introduced George to yet another Blackfoot family, famous in the past and important in the Gooderham's lives in the future. The patriarch's name was Calfchild, a famous warrior and chief who, in 1907, was nearly blind. Father Doucette told Edmund that, although Calfchild was famous as a warrior, he first saw him as a medicine man beside the bed of one of the Blackfoot chiefs. He had painted his whole body and was praying, singing and blowing through bone pipes to drive out the sickness.

When Edmund went to the North Camp to paint Calfchild's portrait, Calfchild asked him to be seated, then took out a bundle, unwrapped it and propped it up on his knees. He spoke to it and waited for the reply. He explained to Edmund that he had asked whether it was wise to have his portrait painted. Fortunately the answer came in the affirmative. Edmund asked if he could look more closely at this "wonder." Calfchild turned the bundle around. It was a carving of a man with a large mouth and eyes and grey hair. The whole was painted red. The carving was part of Calfchild's sacred power and had been given to him by his guardian spirit.

Edmund told George that Calfchild's father, Lone Chief, was also a famous warrior. The British used to call him Big Charlie and recognized him as the most important Blackfoot chief at that time. Crowfoot took second place because Lone Chief was a famous warrior and Crowfoot merely a wise counselor. Only later when it became clear to the Blackfoot that the days of the warrior were ended and what was needed was a diplomat and negotiator, did Crowfoot become Head Chief. Calfchild showed Edmund one of his father's old caps and gave Edmund Lone Chief's buffalo's tail whisk used to brush away mosquitoes. [p101]. *****

When Calfchild's portrait was done he was too blind to really see it but he showed it to his wife and all those who had come to watch Edmund Morris perform. All approved.

Calfchild was anxious to receive the promised payment. As soon as they got it his wife, called "The Sarcee Woman", old as she was, hitched up the horses and off they went to spend the money in Gleichen.

When Edmund and George met Calfchild he was living with his son Joe, "a wild devil of about 30." Joe was just out of prison. It was not his first incarceration. When still a teenager he had been imprisoned for seducing a maid at the industrial school where he was a student. Joe, it appears, was particularly attractive to women. According to Edmund, Joe stole his wife from an

older man, although seduced might be a better word. However the couple suited one another very well and had three fine boys.

Calfchild knew he should record his personal history in the traditional way by painting the story on a hide. He told the story to his son Joe who was supposed to do the drawing and painting. But that was not Joe's style. He couldn't abide the tediousness of painting all the necessary stories so Calfchild had to look elsewhere for help. [p102]

In 1909 help came from an unsuspected source. A famous Metis guide and interpreter named Peter Erasmus came to the Agency. He would be of real help to Calfchild and to Edmund. Both Erasmus and Calf Child spoke Cree which meant Calf Child could tell his story in Cree and Peter could translate it for Edmund. Erasmus also had a direct link to Edmund. He had traveled with Edmund's father, Alexander Morris, during the treaty negotiations [p107] with the Cree in Saskatchewan in 1876. The Cree knew Erasmus and had asked him to be their interpreter. He already had an excellent reputation as translator and Edmund's father decided both parties could use the same man.

In 1909 (*) Peter Erasmus was employed at the Agency as a reward for past services. and George who was once again home from University witnessed Calfchild's story being interpreted by Peter Erasmus. *p104 to 107 * As a child, George had spoken Cree and as the story unfolded he was able to understand more and more of it in both English and Cree. Calfchild knew Edmund could record the story for all the world to read. It was a perfect arrangement. George agreed to be chauffeur and the three of them spent the mornings together at Calfchild's camp. Calfchild's story begins when he is a young man.[p104 altered]

"My father said to me, my son you are a fine looking man. Don't spoil your good looks by being a coward. You have a fine horse. Mount him. Take your war clothes and always try to be first. Above all try to capture some horses and take a scalp. That is how a man proves himself."

Calfchild did what his father suggested. At one of his first battles a Blackfoot war party was hiding near a Cree camp. Calfchild and three others were sent out as scouts. When they saw a Cree in the distance they gave chase with Calf Child, who had a six-shooter, leading the way. He shot the Cree dead and took part of the scalp, sharing the rest with the other scouts.

In another encounter with the Cree, near the Eye Hills, the Blackfoot war party were protected by a fort made of branches when the Cree charged them. Calfchild had a horse famous

for its speed. He jumped on his horse, naked, and raced out across the prairie to confront the enemy. One Cree ran his horse directly at Calfchild expecting to chase him away. But Calfchild charged straight toward the Cree warrior knocked him off his horse and counted coup by taking his gun and arrows but not his scalp. He allowed the Cree to escape and return to his camp in disgrace.

Another time when he was camped near the Knee Hills, Calfchild's wife, who was a Sarcee cried "We're being attacked by the Cree." He rushed out, naked again, jumped on his horse to defend his family. He was soon surrounded by Cree. One warrior, on foot, rushed him. Calfchild grasped the man's scalp with one hand and his gun with the other. He killed the Cree and escaped, the rest of the Cree war party fearing to follow him. When the Blackfoot heard the news of this encounter they gave Calfchild the status of a Brave.

In 1907 Calfchild's wife was still alive and showed Edmund a bullet wound she had received in her arm during that Cree raid.

Once, near the Cypress Hills, Calfchild and a group of Blackfoot, Blood and Peigan came unexpectedly upon some Cree from Piapot's band. In the battle which followed Calfchild killed one man but a bullet struck him in the chest. Fortunately there was a large Blackfoot camp nearby and he was taken to safety and recovery. George sat horrified as the story gradually came in both English and Cree. The adventure story became both real and personal for George. Piapot was his childhood hero and the Cree warriors in the story might have been the fathers or brothers of his childhood playmates. He said nothing!

Many of Calfchild's exploits involved defending the camp against war parties or horse stealing from the enemy who were not always Cree. The Blackfoot had many enemies. Calfchild counted 32 fights against the Crows, Flat Heads, Nez Perces and Crees. Survival required more than bravery. A warrior had to be smart and creative as well. Calfchild illustrated this point by telling a story about a friend who was in a war party against the Crow. He had a horse so slow and difficult it was a danger. The warrior dismounted and looked for a place to hide. He noticed a wolf's hole. With his knife and bare hands he dug at the burrow until it was large enough to hide him then crept inside. When a Crow came close the Blackfoot jumped up throwing dirt at his enemy's horse giving it such a start it reared onto its hind legs and threw his rider, breaking his neck. The Blackfoot took the horse and rode away victorious.

Calfchild's son, Joe, like his father, was famous for his exploits. But unfortunately for him tribal warfare was ended so he spent his energy fighting the new order, particularly the incursion of the white man. Father and son had something else in common. They were both impulsive.

Some time after George became Agent he was the lone white person invited to a Blackfoot dance. It was held in a hexagonal shaped hall made of logs and rough lumber with only one door and no windows - something like a big circus tent.

George was welcomed by a committee headed by Joe Calfchild. Once seated he was asked if there was anything he might like. Although it was a cold winter's night the air inside the hall was thick with smoke and strong odours. "Fresh air," said George who went on to suggest that perhaps the building should have windows and a ventilator in the roof. Joe disappeared. A few minutes later George heard a chopping on the roof directly over his head. Suddenly struck by a draft of cold air, he looked up to find a hole two feet square which Joe had created for his guest's greater comfort. George knew there was more than one message in this demonstration. "Better watch what you ask for. You may get it!"

Joe Calfchild was a great showman. He acted in early movies and put on such a good show riding through the foothills of Alberta that his movies ran for years. After the Great War, when Lord Byng was Governor General, he visited the already famous Calgary Stampede and met Joe Calfchild. Joe, then in his prime, was a striking, athletic figure in a buckskin outfit covered with white, blue and red beaded designs in traditional Blackfoot geometric patterns. Lord Byng invited Joe to sit with him and asked him to autograph the program. Joe, who had no education, never hesitated a minute. He had seen many men make marks on paper which did not resemble anything real. He made what he considered appropriate marks and Byng was delighted.

Joe knew he had the attention of Byng's hosts and as he was preparing to leave he said to one of them who knew him, "Can I borrow a little money from you. I'll pay you back soon?" Lending a Blackfoot money during the stampede was tantamount to giving it away and the man hesitated. Joe reached into a pocket and took out a neat bundle of papers. "I'm a big farmer. Look at all these grain tickets." It was clear six or eight of the tickets were in Joe's name and showed the grain elevator where the grain had been deposited. It would amount to about 500 bushels. The man was reassured and said, "O K Joe how much?" Joe admitted forty dollars would do. As Joe had expected, the man thought the slips were grain elevator storage tickets but they were in fact

delivery tickets from a year earlier and represented money received not money owed. Perhaps the loan was repaid. Perhaps not.

Joe was unpredictable. Edmund told George that once when Joe was in prison he asked to see his wife. When she came to visit she brought an extra horse with her. With a yell, Joe smashed through a window jumped on the horse and the two of them fled into the hills. Only much later did he decide to give himself up.

Years later when the Gooderham children were growing up Joe Calf Child was not only famous but infamous. He was frequently in jail and when he was out they were warned he might be dangerous, and to keep out of his way. He lived near the Agency and often walked down the road in front of the Gooderham house, presumably to the office. Should they run and hide? Should they say, "Good morning sir?" Joe looked interesting rather than dangerous and the young Gooderhams were intrigued as many had been before. He was a big, impressive man wearing a tall hat which made him look important but not scary.

Joe loved what George called "indignation meetings" and managed quite a few of them himself. But he had no patience with young people who knew nothing but were against everything including the elimination of the white bosses. On one such occasion when he had heard more than enough he said, "Look here, boys, you don't know what you're asking. If you got it you'd hate it and we Indians would soon be as bad off as the white man." That ended the conversation.

Joe knew the times were changing. He fought for recognition of medicine men while at the same time demanding a hospital be built. He could see both were needed and could work together. Later he was a patient for months in the hospital he had sponsored before he died there. George mourned Joe Calfchild as a man who fought fair, asked no quarter, held no grudges and could be a real friend when a friend was needed.

Joe had a large family, one of whom was to play a major role in the life of the Agency. His son, Earl, became George's interpreter. And when the Gooderham children met him Earl ran everything.

His hair was cut short as befitted the businessman he was. He wore a dark suit - black was best - a white shirt and tie. He was the first man visitors saw when they came into the Agency. He made most of the easy decisions himself. Tough - political - questions required an

appointment with one of the staff or George Gooderham – or Enuxina, George's Blackfoot name which he had inherited from his father and which translated as "Little Chief."

Earl took charge of events outside the office as well. A lot of maintenance was required on the grounds and buildings around the Agency, particularly during the summer. And Earl was often around the house, garden and barns making sure things were being handled properly. He knew more about the young people's activities than did their parents. And he wasn't shy in letting young people know when they weren't behaving up to standard. If he wanted to get Kent's (George's youngest) attention when he was too young to go to school, he would call him Rosie. "Well how's Rosie today?" and of course he always got the same furious response. But he also knew that Kent would listen to what he had to say afterwards.

In addition to his responsibilities for the Agency, Earl was also the lay reader for the Anglican Church at the Old Sun Residential School down the road. He was never thought of as Joe Calfchild's son. He was Earl, the perfect bureaucrat and friendly guardian. There were many rule infractions that Earl witnessed without turning in the culprits.

Although the adults all smoked it was forbidden youngsters. Consequently most took up smoking as soon as possible. Earl said nothing when he discovered one or two hiding in the trees to have a smoke. He knew everyone smoked and it was a waste of time pretending otherwise.

Earl also allowed running on the roof of the one-story building beside the Agency. This amazing structure housed a former ice house now wood shed, two carriage sheds now filled with carriages "in storage", a two- car garage for George's wife, Mary's car and the Agency car, as well as a former chicken house now boarded up. It was a very long low roof - perfect for trying out various flying theories that required jumping off the roof!

Earl mentioned once or twice, "You know someone once broke his arm jumping off a roof like that." And sure enough within the week one of the Agency kids did land on his arm and broke it. Earl had special status with the kids. Not only did he see everything that happened, he could see what was going to happen. Other adults said they were concerned about the children's safety but the children knew the real reason was because running, jumping, rolling and dancing all destroyed the roof. In the young person's mind there wasn't much under the roof that would be damaged by a drip or two of rain so they agreed with Earl, the rule need not be rigid.

Flying experiments (never successful) were also conducted from the hayloft door of the barn. The barn was at the end of the courtyard separating it from the pasture. The second floor

had a hayloft that was a perfect place to practice flying (and for making secret sexual investigations). Hay was put into the loft through a huge window. You could jump out this window if some one dared you - and the bull wasn't around.

It was dark inside the hayloft and not likely any adult knew anything about possible sexual experimentation's going on inside. But if one of the Agency kids came flying out the window they were under the watchful eye of "Earl the Observant." There was a perfectly valid reason why the children were not allowed to play in the hayloft - tramping around ruined the hay and might even cause spontaneous combustion. This was a more serious offense than being on the roof and if Earl saw anyone in the barn window, on the ground or even heading in the direction of the barn, the individual was likely to hear from him or from a parent at supper time. Also, it was never certain how much Earl knew. Perhaps he "saw" what went on inside the hayloft as well as outside. Better not take chances.

Later when the cow herd was increased and a new barn built in the middle of the pasture, the old hayloft became even more intriguing and more definitely out of bounds. The Holstein bull was kept in a fenced enclosure right under the old barn window and bales of hay were stacked in the middle of the enclosure. Not only could fantastic secret houses and passage ways be made with the bales but - on occasion - quite frequent actually- a cow would be brought to visit the bull which involved a series of short encounters worth watching. Of course this meant getting from the fence to the top of the baled hay stack without alerting or alarming the bull. Getting to the top of the haystack was the first challenge. Getting back was the second and more scary, requiring speed and stealth. But this adventure was forbidden and Earl turned in any culprit he caught there.

When Kent was older and wanted to know more about serious things such as the Sun Dance, he found another side of Earl. Earl took him to the Blackfoot camp and persuaded important men to talk to him. He was also willing to sit and interpret as well as teach some Blackfoot. He knew where to gather sweet grass, how to braid it, burn it and why it was important. Spirits liked the fragrance and once you got their attention they might be prepared to listen to what you had to say. Earl also knew about dangerous places on the reserve that were controlled by harmful spirits and should be avoided. In many ways he played the Grandfather role.

It was a surprise that he knew all these old Blackfoot ways because he was a prominent member of the Anglican church. It took a giant spiritual step for Christians to acknowledge that

differing beliefs could exist together productively in one person - a very useful and enriching insight for living in the modern world. People like Earl who incorporated two cultures had no problem with these conflicting beliefs, attitudes and customs. They could exist together and all contributed to a richer understanding of the world and the people in it. Earl, like many other Blackfoot, knew they could benefit from both traditions.

PETER ERASMUS

Although Peter Erasmus, an outstanding guide and interpreter, had clearly participated in the formation of Canada, he was a Metis. Following the failure of the second Riel Rebellion conservative governments saw all Metis as traitors and those who had served Canada were ignored. Under the Liberal Government of Sir Wilfred Laurier when the Sifton brothers *[explain who they were] and Frank Oliver were the powers in western Canada, they were anxious to restore the Metis people to some of their former prestige and power. Many complained the Conservative Government treated all Metis as “the enemy.” It was a wrong the Liberals wished to correct.

In 1908, Frank Oliver was owner of the *Edmonton Bulletin*, the sitting member for that constituency and Minister of the Interior. George remembers Oliver's visit to the Blackfoot reserve in 1908 and his speech to all the Blackfoot from the Agency office platform. Oliver was concerned about his Metis friends even at that time and shortly after his visit he created a position for Peter as assistant rationer on the staff at Gleichen.

When George met Erasmus in 1909 he was seventy six years old but looked more like fifty. An impressive and powerful man of over two hundred pounds he had thinning black hair, a beard and a prominent nose. He suffered from a serious skin disfigurement. His deeply sun tanned face was scarred by a mass of pitted flesh which hung loose and could even be folded back - very disturbing to those who didn't know him. In spite of this unusual appearance he was a great favourite of George's sisters and brother, particularly Jean, the youngest, who had a wild spirit which Peter recognized and approved. He would often give her ten cents for candy. That was against family rules but there was no way Jean was going to give it back. So Ishbel, her older sister, was delegated the task. Peter understood and he and the John Gooderham youngsters remained buddies.

Erasmus lived in a room over the office, as did Edmund. There was a cook stove, bed, table and chairs with a few utensils and a lamp. He wore pants and dark cotton shirts, except when it was very cold. He would then put on an old black coat. He always tied the traditional Metis sash around his waist. The Gooderham children found him to be both gentle and kind and he told wonderful stories.

Erasmus was very proud of his strength and prowess as a young man. He claimed he could raise himself to a standing position from kneeling on hands and knees with eight hundred pounds of shot piled on his back. He would show the children, with a gleam in his eyes, a six inch scar across his stomach - and wait for the exclamation "How did you get that?" His answer "Oh, a bit of a fight with the Blackfoot."

One of his best stories was his encounter with a herd of buffalo when he was with the McDougalls at Morley near Banff.* With Erasmus' help the McDougalls established a very early Methodist mission.

One day Erasmus was riding up the valley of the Bow, which at Morley was, and still is, a very swiftly flowing river. As it twists and turns on its way to the prairies the force of its current eroded huge sheer cliffs called cut banks. Erasmus was riding at the water's edge at the foot of one of these cut banks when he heard a rumbling sound ahead. He thought it might be a sudden gust of wind, perhaps a Chinook, which rushes out of the mountain passes stirring up leaves and branches. As he entered a broader valley he was astounded to see a huge herd of buffalo, stampeding toward him. He was horrified. On one side he faced a cut bank and on the other a deep, rapid flowing river. What to do? Young and a quick thinker he sat his horse until the herd hit then jumped on the back of the nearest bull and leapt from back to back of the closely packed herd until he landed on the ground again. "I didn't have a scratch on me, but of course, I was on foot." It was a story the Gooderham children never forgot.

Peter Erasmus was one of that small group of men who accompanied and guided explorers, traders, missionaries and government representatives who crossed the country. He was born in 1833 in the Red River settlement of Kildonan of a Scandinavian father and Metis mother. His father had fought at Waterloo and later became a Hudson's Bay employee. Peter was educated in the settlement school and at age 20 entered St. John's College, Winnipeg. It was hoped he would become a minister of the gospel but that was not Peter's way. Instead he took a job as guide and interpreter for Rev Thomas Wolsey, a Wesleyan missionary.

When the Rev R B Steinhauer, an Indian from Ontario, was sent to work among the Indians east of Edmonton Erasmus went with him. They settled in the White Fish Lake area. But Peter was far too restless to stay on. He went back to Fort Garry, Manitoba and later joined the Palliser expedition, a geographic survey team commissioned to explore the southwest portion of the prairies, and to make recommendations regarding the best way to settle this land. Their most

famous discovery was a triangle of arid land which covered almost all of what is now southern Saskatchewan and Alberta. They recommended that this land be used for grazing only. It was their opinion that breaking the prairie sod would be a disaster and could lead to serious dust storms and erosion possibly leaving the area a desert. This was advice largely ignored although later proven to be all too accurate. It was a slow moving expedition and Peter left to return to Fort Garry before it reached the mountains. Forever restless he left again in 1862.

The Methodist missionary, the Rev. George McDougall, was about to travel west from Ontario to extend the early missionary work started by Steinhauer. He needed a guide. Erasmus worked with the McDougals and they remained great friends but Peter moved from one community to another. When he married a “western” woman he cut his ties with Fort Garry and spent most of this time in the Good Fish Lake, St Paul de Metis area near his old friend Steinhauer. And of course Lieutenant Governor Morris chose him as his interpreter when he was negotiating Treaty No. 6 in 1876.

In 1909 Erasmus and Edmund Morris were sharing the second floor of the Agency office on the Blackfoot reserve at Gleichen, and became friends. They had much in common both in their backgrounds and in their feeling for the Blackfoot and all native peoples. Peter told Edmund [p112] that in 1857 when the Palliser Expedition was heading to North Battleford they passed through vast herds of buffalo which opened up to let the red river carts pass through. There were vast herds all the way to the mountains. He said that both grizzly and black bears lived on the plains then. One day, they saw a grizzly grapple a buffalo by the horns and break its neck. Evidently the bears had their dens in the cut banks.

Erasmus’ “Government Sit” at the Blackfoot Agency ended with the defeat of the Laurier Government by the Borden Conservatives in 1911. He returned to the Cold Lake district. It was a sad day for the Gooderham children.

Erasmus was restless even in his eighties and was so furious at the lack of interest the government took in the welfare and education of the Metis and halfbreed children that he started a school in which he was the unpaid teacher. In Alberta, until 1950, taxpayers had to sign a petition requesting the establishment of a school, and, of course agree to support it, in order to get a school grant. The Metis and half breeds were squatters who rarely paid taxes so they got no grant and no school.

Peter's personal history waxed and waned with the fortunes of the Liberals. In 1921 the Hon. Charles Stewart, a former Alberta Premier resigned to become Minister of the Interior in MacKenzie King's new Liberal cabinet. One of his early acts was a pension of \$500 for Peter Erasmus. And in 1930 the Geographic Board of Canada named a peak in the Rockies, Mount Erasmus.

Peter Erasmus died in 1931. He belonged to both the Christian and the Indian world and asked to be placed on a lonely hill near Good Fish Lake next to the bones of a good friend of his who was killed in the Riel Rebellion.

Men like Peter – intelligent, knowledgeable and resourceful who did not support Riel - were wrongfully branded as traitors after the rebellion. Metis and half breeds were treated as outcasts. It took many years for Erasmus to regain his rightful place in society.

GEORGE THE STUDENT

The summer of 1907 disappeared into history and George returned to Ontario, his childhood memories of western Canada expanded and enriched. Southern Alberta was still pioneer and Indian territory but quite different from Saskatchewan after the Rebellion where poor and hungry pioneers struggled through drought in the summer and freezing temperatures in the winter. The Alberta pioneers were frequently remittance men - younger sons of British aristocratic families sent out to the colonies to make their way but with an allowance from home. The Blackfoot were settled on a reservation and were soon to become very rich by selling land at the top of a land speculation bonanza. The summer had been a major education for George. He was impressed by the Albertans and somewhat ambivalent about leaving this very romantic society for the conservative but high-living Toronto establishment.

On the other hand stories of his childhood could now be broadened and updated, a fact which would not be missed by the very important relative he was to meet as soon as his grandfather, Old George, went with him to Toronto. It had been agreed George should go to University. Even though his high school marks at the Brampton High School were not outstanding he was accepted into the University of Toronto.

George's Grandfather, Old George, had stayed in touch with the Toronto Gooderhams and particularly Old William's grandson, William George, always referred to as W G. He was head of the Gooderham family business in Toronto. As soon as George returned to Meadowvale Old George set about advancing George's career. He was proud of his handsome grandson and anxious that his university studies be a success followed by a career in the huge Gooderham empire which now spread across the whole country. He arranged for a visit with W G in Toronto.

The Meadowvale Gooderhams could be of no assistance but if W G, head of almost everything in Toronto (and Canada), could be persuaded to back George, the plan would be well launched. W G agreed to see George and his grandfather. And at the appointed time the two appeared at the Flat Iron Building built in downtown Toronto by W G's father. He was also a George and at the time of his death the richest man in Canada. He was not only rich but appreciative of the life Canada had provided him and his family. He made no attempt to avoid his succession taxes which were more than enough to retire the entire Ontario Government debt!

W G now occupied the President's office, a huge room in the triangle of the building with windows looking east toward the distillery and most of the city. Toronto had not yet moved west and the Gooderhams had done their best to prevent such a move by building a luxury hotel named after King Edward just down the street. Their aim was to ensure the centre of the city and the centre of the Gooderham empire remained one and the same.

The Meadowvale cousins were ushered into W G's office. He sat at a huge mahogany desk with a thick glass top inherited from his father. The only items on the desk were a blotter in a leather frame, a chronometer in a case, a standard building brick full of matches in its hollow and a large ashtray for pipe ashes. There was no telephone. W G hated phones.

George was fascinated by W G's appearance - full beard and mustache, a trifle thin on top, dressed in a business suit with high collar and dark tie - no surprises there. It was his eyes. They looked through glasses which sat on his nose without any other support. George had difficulty not staring, a childhood trait which would stay with him all his life. He had never seen pince-nez before. Would they pop off when W G least expected it? Another surprise came when W G stood up. He was six- foot-two, taller than George by two inches and just as ramrod straight.

George was thankful not to face this interview alone. Fortunately it was all easy going for his grandfather who had worked for the firm under both Old William and W G's father, George. He also knew that W G (much his junior) was intrigued by the idea of helping the "wild Indian" Gooderham boy become civilized and might possibly teach some of his city cousins a thing or two along the way.

George did not disappoint. He looked every bit the successful student and much better turned out than W G had thought possible. One of George's talents was a keen sense of style. Not only did he look good, he could talk. He was a born story teller and would weave tantalizing stories for private audiences all his life. W G was impressed. He agreed to give the student a small allowance and to introduce him to all the family. The first introduction was to his son, Leys (John Leys), who was a year older than George and already at University, in the Faculty of Arts, but would end up studying chemistry, much to the satisfaction of W G's brother, Albert, who had taken over the management of the distillery after their father, George, died. Albert would hire Leys when the distillery was turned over to producing acetone for the Government during World War I. Ironically Albert would be working for the teetotaler Joseph Flavelle who

hated everything the Gooderham business stood for (except the industry and dedication). Both Albert Gooderham and Joseph Flavelle were knighted, Joseph holding out, successfully, for an hereditary title. Leys, who became chief chemist when whiskey was still being produced, took his four-year-old son, Peter, up on the top catwalks to see how it all worked. It was a little too early in Peter's life for such an experience and in spite of holding on tight to his father's hand he later admitted he threw up spraying every level of the plant.

W G's nephew, Gibbs Blackstock, was also at the University, again only slightly older than George. The two cousins would help introduce their western cousin to society -including life outside university where they were known for their sailing and other athletic skills – very much to George's liking.

As for the rest of the relatives - Gooderhams, Blackstocks, Gibbs, Worts, and the rest of Toronto – W G let it be known that young George had his backing and support. On his part George would present himself before W G and give a report each month. George would be invited to the family Sunday gatherings where he would meet many relatives. W G would also introduce him to the business community.

In addition to the Bank of Toronto and Manufacturer's Life, W G was president of both Canada Permanent Trust and Canada Permanent Mortgage which he took over from his father. In those days all the bonds and debentures were signed by hand. A woman in western Canada who bought a Canada Permanent bond signed by W G refused it. She said she was sorry but she didn't want a bond signed by Mr McWhale. She wanted Mr Gooderham's signature. W G had to agree his signature looked a lot like McWhale. This same signature of his was on all the Bank of Toronto notes. He sent her a long letter in his own handwriting illustrating the fact that although the signature did look like McWhale it was in fact himself.

From 1905 when W G inherited the King Edward hotel on the death of his father to 1930 when he sold it, W G hosted a lunch every week day for male family members and other Toronto business men. He made a table available for about a dozen men who were honoured to be invited, made great business contacts and received an excellent lunch. On one occasion W G had to ask his nearest guest who the two gentlemen at the end of the table might be. No one seemed to know. George was given an open invitation to join the group as often as he could. Leading Toronto businessmen met regularly at W G's lunches to visit and to do business and the whole town knew young George was coming well before he arrived.

W G would exclaim one of his expenses was his hat. He said he had the most expensive hat in town because it cost him \$75 a year just for check room tips at 25 cents a time.

All the big Gooderham houses were open to George - and there were a lot - as well as those owned by other prominent families such as the Pellats, the Cawthras and the Oslers. All of W G's family used to meet at his house for tea on Sunday. In the winter it was at the family home called Alberthorp (in the woods) on a beautiful wooded lot at the corner of Elm and Sherbourne - or Albermere (on the sea) on Centre Island in the summer. There were five Gooderham houses in a row - W G's big house and four others. According to Peter Gooderham, Ley's son, when the Gooderhams came out to get their mail they frequently heard people on the boardwalk gossiping about "all the Gooderham living in these houses."

All the cousins would be there and have a great time at their grandfather's place. W G had a large assortment of Japanese artifacts and costumes (a gift from one of his Japanese associates. They were just the right size for the children who had a great time staging wars with one another. Peter claims the whole family knew which uncles had been partying too much (something which happened frequently). They were the ones who didn't show up. It often included his father, Leys. Peter Gooderham said all his father had to do was smell the cork to become inebriated.

W G didn't like being in the whiskey business. He never drank it and you couldn't get a drink of it at his house. Society was not the same as it had been in Old William's day. In the 1870s the distillery produced one third of all the spirits in Canada building up a pool of capital with which the family could buy farms, the Bank of Toronto, Manufacturers Life and the Toronto & Nipissing Railway.

The Methodists with their temperance message were becoming more and more dominant. "The public mood shifted towards moderation, then temperance and finally Prohibition. W G's favourite sister had married into the Gibbs - Blackstock family, famous for its strong temperance stand. Her husband, Thomas Gibbs Blackstock was a mainstay of the Gooderham business and responsible for the vast mining interests the family was accumulating. It is very likely that W G saw the end of the whiskey business coming long before a man called Harry Hatch arrived with his offer to purchase in 1923 and in 1926 with the amalgamated Hiram Walker and Sons. The name was to change, officially, to Hiram-Walker Gooderham and Worts Ltd. While W G was

president there may have been no whiskey in his house but you could get a glass of champagne any time.

It wasn't that W G ignored the business. Professor Shuttleworth, former University chemistry professor and teacher of Leys used to say. "Is your father in the distillery today? Yes? Well then there's no use testing the whiskey. He'll be right every time. He'll take a sip and spit it into the spittoon. He might say "Put that through the vats again." or "Throw that out. If there was no comment it meant the whiskey was good - not just good enough - but great."

George was deeply impressed by the overwhelming acceptance he received. Although he acknowledged the major factor in his success was the enormous respect W G enjoyed, he also "was very much lionized and I'm afraid it went to my head - in fact I know it did." He was later to reflect that he did not handle his immediate fame with great maturity. But W G continued his support.

Albert Gooderham, W G's younger brother, shared the big office with W G and also much of the management. Albert's house, Dean Croft*, was one of the first to welcome George. It was a huge house and one of the most beautiful in Toronto. On the corner of Land* Road and Sherbourne it was on the upper part of Glen Road and the property went down the ravine to where the Glen Road bridge used to be. Peter Gooderham mentioned that when it was torn down it was replaced by seven houses. Albert was a businessman, fond of working at the edge and taking credit. But he was first of all a soldier and Colonel in Chief of the 10th Royal Grenadiers. He was a man after George's heart. Since his childhood George had always been impressed by soldiers. Albert had a son, Melville whose first love was also the army. Mel was about George's age and Albert and Mel were in many ways responsible for George's positive acceptance of the role of soldier and commander. Mel was stationed in Britain where his wife, one of George's admirers, was able to join him. Whenever George was free on leave he turned up at Mel and Ruby's house where he never lacked positive reinforcement.

But before the war when he was first in Toronto George needed to make his way. He was immensely charming and famous for his exotic stories about the Cree Sun Dance, Red River carts, the arrival of the Sioux into Canada after the battle with Custer. He reminisced about days spent playing with children whose fathers and grandfathers had fought against Custer at the Little Big Horn and had fled to asylum in Canada's North West territories. He could regale his relatives with stories of the Riel Rebellion. It had taken place just before his birth and was still a topic for

discussion in the North West Territories around Regina where he had spent his first six years speaking Cree. George could also tell exciting tales about his experiences with fierce Blackfoot warriors, the famous artist William Morris, and Alberta's remittance men who were members of famous European aristocratic families. It was romantic stuff for the very proper and conservative Gooderhams.

George had to dress the part. There was little or no money from home and W G's allowance would not cover the expenses he had in mind. Again his good looks and athletic build, as well as his last name and the name of his sponsor, came to his rescue. Leading tailors were happy to dress him free of charge. All George had to do was mention where he had "purchased" the outfit.

He had to choose the fraternity he would join. Both Leys Gooderham and Gibbs Blackstock were Zetes (Zeta Psi). George would be welcome. This time he showed some good sense and decided to join the *Psi Delta Psi, * a group of ambitious young men whose family fortunes were somewhat more modest than the Gooderhams. The Zetes all came from very rich families and George hesitated. He had chosen to specialize in political science where he had met another student, Creasor Crawford, from Winnipeg. It was a friendship which lasted the rest of their lives. Creasor belonged to a local fraternity called Psi Delta Psi and persuaded George to join with him there. He surmised correctly that he might have more in common with this group of ambitious but less affluent men than with the young men whose social position had already determined their future. It did not escape George's notice that Creasor was very good friends with a pretty, young, dark-haired student, Mary Kentner, who would also be very much involved in his future. It seemed to him that Mary was surprised but pleased to see this Meadowvale face at University, sponsored by W G Gooderham and a friend of Creasor Crawford. New found friends and relatives accepted George's decision to join the Tau Delta Tau and doors remained open.

One set of doors was perhaps opened wider because of this choice. He met Mrs Emily Rogers, daughter of Henry Pellat Sr who was famous as a broker along with E B Osler in the setting up of the Dominion and Imperial Banks. She was also the sister of Sir Henry Pellat, knighted by Queen Victoria for his part in the second Riel Rebellion. Immensely wealthy, Sir Henry was also building what would be Toronto's largest private home, Casa Loma, on a huge property between Bloor and St. Clair looking down over the whole city of Toronto. It was being

designed and furnished as a showpiece which meant huge receptions and balls. George was invited.

Mrs Rogers conducted a salon for talented young people and one of her favourite guests was an engineering student, Dave (DW) Harvey, who happened to be George's fraternity brother and room mate. George was welcome too. In fact Dave encouraged his attendance because of the Roger's daughter, Amy. Mrs. Rogers thought Dave would make a perfect husband - bright, attractive, ambitious. George's responsibility was to deflect this attention as Dave's interests lay elsewhere. George appears to have been very successful in gaining Amy's approval if not her mother's. He became very close friends with both the Rogers and the Pellats.

Henry Pellat Sr had built a summer resort on the shores of Lake Couchiching near Orillia which was famous for its running streams, its drives, tennis courts and croquet lawns. There was an orchard and vegetable garden known for the quality of its produce. There was also a steam launch and smaller pleasure boats. To this Sir Henry added a farm north of Toronto, at King, famous for its roses. George was to spend vacations at both of these pleasure domes. More parties. More excursions. Not much time for studies even though George professed to have enjoyed many if not all lectures.

He was not a dedicated student. In 1907 the Ontario school system had two separate graduation standards. The first was called junior matriculation which was accepted as entrance to the first year of University. The second, requiring an additional year of schooling was called senior matriculation and enabled the graduate to enter the second year of university. George chose the second route and graduated with a senior matriculation (two courses missing). But he opted to enter first rather than second year at University. He knew his weakness as a student and suspected he would need some advantages if he was to succeed. Repeating much of the work he had taken in his last year of high school should give him a much needed advantage.

But he made so many new friends through his Gooderham connections that studying - or even attending class - took second place. In addition to a very heavy social life George was also interested in politics and spent many hours in the public gallery of the legislature instead of at classes - with one significant exception. The head of the Political Science Department was a "grizzly old chap" called James Mavor who appears never to have graduated from University but was internationally respected for his intellect and understanding and particularly his knowledge of the Russian economy. He was a friend of Count Leo Tolstoy and helped him persuade the

Canadian government to accept the Doukhobors, a Russian sect, into Canada. George was entranced by James Mavor and impressed with the staff he had collected around him. Professor Mavor was also the father of Dora Mavor, a sorority (as the Thetas were technically a fraternity rather than sorority the girls were technically fraternity sisters) of Mary Kentner's. George never missed Professor Mavor's classes but he continued to ignore the courses he had already failed.

As might be expected George did not pass his two supplementals at the end of the year but was allowed to continue providing he cleared up this deficiency the next year. And he did return to University in the Fall. But he continued his old habits. He moved into the Tau Delta Tau fraternity house at the corner of Bloor and St George, just across the street from the mansion built by W G's father, George Gooderham, and around the corner from Gibbs Blackstock's parent's equally grand home.

It was also just down the street from the University and was filled with seniors who were serious students. It should have been an ideal place for George to change his ways but he was having too much fun and W G continued to have faith in him. He may have found this upstart young relative a breath of fresh air. George admits during one interview W G's brother, also a George, who was visiting at the same time, said "Do you know this young man is using your name all over the city?" W G's response was, "Well, it's his name too." That was the end of the opposition and George went on using W G's name and influence which he discovered was enormous. He would later discover W G had influence just about everywhere.

W G's sons and grandsons believed he had spies everywhere - or at least knew everything about everybody all the time. Suddenly you might be called into his office by his secretary Arthur Balm, a delightful man according to Leys, who was the one to call you up. Your phone would ring and Arthur would say "Mr. Leys your father would like to see you at 11 tomorrow." Then he would hang up. No reply was necessary. Just show up.

Peter Gooderham says "My father, Leys, arrived there one day when everyone was getting Hell. It was much later, at the end of the twenties just at the time of the 1929 crash.

W G said "You didn't do what I told you to do, did you?" Leys had been told to sell his 10,000 nickel shares. He wasn't able to sell them in Toronto without spooking the market so he had to go to New York where he did sell most of them. How could his father know he had bought them back? In New York, JP Morgan, the Vanderbilts and Whitneys knew there was trouble ahead. They placed a purchase order for 200,000 shares of US Steel at \$200 a share. That

stopped the slide. But they knew the situation was serious and tried to resell quietly. They were too famous to get away with anything quiet and the word got out they were selling. On the good news, Leys had bought back some of his nickel shares. In Toronto he didn't hear the second news flash until too late. He considered asking W G how the hell did you know. But W G softened the admonition by saying "Well, you weren't as bad as Alex . He lost two million."

On the way out Leys ran into his brother, Alex, waiting for his interview. "By the way you're a damn fool."

"Who says so?"

"Father says so. You lost two million dollars."

" Father's the fool this time. It was nine million."

According to Leys' son, Peter, W G decided around 1923, when they sold the distillery to Hatch, that his sons didn't need any money. They were all millionaires. That's when he started giving his money away to his own private charities. One of the rules was that the recipient must never mention where the money came from. In four or five years he gave away 14 million dollars or more. Most of the family were against this largesse. They considered the money theirs. After all he had inherited it from his father. Shouldn't he be responsible for guarding it for future generations? Wouldn't it be better to establish a family trust for all his descendents as the Masseys had done?

Since George did not pass the supplementals he could not enter fourth year without clearing them which meant doing all of the third year over. He went to W G, the miracle worker, who arranged for George to attend McMaster University. A smaller university, McMaster, was devoted primarily to Baptist theology but included political science and other humanities. It was just down Bloor street. George could attend classes at McMaster, continue living at the fraternity house and visit with his University of Toronto friends. George graduated from McMaster in the Spring of 1912 but with no honours and no future. Mary Kentner had graduated in 1911 and was spending most of her time travelling in Europe and North America. Creasor Crawford had returned to Winnipeg where he articulated in the law firm, Campbell Crawford, his deceased father had helped create. Later, as Pitblado - Hoskin it became one of the largest and most prominent law firms in Canada. George had no future mapped out for himself. Reality threatened!

MARGARET GOODERHAM DIES

George's university career was seriously interrupted in 1908. His mother, Margaret, who had suffered from consumption for many years, was now dangerously ill and his father, John, urged George to come home to Gleichen during the summer break. No one guessed he would not return to classes in Toronto in the Fall. George's friend and fraternity brother, Creasor Crawford, who came from Winnipeg, was looking forward to spending the summer with his family at their island cottage in Lake of the Woods near Kenora, Ontario. Creasor would be going to Winnipeg first and the two decided to make the trip together.

At that time the C P R gave students a special rate from Toronto to western Canada - round trip for \$60 with part of it by boat. The boat trip included meals at no extra cost, a great plus. The two students went first to Owen Sound, to visit Creasor's Grandmother, widow of David Creasor who had been a lawyer there. A widow for some time she had gained a reputation for significant business acumen and interest in world affairs. Heavily overweight, she wore long dresses to her feet. She was impressive both physically and mentally and the two young men stopped there to enjoy her company and, of course, George had relatives there too.

It was agreed that George should stop over in Winnipeg to visit Creasor's family in their large home at 270 Roslyn Road. Creasor's mother, Lily, was also a widow. Her husband, Horace Edgar, a prominent Q C in Winnipeg, died in 1903 when he was only forty-one years old. Lily was thirty-eight at the time and pregnant with their fifth child which she later miscarried. In spite of this Lily built and furnished a very elegant home on the banks of the Assiniboine river in the heart of Winnipeg's most fashionable district. It was the kind of house George had grown used to visiting in Toronto. George was amazed Creasor's mother could accomplish so much and also educate her four children (two boys and two girls) in Canada and in Europe. Of course she had the moral support of her business-minded mother and her sister, Georgie Burroughs, as well as Georgie's husband, Theodore, one of Winnipeg's most successful business men and later Lieutenant Governor of Manitoba.

When George first met Creasor it never crossed his mind the meeting would have such a profound affect on his future. First, Creasor would introduce George to Mary Kentner who would become George's wife, and much later, George's son Kent (Kentner) would leave Gleichen to go

to Winnipeg's Ravenscourt School, where he would meet Creasor's family and later marry Creasor's daughter, Helen.

After his visit with the Crawford family and their friends George was more than a little lonely on the rest of the trip to Gleichen. Knowing he would soon face an invalided mother increased his feelings of dejection. George suspected the fun and games part of the trip was over

George's mother arrived in Gleichen shortly after he did. She had gone to Saskatchewan to visit with her very old friend from the Touchwood Hills days, Margaret von Lindeburgh, hoping that a visit with friends away from all responsibilities would help her recover. George was there when his mother returned from her trip. He had to carry her because she was now too weak to stand.

George's younger sister, Ishbel, remembers her mother's death in the surreal manner of most children who witness experiences they don't quite understand. She remembers that her mother's best friend from Saskatchewan, (Baroness) Lindeburgh, had come to Gleichen to visit earlier in the summer and that the two friends had decided to go to Punnichy where there would be many old friends. Ishbel thought her mother was fine at the time and saw the two women off to Punnichy on the train. It is doubtful the Baroness ever used her title. She and Grandmother Margaret were much too busy coping with the harsh realities of pioneer life in eastern Saskatchewan in the latter part of the 19th century to concern themselves with European titles. The two women were the first to venture into "Indian territory" and had much in common even to sharing the same first name, Margaret.

George's sister, Ishbel speculated later, "I suppose she wasn't fine but we children didn't notice. Anyway she went for this trip and I can remember her writing to my father, Dear Hub, she would say. She always called him that. When she took really ill there they had to send her home with a nurse on the train. My father and George (he was home then) went in the little buggy to bring her from the station. George carried her into the house and upstairs into the centre bedroom. I remember we all went in to see her. Anyway my mother lived that night and I think she was just bound she'd see us all. And then she was home. And that was nice. And George was there.

"I was sitting in the back bedroom, the one just beside the stairs and next to the bathroom and I could hear all the sounds of people moving about and fixing things, and all at once everything was still. And I can remember I thought maybe my mother had died. It was just an

intellectual thing for me. Oh it was dreadful for my father. But you know when you're a child. Children don't suffer like adults. They don't realize what's happening. It was August 22, 1908.

"But then when I think of the procedures that we went through. We were all in mourning. The women in Gleichen got together and we were all draped in black from head to foot. They made black dresses for us to wear to the funeral. At that age! And we wore those black things for a year. And everybody with a veil. And my father wore a black crepe band around his hat.

"You know in those days they had the funeral in the home. We children didn't go. We didn't go to the graveyard either. I remember I had to study. I had my grade eight exams and I was afraid I might fail the grammar. I could remember anything but it was all rote learning and I didn't know what it meant. I was ten years old. "

George stayed after the funeral and for the remainder of the summer, always expecting to go back to Toronto in time for classes. But one day he was playing tennis with a friend and suddenly he began coughing blood.

Panic! Another Gooderham with T B. George appealed to Dr J D Laferty, the government doctor. It was his opinion that George was in serious danger and considering his family history he should stay in the west and live outside as much as possible. That was the treatment in those days. Dr. Laferty put George in a tent, separate from the rest of the family as much as possible. Dr. Laferty hoped that "With care and rest George would recover shortly." University would have to wait!

George was still in the tent when winter arrived and beginning to be concerned as to which would kill him first, consumption or cold. He was able to persuade Dr. Laferty to let him live in the house set aside for the doctor during his trips to the reserve. In effect, George became Dr Laferty's guest and they spent a considerable amount of time together. He learned a great deal about both the doctor and his large extended family of newspaper fame, the Southams.

George recovered and never had a recurrence. Some members of the family have even suggested that his "attack" was much exaggerated and perhaps had more to do with the scare he had suffered watching his mother die. There was also the matter of his university course failures back in Toronto. It is a possibility. The family all recognized George as a bit of a hypochondriac.

LAND FOR SALE

John and Margaret Gooderham arrived in Gleichen just about the same time as everyone else. In 1907 Gleichen was a wild and woolly cowtown. It had the only bank between Calgary and Medicine Hat. Irrigated land, owned by the C P R to the north of the reserve was rapidly, being taken up. The land speculation craze was on. An English colony was forming west of town - to be called Strathmore. French from Quebec were coming to a new colony called Cluny just east of Gleichen. Others from the United States, from Scandinavia, Britain and even Japan were rushing in to stake their future homes. Scandinavians settled just north of town. The Japanese were looking for irrigated land suitable for growing sugar beets and settled to the south near Taber. The Americans and the British settled around Gleichen.

The Blackfoot sat and watched, and wondered. By 1910 they had entered the game. They voted land for a C P R right of way through the reserve and for the Canada Land and Irrigation Main Canal. Their biggest deal was the sale of 130,000 acres south of the irrigation canal. They created a band fund which would assure them food, homes and capital to start farming and other projects. They were wiser than many and established a fund that was to make them the richest band in Canada for many years.

Many, perhaps most of the British pioneers, who bought land were from backgrounds similar to the Hardwicks. Most had believed the brochures and were expecting a countryside comparable to the Lake District of England. They were almost never prepared for the real hardships they were to face. One English couple who were used to a very genteel and servant-assisted life "at home" could never adjust to the fact they had to do the hard labour themselves. Eventually they had to "pack it in " but while they were in Gleichen they never let the other see them in their work clothes. He would come in from the fields in the evening, go directly to his room, change into proper clothing and then reappear. By then his wife would be properly dressed as well and they would carry out the rest of the charade without ever admitting to themselves that it was only a charade.

Another similar family were the Bruces. Charles and his wife bought a farm just north and east of town shortly after the first World War. Charles was one of the most charming, the most engaging as well as one of the hardest drinkers and partiers in town. The rumour was that it took a great deal of Mrs. Bruce's money to keep them going. Perhaps she got fed up. At any rate

they went back to England too. However they didn't sell the farm. There was just too much romance associated with it - at least for Charles. And the romance was to be continued when the next generation of Bruces appeared on the Gooderham door step.

GEORGE AND THE LAND BOOM

George helped with the reserve Fall cattle round-up, considered light work, and not too taxing and he was feeling great by the end of the year. He asked the doctor if he could go to work. He was thinking of opening a real estate office. The doctor agreed that kind of activity would not endanger his health. No advice was given about endangering his economic future. George was able to act as insurance agent for several companies. His area stretched from Medicine Hat to Calgary. His prospects were very good. Real estate was the hot ticket in southern Alberta between 1907 and 1910.

The C P R had a large block of irrigated land east of Calgary, some dry lands to the north and more southeast of the Blackfoot reserve. All were being offered for sale. The C P R was searching for buyers and, using all their international contacts, succeeded in locating a number of prospects in the western United States. The railway brought prospective purchasers to Calgary or other selected stops on the C P R line, then picked them up in one of two rather amazing automobiles which they had specially built for the purpose. The Blue Bird and the Red Bird, as the two cars were known, were the essence of luxury. Enough to impress the most sophisticated American. In 1908 any automobile was impressive but these were something more, almost like a minibus.

The cars were often in Gleichen, the centre for sales, and George got to know the chauffeurs. Once, while still recuperating, he went with one of them to Calgary over the trails that existed at the time. There were no roads but merely wagon trails, two parallel ruts, which wandered across the open prairie according to horse sense and power. Created by and designed for horse-drawn vehicles they were almost impossible for mechanical vehicles to manoeuvre.

On this occasion the car hit a sink hole just west of the reserve. A sink hole was a kind of quick sand. The ground grabbed the vehicle and dragged it further and further into the hole where it remained floating in the muck with no traction and no escape. The young men abandoned ship. The chauffeur went to find some means of rescuing the car, thankful that he had only one (non paying) guest. George was forced to walk to the nearby town of Strathmore and take the train back to Gleichen, thankful he had brought some money with him.

George was not discouraged. During Christmas week he went on another such trip. This time the prospective American buyers were to arrive in Gleichen and be taken north to a district called Dead Horse Lake near the present town of Hussar.

December 30 was a nice brisk winter's day with a light dusting of snow but no deep drifts - a perfect winter day. They arrived at the designated ranch where they would have dinner and sleep before travelling to the sale site the following morning. Their sleeping accomodation was in a bunk house with the least desirable bed on the outside wall reserved for George. It was a long cold night for George who was the first one up and ready for breakfast which was served in the very warm kitchen of the ranch house.

The group took off to inspect the frozen land. Although George wondered how the buyers would know what they were getting when it was all covered with snow, they thought only of possible real estate profits and did not complain about this small technicality. They inspected the site and arrived safely back at the ranch house for an early supper.

As soon as they had eaten they headed for Gleichen and had gone about ten miles when the car started to sputter and finally stopped at a large hill leading down to a small stream known as the Crowfoot Creek. The guests looked at one another and wondered where they might be for New Year's Eve. The chauffeur got out and lifted the hood examining all parts. The verdict: out of gas.

George knew the only rancher in the area, a man called Desjardine. Would he have gas? Not likely. Work on his ranch was done with the help of horses. What would he do with gasoline? Nevertheless the chauffeur said he would go to the ranch and get gas if possible. It was suggested the passengers walk on ahead and he would pick them up as soon as he had the car running again. The passengers agreed to the plan as there appeared to be no other solution. They never saw him again.

It turned out that all three of the prospective buyers had suffered crippling accidents of one kind or another in their youth. One had a gimpy leg, another a damaged ankle. They doubted if they could walk the very long distance to Gleichen.

George was "the youngster" of the group. He was also the only one who knew the area. It was up to him to save them all. He would first help one then the other. They made it to the farming area north of Gleichen - four miles from the town and the railway. Rather than stopping at a farm the group decided they should press on and try to catch the train which was due at

midnight - New Year's Eve. The thought of a train to Calgary and home gave them all extra strength and they reached the station in time. There were no sales that time out! The long walk had allowed lots of time for realistic contemplation.

George crossed the tracks to his father's house on the reserve. No one was there. They were all in town celebrating at the New Year's Eve dance. When John and George's sisters returned he told his story. Sympathy? Not a whit. Concern? Not a jot. Amusement? Certainly. George felt sure the whole town of Gleichen, still awake, could hear the peals of laughter from the Gooderham house on the reserve.

George was not discouraged. In January of the next year he rented an office in Gleichen and started a real estate business. He also wrote insurance and handled loans from life insurance companies. Since he had to travel quite a lot around the country his father allowed him the use of a horse and buckboard. His territory stretched from Calgary, where he would use the street car, to Medicine Hat which he would reach by train and improvise from there.

In the middle of the summer he heard there was a new town sprouting up in the eastern part of Alberta, near Medicine Hat.

There was a stop on the C P R line about 35 miles west of Medicine Hat which had been neglected by land hunters for a very good reason. It was in the short grass belt in the middle of the Palliser triangle, a huge triangle of land stretching across southern Alberta and Saskatchewan. Farmers had been warned against breaking the land and destroying the very thin protective grass cover which kept the soil from blowing away during the inevitable drought and wind storms. Nevertheless sod busters had invaded the area. Between 1909 and 1910 people went land crazy. A boom started around Carlstad, the might-be town. George was tipped off by a company agent who had brought land seekers from the US. The word was, "Get in fast or miss the boat." It was George's opportunity to make it big.

It was a hot day in June. George was twenty-one and about to make his million. He got on the train in Gleichen heading east to Carlstad (changed to Alderson during World War 1 when German names were not popular). On the train, sitting beside a Sergeant of the Mounted Police, George asked if he was checking up on bootleggers, a popular, if illegal occupation in the territory at the time. The answer was No. The sergeant was looking for two very violent prisoners who had escaped and had been seen in the Carlstad area. Because it was a brand new town it was seen as a good place to hide.

George and the Sergeant arrived in Carlstad at 5:30 in the afternoon. The town was like a set for a western movie. Hopalong Cassidy might be just over the hill - if there were a hill. A few wooden buildings had been thrown up but no hotel. The restaurant was a large tent. The proprietor found sleeping accommodation for his restaurant guests. He also knew where liquor could be found - should anyone inquire. The proprietor was deeply concerned. "Why would a Mountie in his red coat be in Carlstad?" Had he heard about the "blind pig?" (illegal liquor outlet). The restaurant owner and his helpers were so nervous it was clear to George and the Sergeant they were guilty of something - probably illicit trafficking. The Sergeant had other matters on his mind. They were served the best meal on the menu - no charge!

It all took some time and George was a little late at the land office. Others ahead of him had grabbed the choice lots in the centre of town. There were two 25-foot lots on the outskirts at a total cost of \$250 - one third down and the balance in two installments, three months and six months. George jumped at the opportunity.

Where were they to sleep? With guidance from "the dining room" they located a room in a shell of a building over a pool room. The search for the two convicts would start bright and early the next morning. The sergeant was expecting to find two criminals masquerading as labourers. George and the sergeant were awakened at midnight by a rapping on the door. Neither paid any attention to shouts of, "How did you get in here?" Finally the man wrenched the door open. Of course the first thing he saw was the Sergeant's uniform and revolver lying on a chair beside the bed. The Sergeant turned over in bed picked up his revolver and pointed it at the intruder who suddenly thought better about disturbing The Law.

The next morning George discovered that he and the sergeant had slept in a room reserved for the local rancher, Jack Morton. Jack, who had a large ranch along the Red Deer River, was famous for his rough and ready ways. He was a huge man with strength to match and a way of getting, or taking, what he needed or wanted. (This is the same Jack Morton who later terrified Mary Kentner on her bridal trip to Calgary). The first person to warn them of the situation was the terrified poolroom operator. Jack Morton had to sleep on the pool table. When he woke in the morning he went after the operator and the restaurateur ready to slaughter them for allowing someone into his room. The two "visitors" were asked to swear they had moved into the room on their own without telling anyone.

George and the Sergeant, who were now friends, had other business to complete - the escaped prisoners. The Sergeant got a team and buggy from a local livery barn and the two took off for a farm about five miles away where the two prisoners had been reported dressed as workmen. After a trip bumping across land that never had been ploughed and should be left as grassland for the pleasure of gophers, badgers, antelope, foxes, pheasants, hawks and rattlesnakes, they saw two partially completed buildings.

As they drew nearer the sergeant said, "Now look, I think they are both here. I want to get up as close as I can - within a couple of hundred yards. I'll leave you with the team and the rifle and I'll go up to the building." George was becoming concerned about how he would play his part. What if the horses got spooked and made a dash for it? What if he had to use the rifle at exactly the same time?

He had no choice but to sit and watch. He saw the Sergeant call the two men down from the building and make them walk back and forth in front of him. George remembered that one of the men was reported to have a limp. He could see clearly from where he was that one man did have a definite limp! It must be them! George saw the three talking and talking. What could be going on? Finally, the sergeant waved George over. Would the prisoners be handcuffed? Where would they sit? Would they have to lie on the floor?

When George drove up he was told the men were honest carpenters who had never seen another soul in the neighbourhood. The sergeant and his "assistant" had to return to Carlstad, the train, and Gleichen, empty-handed. The next day was another scorcher. Old timers said it was the driest summer anyone could remember. Dry and hot enough to remind people of the admonition, "Do not plough this land for if you do it will blow away."

As the summer wore on, rumors from Carlstadt were not good. By the end of August George started wondering if he would be able to sell. Would he be able to pay the next installment? More important, should he pay it? George's old friend, the itinerant land salesman, fortunately reappeared with orders from New York to buy. Did George still have some land? Would he sell? New York could pay \$100 more than George had paid if George could see his way clear to splitting the profit with his friend. Sold! Carlstad survived the war when it was renamed Alderson which didn't stop its rapid decline. But the New Yorker had paid cash and kept on paying his taxes until notices were no longer sent out.

1910 was boom time for George and for Gleichen. The town had just been incorporated and a mayor must be elected. There were three candidates: Dr William Rose, the local physician; Emil Greisbach, the richest man in town; and J B Ostrander, a friend of George's. George wanted to add a little pep to the campaign. He suggested to Ostrander that he would like to play a bit of a trick on him. Ostrander, not knowing what the plan might be, nevertheless said, "Go ahead."

George had the local painters cut two pieces of cardboard about three feet square and paint a red rose between two thistles. He took the two paintings to the livery barn where the proprietor had a nice phaeton - a covered delivery wagon, and fixed a painting on either side of the cab. One of the livery staff drove the "ad" all around town. Almost everyone thought it was a great joke on the two "thistles." And Dr. Rose did win.

In those days it was understood the winner would be taken to the Gleichen Hotel where he would buy drinks for everyone. Rose was a prohibitionist and very close with his money. But he honoured the tradition. Everyone (almost) had a good time. Ostrander thought it was a great joke but the other "thistle," Griesbach, shook his fist in George's face and shouted, "Don't look for any more business from me!"

Griesbach did own most of the land around Gleichen but it was all too expensive for George and George's clients. So George was not worried about the threat. Besides, it was time for him to get back to school.

Another western idyll was over. George had made a complete recovery and went back to Toronto and to University with some very practical experience - and a little money.

JESSIE, ROD AND THE WAR

When Margaret died the whole burden of running the home and family fell on George's sister Muriel's shoulders. She was only eighteen but she was the oldest and had always been her mother's help-mate. She was still in school and had the (not so secret) ambition of going to University. Everyone knew she had the ability. Her sister, Ishbel, admitted, "She was the smartest of us all." But sadly for Muriel it was not to be.

One plan was to have Aunt Jessie Gooderham come from Meadowvale to look after the house and family. She was a music teacher of some fame rather than a homemaker. She played the organ in the Methodist church where her sister Jennie conducted the choir and sang the solos. She lived with her mother and father, her older sister Jennie and her brother George (still another George). They could perhaps spare her. But running a household was going to be quite a stretch for a piano teacher. Would she be able?

Jessie was very highly recommended by George who had grown up with that family in Meadowvale. She was his very favourite aunt and she, in turn, considered him the perfect boy. But in the Meadowvale house George was the only child surrounded by a grandfather, grandmother, two maiden aunts and two uncles! In Gleichen Aunt Jessie would be confronted by Muriel, who had run the household; Kate, who imagined everything; Ishbel, who critiqued everything; Jean who excelled at everything and Rod who stood and watched everything with amazement.

Jessie decided to help out, thinking how nice it would be to become reacquainted with her brother, John, and to meet his children. Would they all be as charming as George?

It turned out that she rarely saw her brother, John. Beautiful, refined, Ontario-raised Aunt Jessie was very much on her own. Would she survive? She wrote to Meadowvale saying, "We have such a busy life. Company interrupts us at any time. There are so many callers here. The Agency especially seems to be the place where coming and going never stops except when they are asleep."

Ishbel explains, "And then of course Aunt Jessie came, and we had Muriel, and things went on. We went to school. Then, Kay went to the convent in Calgary and later Jean and I but Muriel never went. She had to leave school to look after us. It was unfair but that's the way things were done then.

"Aunt Jessie was just the nicest person. She was beautiful too - very patrician looking, should I say. And she had the loveliest neck, the way her head sat on it. She just had the most beautiful neck. She taught Jean and me to play the piano. We were very much impressed that she had studied at the Toronto conservatory. And on Sunday she'd get all dressed up, you know, with a hat, and she played the organ in the church in Gleichen. I don't know how old she was but she dyed her hair. In those days dye meant henna. You know that red, dark red. But I think we were too much for her. And, well, I don't know how she and Muriel got along. After all she was an old maid and pretty set in her ways. But she was awfully good to us.

" I often think of Rod - four girls and one boy and the girls were all good at school and he was slow. I can remember as well as anything when Aunt Jessie was there. I got up every morning at six to study, which was quite unnecessary but I felt it was what one did, and Aunt Jessie would get Rod up and he and I would sit at the table in front of the window in that little room that I was in when mother died. And we'd sit at the desk and dear Aunt Jessie - she'd always leave two pieces of fruit cake and two glasses of milk. And of course I would try to teach Rod but he wouldn't even listen.

"He was delicate. I can remember when we were little youngsters, out watering the chickens. You know you had to use boiling hot water in the winter when it was cold. I think it was when we were at the Piegans and I know the water spilled over onto his arm and of course Jean and I pulled his wool sweater up and we pulled his skin right off. All his life he had a little map of the world running up his arm in a raised series of scars.

"When he grew up he worked on the cattle round-ups with the Blackfoot, branding cattle and all. But he wasn't really strong enough. And then of course the war came. He shouldn't have gone. He really didn't have any soldier qualities. I've often thought he should never have been taken in the army. He went to Calgary to the barracks there. I remember we all went up to see him. He came home for a holiday and got the measles in Gleichen. I had to get Dr Rose over from town and Rod couldn't go back to Calgary until he was better. And Uncle George (from Meadowvale) was living with us then. And we had to give his bedroom to Rod. And, of course Rod recovered but we all wondered how he would get along all on his own and in an army.

"Then they shipped him overseas with his unit, and we never saw him again. He used to write long letters to father and I know before he went father gave him a silver cigarette case. My, but my father loved him so.

“And the first thing of course we got back from the army was a telegram saying he was missing. And we didn't hear any more for a whole year. He was considered missing for a year. It was so hard on my father. Rod was at the Battle of Courcelette (his very first battle) where the Canadians were just mowed down by the hundreds. Well, eventually, after a year they found this disk with his numbers on it - this disk all pitted with little pinholes, you know, and they sent the cigarette case back. And that was the end of it. It was so hard on my father.”

Aunt Jessie was in Gleichen for less than a year. She found life in Gleichen strange and a little scary. Her letters home - to her sister, Jenny, her sister-in-law, May, and her brothers, Will and George, in Meadowvale described the world she saw. She wrote her sister-in-law, May:

May 12, 1909

"It's 9 o'clock at night and still quite light. Received your letter with the recipe enclosed. Thank you very much. We made two pies the next day and they were lovely but not such a nice white colour as yours. I made two more last Saturday. I boiled the corn starch first, perhaps that is not right.

"This is a lovely day. It rained hard all yesterday for the first time since I came. My, but it was nice. The air is so fresh today and more like our own climate. It is so dry here. Even now the grass in the fields looks brown. The garden has to be watered every week. We carry pails.

"Muriel is much better (she had suffered from both diphtheria and rheumatic fever) and has been out planting sweet peas and wild cucumber. It is used a great deal here in place of virginia creeper or boston ivy. I think because of the dryness. Some people even use wild hops.

"The children are beginning to talk of the 24th of May already. Muriel expects to have some girl friends visit here.

"You will be house cleaning in Meadowvale. It is hard to get it started here. So much cold weather. The furnace has been going just as in the winter. Alberta farmers have about finished seeding even though the season is so backward. I'm sure your sister will enjoy Muskoka. She enjoyed it so much last year. I sent her a little booklet from Banff when we went for a visit there. I wonder if she received it? Give her my love."

And in November of the same year Jessie wrote her brothers, Will and George. Neither had mapped out a satisfactory life for himself. They had read the propaganda put out by the Federal Government and the C P R describing "this land of opportunity" in western Canada. Jessie was not encouraging.

Nov. 28, 1909

"The altitude here is considered too high for nervous people. Many people cannot live in Calgary at all. I often tell Johnnie (John) the climate does not agree with him but it is not easy for him to make a change with a family so utterly dependent upon him. I am almost sure he is not going home this winter. But he is looking very well now. It's just a year since Margaret died.

"Now I'm not saying that to discourage you from coming out - not at all. Only this. Nervous people may take a dislike to their own home and when they go to a new one cannot stay there either. For the world is much the same, go where we will. But that has nothing to do with a trip for pleasure.

"The land is covered with snow now. Although today a chinook wind has taken most of the snow away. But for about four weeks the temperature registered zero degrees minus 10 or even minus 15 everyday, and to drive in that weather means furs galore.

"Opportunities here are much greater of course, but unless you are very strong and have a certain amount of money, no use coming to put up with inconveniences when you could be more comfortable at home. And if you have a comfortable home you are just as well off as a millionaire. But I say come and have a look at the country. And the change may do you good.

"The Piegan reserve land went very high. The lowest, I believe, was \$2 an acre. Americans came in and bought it all up. Jack (John) did not get any. It was too expensive and the land is no use to speculators at that price. Besides there has been a deal of disputing over it. The Indians are not pleased.

"There is no need to have regrets over the Piegan land. It would be of no use to you whatever. Still there are many other parts not so expensive.

"It is necessary to see the West to understand much about it and why it is so very different from the East. Living is very expensive and the people do not think any more of \$5 than an Easterner would think of a cent.

"George is looking well and I hope he will not have any serious illness. The great danger is another hemorrhage. He rides, drives, skates and everything normal. We all hope he will get through the winter safely. He took me for a little drive this afternoon and both of us had excellent appetites for dinner."

She writes her sister-in-law just before Christmas.

Dec 19, 1909

"Gleichen is not much like Meadowvale. Dancing is the principal amusement but of course entertainments of all kinds are held in connection with

the church. Miss Wilson and I staged a duet at the box social. My box sold for \$2. The manager of the bank bought it so I had to eat supper with him and enjoy his company which was very pleasant.

"I have been busy preparing Ishbel and Jean to play a duet at the Xmas concert in the town hall. But I think it is postponed on account of diphtheria.

"Muriel is coming out at the Ranch Men's Ball on the 29th. It is the major social event of the year here. And Kate will be home from the convent. And so the whole family will be together.

"I am not sending you anything, May. There is no choice in the stores here and everything is such an exorbitant price.

"I am a long way from you all but I am going to make the very best of it. My life here is very strenuous and no rest. But if you and Georgie (Jessie's brother) can come I'll do my best for you."

By 1910 Jessie was able to convince the family she should return to Meadowvale.

Jan 18,1910

"I must close now, Jean is undressing beside me. She sleeps with me."

A HOME FOR JEAN

Jean who was only seven when her mother died came to rely on Aunt Jessie. When Jessie decided she must return to Meadowvale the first question in everybody's mind was, "What about Jean?" The family wondered if she should go to the convent in Calgary? Was she too young for boarding school? Should she stay at home with Muriel? Would that be fair to Muriel whose dream of university was already fading.

Another possibility arose. Duncan Campbell Scott was a close friend and an Indian Affairs colleague in Ottawa. The Scotts had just lost their only child, a daughter, and Mrs. Scott was disconsolate. The two men, Scott and Gooderham, commiserated with one another and wondered what they might do. Would it help if Jean were to live with the Scotts in Ottawa where her various talents could be nurtured and developed and where she might also be a great comfort to Mrs. Scott? Both might benefit. Jean would have a mother and Mrs. Scott a daughter.

The two men reckoned the plan might work. Their families had much in common. Both were looking for a career in 1879 and both used the direct route to employment, through the Big Boss in Ottawa – the Prime Minister. John was twenty, Scott just seventeen.

Scott explained: "My father was an old friend and supporter of John A Mac Donald. He was not only Prime Minister but Minister of Indian Affairs as well. In 1879 that was how most people got their job. No examinations, you just found a powerful friend in the Government and asked for a job."

In John's case almost the whole Gooderham clan supported John A. MacDonald and his answer to John's request for employment was direct. "Well, you were raised on a farm and I think we'll need men like you. The Indians will have to learn how to farm. They may want to try large corporate farms similar to the ones run by Gooderham and Worts. If you're prepared to go out west, to the North West Territories, and do whatever is required, there'll be a job for you."

Both young men took the opportunity and the challenge and joined Indian Affairs at the bottom of the ladder. John became a "rationer" in what is now Saskatchewan - a

rationer was a young man who travelled across the prairie bringing food to isolated Indian bands entitled to food rations under treaty.

Scott, son of a Methodist minister, was a perfect candidate for a job in Ottawa and he became a clerk grade three, a person who looked after, and recorded, all the details of government no one else had time to remember. They both were at the bottom of the pile but were not easily overlooked. Both kept being promoted even though in quite different capacities.

They were both poets by nature but they did not see this interest as antithetical to business. Scott has been quoted as saying at a luncheon meeting of authors in Ottawa in search of better copyright laws, "I am a poet and therefore a good businessman. Both the good poet and the good businessman feel the inner urge to express themselves, the one in the mastery of words and the other in the adept use of things and forces." Both John and Scott were raised with a healthy respect for the role business had to play in the making of Canada. They did not meet until John became an agent and Scott an official in Ottawa. But they appear to have become instant friends. They had more things in common than poetry and humble beginnings in the Civil Service.

They both knew the "Indian" business from the bottom up. John dealt directly with the Indian people, learned their language and much about their ways. Busy people had no time for that. But there came a time during the rebellion of 1885, when knowing the Indian leaders, their language and customs was invaluable. As for Scott, he was in charge of remembering all the things other "important" people were too busy to think about. And in Ottawa where the elected bosses came and went with regularity, knowing the facts became invaluable. In no time at all the answer to the question, "Who does have the answer around here?" was "Better ask Scott."

The two had other things in common as well. They were both raised in Ontario in strong Methodist families where music, art, literature and education were not only valued but part of every day life. They both spent their entire career with Indian Affairs. Others came and went but they carried Indian history in their being. They both appreciated and admired Canada's very diverse native peoples. Both were vitally concerned that these

peoples, scattered across the country in small groups, not become marginalized as more and more immigrants filled every province. It was this basic concern - that the Indian people not be left behind - which motivated all the policies either made.

John and Scott felt Jean would find it easy to adapt to Ottawa and the Scott household. Scott and his wife had visited the Gooderhams in their home in Gleichen and could recognize the similarity in living style. The idea was presented and Jean agreed to try it. Later she was to say:

"They were very kind to me but you know Mrs Scott was still mourning her daughter. What could I do or say? Besides, I was a little afraid of Mr Scott. He seemed so stern. Mrs Scott certainly looked after me, sent me skating at the Old Minto Club, tobogganing on the government slide. And Mr Scott took me to see the Mint where I was given a just-minted quarter.

"They lived in a big rambling house at 108 Lisgar street. Isn't it funny I should remember that? Mrs Scott made me memorize the address - just in case. They didn't have many visitors because Mrs Scott was so down but Mr Scott was really interested in music and theater. He would often be out in the evening and the maid told me he was at a play or at the symphony. Sometimes he even had musicians come to the house to play for Mrs Scott and some of their friends. I've been told he started the Ottawa Little Theatre which was still going strong when I was in Ottawa fifty years later. Of course he also worked very hard - just like Papa.

"I went to Mr Scott's office once. It was in one of those big old buildings in Ottawa near the Parliament Buildings. There was a kind of piano there. When I tried to play it the keys went down but there wasn't any sound. He called it a dumb piano and explained that when he had a really difficult problem to think about he would sit down at the "piano" and play. He understood music so well that he could hear all the notes in his head and while he was playing the solution to the problem often became clear.

"They were very kind people but you know I was only eight and there were no children around. I really missed Ishbel and Rod and Kay and Muriel and, most of all, Papa. It wasn't easy

for Mrs Scott either. I don't think she ever recovered from her loss and I didn't stay with them very long."

Jean chose schooling in the convent in Calgary.

RESCUING GEORGE

George returned to university in Toronto and to bad news. He had failed two courses and had not written - and passed - the supplemental exams. The verdict: "We will allow you to return to the Faculty of Arts but you must repeat the third year." George might have expected that news but he did not and was very upset. Although he had returned with some money it was far from enough to finance an extra year. There was also his pride. He did not look forward to explaining his failure to friends and relatives in either the west or east. Who could help?

The obvious answer was W G Gooderham whose magic had solved problems in the past. After some consideration W G announced McMaster University might be the answer. McMaster was a small university, originally a Baptist Theological College, which was in the process of broadening its student body to the general public. It was just a block east of George's fraternity house on Bloor street. What a splendid idea! George's grandfather had been a Baptist preacher in Toronto's pioneer days and although George was not a Baptist he was a Methodist and he felt sure his Methodist upbringing would help. It would be like revisiting history. McMaster was willing to replace the two failed subjects with two courses on religion but allow George to finish a degree in political science. He was rescued.

George didn't know many McMaster students nor did he want to. He was still at the same fraternity house and still able to associate with his friends from the University of Toronto. He attended lectures, went home to the fraternity house and picked up his old friendships - including his growing interest in Mary Kentner. He made one significant change. He worked a little harder to ensure passing grades. He graduated in 1912 just one year later than his classmates but with no honours and no future.

He visited Edmund Morris to rekindle a friendship they had initiated on the Blackfoot Reserve when George drove Edmund from one appointment to another. Edmund's Toronto studio was at 43 Victoria street [E M F A]. His family's residence at 471 Jarvis St. had been sold [it was later designated for preservation under the Ontario Heritage Act [E M F A]]. In 1911 Edmund turned the studio into an apartment where he both lived and worked. George remembers on one of his visits that Edmund showed him a water colour depicting an Indian burial - the body was placed in a dead tree in the sand hills. The painting impressed George because it expressed for him the essence of Blackfoot religion. But George found Edmund

depressed, perhaps because this watercolour, which he considered so vital, so important, had not been recognized by judges at a recent art exhibition. George concluded that Edmund was very unhappy. Unfortunately he was right. He never saw Edmund again.

In 1913 Edmund was showing signs of ill health and in August he went to visit a friend near Portneuf, Quebec. He was sketching on the railway bridge near there when he fell into the St. Lawrence river and was drowned.

George decided to stay in Toronto but later admitted he had an inflated opinion of his worth and ability and didn't take any of the jobs available in many establishments at the low end, entrance level.

His realized his only work experience was time spent in Gleichen in real estate and insurance. It so happened he had a cousin, Henry Macdonald, who owned a very successful real estate business at 2 Toronto street. George was sure he could do just as well in Toronto as in Gleichen and persuaded Henry to take him into the firm. The firm specialized in buying and selling large properties, each transaction involving large sums of money. George would be expected to bring in additional business in the same category. After all everyone knew George had extensive contacts with the Gooderhams, the Pellats and other members of the Toronto establishment. He would be an immediate success.

The plan had a flaw or two. In Gleichen there had been a land rush. There was no hysterical land frenzy in Toronto. No one came knocking on the door pleading to buy. George's contacts were all social. He knew little or nothing about the business interests of his famous friends and found he didn't know how to acquire that information. He soon discovered he had few if any of the skills of a salesman and even fewer prospects. He brought no business to the firm and spent his time in the financial district hoping.

In order to get a feel for the business world he began frequenting the King Edward Hotel, a popular meeting place for Toronto businessmen on King street just opposite Henry Macdonald's office. George was about to be tempted and tried.

Gold and silver had been discovered in northern Ontario near Cobalt and Porcupine. New companies were being established weekly and the hotel was filled with mining men. George sensed a similarity to the land frenzy in Gleichen which had been so economically rewarding. He got caught up in the fever.

Two American promoters persuaded one of George's fraternity brothers to set up an investment firm with George as part of the deal. George had only the Gooderham name to offer and no idea that it was only the name they were looking for. A name like Gooderham was certainly worth more than \$15 a week but George considered himself lucky.

The Americans turned out to be crooks and the firm was accused by a periodical called *Hush* of misappropriating funds which should have gone to a mine development. The Gooderhams learned of George's connection to the scandal and W G sent a message he was to resign immediately. George had "blotted his copy book." It was 1914. He had no job, no money and may have lost his sponsor. But when everything looked pretty bleak another rescuer arrived. This time it was his fraternity brother, Dave Harvey.

In 1914 Toronto had a privately owned street railway system which serviced the most southerly part of the growing city. Neither the rolling stock nor the rail bed were being properly kept up in spite of public demands for better service. And in 1914 the city council was forced to take action. They inaugurated a public company called the Civic Railways and Dave Harvey was named general manager. It had no stock of course and he had to construct, pave and install rail lines as well as installing street cars on the new lines. There was no service north of Bloor street but the area had already developed into a very popular residential district known as the Annex. The area was particularly popular with Toronto's elite who had their eye on land even further north beyond St Clair.

The company decided to start with the St Clair highway from Yonge street west and to get streetcars operating on it. They first had to negotiate purchase of the necessary land which happened to be owned by Sir Henry Pellat, one of Toronto's most prominent businessmen, who grazed a herd of deer on a large open area south of St Clair. The time was right. Pellat had started to build his huge home, Casa Loma, near the foot of the hill about midway between Bloor and St Clair. The project was costing a great deal of money and he was glad to sell the deer park to the city. It may also have been significant that Dave was a very good friend of Sir Henry's.

There was little or no power machinery in those days and the proposed road crossed a large valley which would have to be filled and brought to grade. Dave had to put together a huge work force familiar with excavating and constructing a roadway using the only tools available at the time - horses and men. George could be trusted and was given the job of timekeeper which meant site administrator. It required a lot of running around making sure men were where they

ought to be when they ought to be. George enjoyed it and pocketed the \$2.50 per day for six days a week.

The job was done in record time. The street was paved and rails constructed east to Yonge street. Was George out of a job? No. Next he was trained as a motorman and learned how to operate a car along this new route, stopping and starting being the scary part. Particular care was to be taken when women were getting off. They invariably stepped off with their backs to the front of the car. If the motorman started too soon before the woman was clear of the car with both feet on the pavement she could fall back and crack her head against the car. A severe head injury could result in a damage suit. George got the message.

George was also involved in the next project at Davenport Avenue east of the Don River just north of an area known as Cabbage Town. Most of the residents were working class or small shop owners and needed public transportation desperately. Two large factories, a brewery and a soap factory situated in the Don river valley, would be serviced and at the southern tip there was the extremely popular Woodbine race track at which the Queen's plate had been run each May 24th since 1862.

Cabbage Town had expanded as far as Davenport avenue but without any connecting railway east and west, and just north was a glue factory. As the population moved north public outcries filled the newspapers. The glue factory was an offence and must be moved. But glue was in high demand and the factory was big business. It might almost be called a public benefactor. The glue was produced primarily from dead horses and if a horse died on a Toronto street the company wagon would soon arrive to remove the carcass to the plant.

There were further complaints. As an adjunct to the factory the owner had erected small houses on small parcels of land which provided for the raising of pigs or fowl. There was another public outcry. Some people were beginning to call Toronto hogtown. It was clear both the factory and the small farms were an impediment to the development of the city. When defending his position the owner was able to prove the community was in fact healthy and no one became sick. However, for a price, he might be willing to sell and relocate. Thanks perhaps to Dave Harvey's negotiating skills, the city was able to make a deal and it did not take long to pave Davenport and to run cars on it.

Another area just north and west was building up rapidly and had no street car line. The company constructed a temporary line running from Dundas street two or three miles into the

area known as High Park. This spur line was to be George's home away from home for the next year or more. Part residential and part park the area had two different clients. Residents needed transportation in and out of the district. Perhaps even more significant, visitors (of which there were hundreds) needed an inexpensive way in and out of the park to enjoy picnics, fishing, boating or walking hand in hand.

As the Humber (and the spur line) meandered south it passed an old abandoned mill, a perfect spot for a restaurant where diners could live with architectural history while looking out into nature's paradise. It was a site filled with promise. An enterprising promoter took over the wreck and turned it into The Old Mill Restaurant. His foresight has been recognized over the century as the restaurant has been rejuvenated, expanded and improved over the years. In 2001 it is still a major Toronto attraction - some say better than Casa Loma - and is still advertised as "Toronto's landmark of hospitality since 1914." It was an immediate hit and a favorite destination for many of George's passengers.

He no longer ran a car but was now cashier for the whole project which was serviced by three passenger cars and a work car, a foreman, four conductors, a motorman and George (still at \$2.50 a day). He was now working seven days a week as the highest traffic was on the weekends catering to people visiting the park - and the restaurant. The new job had many advantages. The first was that he was able to walk to work from the fraternity house at the corner of Bloor and St. George.

Although George was called cashier he was actually the manager, the title merely a reminder that cash was the number one consideration and the manager's primary responsibility was receipts.

Each conductor carried a fare-box to collect fares - three cents cash or a ticket at twenty for fifty cents. George gave each conductor an initial collection of coins which were subtracted from the amount received back when the fare-box was returned at the end of the shift. Each fare-box was locked with George holding the only key. He had to account for all the tickets and roll the cash into rolls which he then banked. An accountant arrived on site every two weeks to confirm the accounting. He knew how much a thousand tickets would weigh and never failed to make the check by weight. George's calculations were all accepted and he was left alone to run the line as he saw fit.

There was a second serious responsibility. The line was temporary and consequently merely laid on top of the ground without a proper bed. At a low spot where the east and west cars passed each other the bed was never firm and waved up and down, particularly in wet weather. Every so often this waving would cause a car to run off the track. Once notified, George and the foreman would jump on the work-car and rush to the site. They would tamp the earth back down under the rails and spike them back into the wooden ties, then jack up the car and put it back on the rails. No one ever seems to have been hurt

Customers forced to stand about watching this performance felt free to make remarks - rarely complimentary. Some demanded their fare back. Some walked the rest of the way. Some hoofed it to the competitor's line.

The small crew of regulars enjoyed working together. There was very little stress. They were on their own and enjoyed meeting all the passengers who were often on holiday and full of fun. They had a good time. George kept his job until he enlisted in the University of Toronto Officer Training Corps in March 1916.

In retrospect George had to admit his post university practical education although sometimes painful, was perhaps more useful than the political economics he studied. He learned many lessons without the need to pass a supplemental. He also learned he liked being boss and men liked working for him. He was a natural leader.

ISHBEL GOES EAST

“I went East to visit all the relatives in the summer of 1914. I was Eeighteen and had been teaching school so I could afford to buy my own ticket. I hadn't been anywhere but Calgary. I mean I'd been to the Maritimes with my mother and the whole family had gone to Meadowvale when we took George east to go to school. But I'd never been on a trip by myself.

Our friend, Frances B, who boarded at our place when she taught school in Gleichen went as far as Owen Sound with me. She was on her way to the Maritimes to visit her family. It seems every Nova Scotia girl becomes a teacher on the prairie. In Owen Sound I stayed with Papa's cousin called Mrs Wright but we called her "Klean". Her first husband Was MacLean and that's where she got the nickname. She came to Gleichen to help arrange Muriel's wedding to Hayden Curran earlier that year. Haydon was a banker, sent to Gleichen from Winnipeg where his father was a judge. And anyway she was lovely and we just loved her. She was so elegant and engineered the wedding so nicely.

Klean arranged parties before the wedding as well as the wedding itself. And “*The Gleichen Call*” wrote them all up. Kay and I were at the "At Home" just before the wedding. Kay wore pale pink silk crepe de chine trimmed with shadow lace and I wore white crepe de chine with touches of mauve. Aunt Jessie was there too and wore silk trimmed with cream lace. Muriel wore mauve and looked great but Klean was the best. She had a black silk with a train and a tunic of embroidered fish net. She was a perfect "Mama."

The table was decorated in shades of blue (including the batchelor buttons) and when people came in the front door they were greeted by the sight and perfume of huge masses of honeysuckle and lilacs. It was terrible weather but everybody came and Klean made us all feel special. She was the one who persuaded me to take the trip east. Aunt Jessie was going to be back in Meadowvale by then too. So I would see relatives I already knew and liked.

“Well, I had to go to visit the aunts in Meadowvale and Klean took me over and, of course, the aunts were jealous of her or at least Aunt Jenny was jealous because Klean was so beautiful and rich. She was a widow but she'd been married twice. She was tall with white hair and everybody looked at her. She had this lovely old home in Owen Sound, filled with everything. And her husband had left her money. She was just the nicest person.

“Meadowvale was so different I couldn't fit in. Their idea of an evening was to sit around and tell jokes. Well I never knew any jokes.

“I loved Aunt Jessie when she lived with us and helped Muriel bring us up. She was so good to us. She was very kind. She dyed her hair. In those days not many women dared do that. There was only one dye colour, henna, a dark, red colour. Even so she was very nice looking, very patrician, I thought, and she had the loveliest neck, the way her head sat on it. But things were different in Meadowvale.

"Both Aunt Jessie and Aunt Jenny were very narrow Methodists. Aunt Jenny was really mean-spirited, just, you know, an old maid sitting there, with all sorts of terrible things coming out of her mouth. When Louise (cousin) was a little girl she went to visit Aunt Jenny in a brand new dress her mother had just made for her. Aunt Jenny just went on and on about what all was wrong with that dress. Louise burst into tears. That didn't stop Aunt Jenny. You know Holly Armstrong, Aunt Libby's son, well he came with his parents from Chicago and Aunt Jenny was just so rude to him he told his mother he would never come to Canada again if that woman was still there.

“Neither Aunt Jenny nor Aunt Jessie got married. I don't think they ever found anyone good enough for them. Well, you see they were Gooderhams and stuck in Meadowvale. They were both very musical and Aunt Jenny had a beautiful singing voice. The story is that there was there was at least one person who thought she was "pretty special". But she never married.

Meadowvale was only twenty five miles from Toronto but the majority of people my age that Jenny and Jessie associated with had never been to Toronto. Mind you it was a beautiful spot, right on the Credit river. They took me for a canoe ride. But that wasn't any favour. I was scared stiff of water.

“Aunt Jessie took me to visit the MacDonalds in Toronto. They lived in a big house on a huge ravine in Rosedale. They had big beautiful gardens but you could hardly sit anywhere because it was like the side of a mountain. They were all cousins. Peter Macdonald, the father, was Grandmother Gooderham's brother and Klean's uncle (because Klean's mother was Grandmother Gooderham's and Uncle Peter's sister). He had a fancy store in downtown Toronto. But I think his wife inherited money from her family. There was one son, Henry, and three sisters, Eldred, Georgie and Howie. The girls thought George was really something. I think they

had a secret crush on him. I found out there were a lot of women in Toronto who had a crush on George. I didn't think much of some of them.

I stayed a few days with George's friends, the Rogers. You know, Sir Henry Pellat was her brother. Well, her husband was the inspector of prisons or something and I don't think he ever came home if he could stay away. Oh she was awful and they had one daughter, just as ugly as could be, with whiskers you know and of course, she was wanting George to marry her. She had really wanted Dave, an engineer who was a fraternity brother of George's, but she had to give up that dream when he married some one else.

"Well, I said to George they were just the most unpleasant people I had ever met. It's true I grew up in the far-away-west but we were taught how to behave. They had nothing to be snooty about. As far as I'm concerned they had absolutely no breeding. Particularly that Mrs Rogers! When I told George what I thought, he nearly knocked me over but he knew it was true.

She took me all through the Pellat's house. Well, it's Casa Loma now isn't it? The Pellats were away somewhere. You know Sir Henry Pellat was the O C (Officer Comanding) of some battalion in the second Riel Rebellion. That's how he got the "Sir." There were these fur rugs everywhere. It was a very impressive place but too ornate. We went all through the stables and everything. They even had silver things for the horses to drink from.

George's friend, Dave, was running the whole Toronto streetcar system then. Maybe he owned it. Anyway when I was there his wife had their first baby so there was a huge celebration - put on by Mrs. Rogers.

When I think of that woman. I had to go back to Meadowvale and she took me down to the bus stop with her chauffeur and just left me there. And I've often thought. I had to catch the train back to Meadowvale. And I knew absolutely zero. And they lived up in Forest Hill which was the new part of Toronto then. It was way out in the sticks. And when I think about it she didn't have anyone take me back. I stood out in the middle of the forest for the bus! Well, when I think about it.

"Some man asked if he could help and took my suitcase. Now today he would have seduced me and we would have had a lovely story. And he took me down to the train station. And I got to Meadowvale on my own. I got back to Gleichen on my own too! First to Owen Sound and then across the lake and back onto another train to Winnipeg and Medicine Hat

“The last time I was talking to George I told him back then he was just like a valet for the Rogers. He was just a regular bum and he had to agree. They just wanted him around as a decoration. You know he was very nice looking and very presentable. He spoke well and knew more than any of them. Anyway when Mr Rogers died George got all his clothes, an overcoat and that leather trunk. Their son was killed in the war and George got his jacket and tails. Maybe they did love him.

“In Meadowvale the Gooderhams were living in a nice little house on the road to Brampton across from the house they lived in when Grandfather, George Sr, was running the Gooderham and Worts farm. Uncle Will was working for his father-in-law in some business that they owned. Anyway the Gooderhams still had a big farm and the house had an upstairs and a garden with raspberries and all sorts of fruit and vegetables. G&W had sold the farm when they no longer wanted it and Grandfather had bought half.

I got home by myself. I stopped in Medicine Hat to visit one of my first school teachers. We all travelled Pullman in those days. It was a nice way to travel. And I remember there were these two young men - we were sitting in the observation car and we chatted. I suppose I was attractive enough and, anyway they asked me my name. They were from the University of Toronto and when they heard the name Gooderham they said. "My God if I ever had that name I'd hang onto the shirt tails" - and would I like to have a drink. I didn't ever drink not even then so I probably had an orange juice or something.

“But I've often thought it was a great trip. It was the year war was declared. I was in Toronto. You know, when they said it was declared I didn't think much of it at all. It was just so far away. But when I got back - that would be September - everything changed. I didn't teach again and Muriel was already married and Kay got married at Christmas. Maybe their Husbands got married so they wouldn't have to go to war. Hayden (Muriel's husband) didn't go. Neither did Harry (Kay's husband). Rod did and you know what happened to him. Bob (Ishbel's husband) had a terrible time.

MARY'S DIARY: University Daze

Mary was an orphan. She was also an heiress. Her mother died in 1905 when Mary was sixteen and still in high school. There were many relatives with whom she might live but she chose her mother's sister's family partly because she had spent so many years with them at the cottage in Muskoka but also because they were living in Toronto at 5 Chicora just blocks north of the University of Toronto. Mary had already determined she would go to university!

The family consisted of Mary's Aunt Sarah, who Mary called "Auntie", her Uncle Henry Matthews, a prominent Methodist minister, called "Uncle", and two cousins, William, called Will, who owned and operated a chemical company in Memphis, Tennessee and Elizabeth, living with her parents and called "Did" by everyone. While Rebecca, Mary's mother, was alive and a widow, the two families were almost like one but after Rebecca's death the Matthews became "the family". Mary thought of Will and Did as her big brother and sister and her Aunt Sarah was certainly a surrogate mother.

In 1910, in her third year at the University, Mary began keeping a diary which reveals:

Mary the student - perhaps less dedicated than expected but able to manage all her interests successfully. "Up early. Went to German late" and the same week "Uncle slept in and did not wake me. Did not get to ethics. Went to French. Missed History but stayed for Constitutional History."

Mary the politician - popular but perhaps a little unsure. "Alice told me who were up against me in the elections for vice-president. Talked to Thetas (her sorority) about nomination. They advised me to give up vice- president and take Evangelia. Home early. Talked to family about the nomination. They advised me to run for vice-president. They forgot it might mean I would spoil two of my sorority sister's chances. In a terrible state of mind over nomination." The next day. "Gave my withdrawal but they did not want to accept it." Mary insisted and four days later, "Danced and voted until twelve. All Frat girls turned down. Louise (Theta) stayed up until the last and only lost by three votes." As expected Mary was given Evangelia.**

There was Mary, the athlete. While visiting on Prince Edward Island (PEI), "Played tennis in the morning and again in the afternoon. Made candy for the tennis party. Put on white skirt and midi blouse. Played quoits as well as more tennis in the evening. Had coffee and little cakes. Enjoyed the whole thing." After many childhood summers with the Mathews at their Muskoka

lakes St Elmo cottage, she developed a passion for paddling, rowing and, particularly, sailing. Later golf was added to her repertoire.

She had social graces. "Played the piano most of the afternoon, then went to Mrs E B Osler's tea. The house is grand with wonderful paintings. There is a heated conservatory and the dining room has dome skylights. Mrs. O was charming. Afterwards walked along Roxborough to hear the band."

Mary's Methodist upbringing was not abandoned. In her second year, she is elected Spiritual Advisor on the Student Council at University College. And in her third year, Evangelia. We do not know when she began ignoring the Methodist proscriptions against dancing, alcohol, cards and smoking but she did. "In the evening Uncle John, Did and I smoked Will's cigarettes while he was away." As for card playing, "We were learning how to play bridge." Consuming alcohol came later and was never a passion. Early in 1910 she says "Wish some fraternity would ask me to a dance - one ambition." Almost on the next page invitations to dances arrive and are accepted.

Mary, dedicated member of the brainy Kappa Alpha Theta sorority, is very much interested in parties, dancing, music, theatre, and young men. We meet Mary the student, Mary the politician, Mary the sorority sister, the socialite, the musician. But it is young men who fill the pages of the 1910 -11 - 12 diaries.

Her diary makes reference to a bewildering array of young men who send flowers, take her driving, skating, sailing, to the theatre and for long walks. Most are identified only by their first name and fortunately for us she chose men with different first names.

There is Pete, a beau from Parkdale days. Creasor, George Gooderham's fraternity brother, who appears on the pages long before George does. There is Harold, who takes her to the theatre, Pelt, Lyman, Tommy, Allan, Wilf, Bert, Hubert and more.

In 1910, Pete, the engineer and heir to a construction company seems to have the inside track. "Pete came along about nine with a box of candies." There are many entries documenting gifts of flowers ("more violets"), chocolates and candies and many distractions from studies including skating to popular bands. But Mary maintains the balance. "Went to all my lectures including Latin. Walked up Bedford. Studied all afternoon. Went skating with Pete in the evening. The ice was cracked all over. Nearly fell many times. Did made a party for us at Chicora afterwards. R came to pick up Pete and the two stayed to visit."

There were motor rides in automobiles which were rare and unusual at that time "Met Pete at Bedford. Went for a grand drive into the country. Got blossoms. Pete is gold." Sounds definite doesn't it ?

What's more, Mary visits Pete's mother. "Went to call on Mother Godson. Met several other women. Talked church and babies. Enjoyed it splendidly."

But then, without warning when Mary is leaving to spend the summer with friends in Prince Edward Island, "Said good-bye to Pete. Told him I could not get along with him. He really said the word ('marry me') and I believed him. He said he couldn't tolerate being one among many. It must be he alone. Really hated myself for a minute but recovered as I walked along Bathurst past Davenport and on Dupont at the bridge."

There was Creasor, classmate and favourite of the Thetas, who was Mary's friend and confidant and who seemed always to be present. "Saw Creasor in the library and we talked about his fraternity brothers."

Creasor was part of the gang. "Dance closed at twelve. Creasor telephoned for a taxi but it did not come and so we all walked to Bloor and got a (street) car there.

"Was not ready when Ceasor came. Got to rink for the 5th band. Skated all the time with Creasor and S Had a dance in the small room. Only danced with Creasor, S and Tommy H Creasor developed a huge crush on K"

Lyman makes a brief appearance. "Went downtown about 5:30 to have hair done. Was not quite ready when Lyman called for me. Had a glorious time. All dandy people - including Creasor. Pete and Lyman both sent me flowers."

Pelt, a reserve beau, knows the theatre should form a part of any decent courtship routine. "Went to see Viola Allen in the *White Sister* at the Royal with Pelt - four acts and demanding throughout - terribly pathetic. But I did not weep. The whole company was splendid. Wore my white dress under my coat."

Harold, one of Pete's out of town rivals, also understood the spell of the theatre. "Harold called from Kingston and asked me to go to the theatre next week.

"Harold came up to Toronto and also sent the loveliest flowers. Met him at Murrays. Had seats in the front row of the balcony. He walked home with me and stayed for tea. Dunlops delivered flowers (from Pete) at 1:30 in the morning. Got up and put them in water."

Pete still surviving, but Wilf, another mystery man, appears more and more often. "Went to church at night. More violets from Pete. Wrote to Wilf."

"Had a terrible headache. Pete telephoned. Letter from Wilf. Went with him to Massey Hall for the Extravaganza."

Pete also has to compete with fantasy men. "Dreamt about 'the only man'. Had just boasted I never dreamt of what I was thinking and then I did it."

"Passed 'the only man'. Did not see him at first but felt it was he and looked around. Pete phoned."

On her way to P E I Mary does not hesitate to phone Harold. "Up at five. Went ashore at Kingston and phoned Harold. He did seem cross but probably was not properly awake."

But Mary knew her man. Being wakened at five or six in the morning did not destroy Harold's interest in Mary.

She remembers him on the return trip although there were onboard distractions. "Saw ever so many exciting men getting on board. Two men from Detroit and Cincinnati talked with me. The handsome, dark-haired man sang. Up at seven. Sat at the breakfast table next to the dark man. Harold came on. Put my baggage on board the train to Toronto and we walked to the Fort. He got my ticket fixed and then we went to lunch."

Soon we meet Bert. "Went to the rink with Wilf. Skated with him, Lyle and Bert. Did made us cocoa afterwards." Bert knows everyone and likes plays as well as skating but is passionate about sailing. Is he the right man?

"Got furs in the morning. Decided on lynx instead of fox. Was not ready when Bert arrived". (have we heard that before?) "Never enjoyed a play more. It was Maude Evans in *What Every Woman Knows*."

Mary is making no choices. "Bert walked me home after six."

"Harold came in and stayed for tea. Bert came in and I made him go with me to mail parcels."

"Went for a hayride with Wilf. Dreamt of 'the only man'. Clearly not Wilf, Bert, Pete or Harold.

"Harold telephoned and came up. Gave him one of my photos."

"Bert was terribly nice. Had supper with him. Danced until almost two. Enjoyed it all immensely."

In July of 1911 Mary had graduated and had made no further plans. But she was in Toronto rather than Muskoka or travelling. Bert's family had a very fast sailboat called the Viva III.

"Met Bert at the wharf but it was cold and looked like rain so we did not go sailing." The next day "Bert came up in the evening. We went for a long walk and planned a day sailing party. Bert invited 'the only man' to join the party. He was lovely." (but still incognito to us.) "Had tea on the verandah of the club." Two days later. "Went sailing with Bert and had supper on the sand bar. Drank lemonade at the club afterwards."

And again two days later "Went sailing on the Viva III in the afternoon with Ed Gooderham and Bert. Never had such a sail. Stayed at the club for dinner."

For those hoping Bert was 'the one' a warning bell rings out a few days later when "Bert and a girl friend came in a little car and took me for a little ride."

But Mary planned a trip to Lisgar to visit relatives for a week. Bert invited her to dinner at the club and took her to the 5:45 train. He also was at the station when she returned. "Bert picked me up with his car and went for a little ride before taking me home."

Later she "Went to the club with Bert for dinner. Walked to Ward's Island and back. Were late for dinner so had a table at the back."

There were social scheduling problems. "The Mortimers were here (5 Cicora) for tea. The Davis family all landed about nine. Harold stayed until train time for the guests to go back to Muskoka. Bert phoned but fortunately I did not let him come up." Mary was thinking it perhaps unwise to have the 'rivals' in the house together. But the next day "Went for a ride with Bert in the cadillac."

The late summer races began at Centre Island. "Viva lost first race so Bert was consequently blue." But two days later "Viva won the George Cup races. Bert was much better. We went to the theater after and I wept for the first time." A few days later Bert appears with pictures of the victorious Viva III.

A week goes by and we don't hear from Bert but "Pete came for me. We walked the streets and talked a lot about our future. It was all so confusing and difficult. We finally decided to leave it all until Sunday week."

To make matters worse Mary does not hear from Bert. "Wish Bert would telephone. Have so much to talk to him about. If I were a boy I would ask him to come and talk."

The very next day George appears in the diary. "Helen W. has a party planned for Tuesday night. George Gooderham and a fraternity brother of his are invited."

But Mary has had bad news. Bert is seeing someone else. "Went to the Theta's room for supper and then to Professor Stephen Leacock's lecture at Convocation Hall. He was perfectly splendid but we sat behind Bert and J which rather marred my enjoyment. Bert left early." (still some hope?). "Unlucky day. Ha! It might have been better for me to have stayed away from Convocation Hall. "

Early the next year "Wilf drove me in the evening. Had such a good time. All the old people were there. It was so satisfying to see them and be recognized. Bert was a dear. Truly he was so good to me and after the way I have abused him for his views on women. I'm just crazy about him, of course, now it is so impossible and hopeless."

Mary, no longer at University, feels somewhat lost with everybody scattered and starting their new lives. "Was so glad to see Jack W. Had supper with him. D was with 'the only man'. It was all so long and I really was tired. Missed one tried friend (Bert) horribly - more than I ever dreamed. Wonder if he may be there next year. Had one dance in memory."

In March she has the final talk. "Went for a walk with Bert until 9:30 . He told me such a lot about S as he calls her. It did feel queer but I appreciated it such a lot even if he only did it for his own reasons."

Mary is afraid she may have ruined her life by her high-handed treatment of both Pete and Bert. She is also worried about her relationship with her own family – the Matthews. Stressful times accentuate Mary's sense of being all alone and an orphan.

Having lost her father as an eleven-year-old, 1910 brings Mary the death of two other "fathers." On April 19 Robert Heggie "left us this morning with no word or warning." Robert was not only Mary's favourite cousin he was the lawyer who drafted her mother's will which made it possible for Mary to attend University, an unusual ambition at the beginning of the twentieth century. He was also executor of the will and Mary's friend and advisor. "You (her diary) and I are all alone now. He is gone. Not once today has the sun shone. It has poured since early morning and all the world weeps with us. B came today to study ethics but what could I do. Wrote a German exam in the morning but it was terrible. The elements are fairly wailing. What a mean old world this is." And the next day. "Sat in the front seat for Ethics. Did not do very well. Went to see my Daddy for the last time."

"Auntie not well after getting up and baking a cake. She is more disgusted with me than ever. Have tried more than ever but have not succeeded. Some say bad people are weak minded. Wonder what disagreeable people are then? Oh Mummy!"

Later, that year, on November 12, "Uncle (Henry Matthews) took a very bad spell and could not talk at all. So many visitors! We were all up at three. At a quarter to four Uncle died. Telephoned everyone myself. Bought black gloves. Did not put black on the door until Will came from Tennessee. Went to Holt Renfrew to get Did a black hat. Never had such a sinking feeling as when I saw her all in black. Will got a carriage for the family to go to the cemetery. Walked in from front gate - quite a distance but beautiful. The flowers were all piled one on top of another. B and W took my Evangelia class for me."

Mary was on her own financially as well. She reached her majority that same month and started handling her own affairs. "Uncle John came down with all my papers in the evening. Not finished until after midnight." Under her Mother's will only two investments were allowed - the two farms and mortgages on known properties. Mary expressed her new found independence by purchasing bonds issued by her cousin Will's chemical factory. "Got Will's interest today."

There were innumerable transactions to be looked after."Uncle John and I went to the lawyer's office to get discharge of mortgage. Received a cheque from the lawyer for the Robinson house." Received \$22 from Mr W. Uncle John came in with the McBride money."

Will was later to suggest that she might make more money investing in shares of a public company. He could not help as his company was private. He took her bonds back and Mary began investing in Canadian blue chip shares as well as in mortgages on neighbouring houses in The Annex. Investments in stocks suffered after 1929 but mortgages became a complete write-off. Mary lost money but not all.

Mary had a great deal of support from her sorority sisters, most of whom were friends for the rest of their lives. Berta Bastido married George Coutts right after graduating with a Masters in English Literature and moved with him to Calgary. "Berta came in for tea at (Theta) room. She told us she was engaged and showed us her ring. All 11 of us were there and there was great excitement. Decided to have a tea. Telephoned all the girls. Made special sandwiches and cakes. Everyone came."

George and Berta were intellectuals - "Went to Professor Kilpatrick's lecture on Dante. Saw Berta and George there. We all went to the art exhibition."

But not exclusively."Berta asked me to go to a snow shoe tramp. Went ice-boating with Hubert instead."

The Thetas were all unusual but the one most recognized by history as outstanding was Dora Mavor, daughter of Professor Mavor but more importantly, actress and mother of actor Mavor Moore. Dora is still known as a pioneer and free spirit. "Went to Dora Mavor's for tea. The queerest party. People came and went whenever they pleased. Little Mona (sorority sister) phoned about Dora's play. Saw Little Mable (another sorority sister) and asked her about Dora's play. Unusual but very good!"

In 1911 Mary graduated. She is now at the cottage in Muskoka off and on during the summer and on July 2 remembers Bert. "Must be Bert's wedding day. Hope it is as glorious there as it is here. Wrote him a fool letter but hope he will understand and imagine all the things I would like to have said had I known how. Missed one kind friend horribly more than I ever dreamed I would."

Mary goes to St. Elmo again in September. "There was no St. Elmo boat so we went up in a motor boat - rough and cold - friends were on the wharf to greet us. Our cottage looked lovely. The next day was perfect. Went for a climb on the rocks. Saw a curl of smoke on the clearing and chastised the B's for firing their stumps. The Rowntrees came by so did Mrs Davis and the Birds. In the evening we went out in Zenda (family motor boat) - a glorious harvest moon. Heard the neighbours singing. The next day was glorious too and the family went out on the lake with the Birds and other neighbours. Saw fire on one of the islands. Went to the neighbours and everyone grabbed a kettle or pail and rushed to put it out." The next day The Oriole (the Gooderham's legendary yacht) came in to pick up the Ks who were not there so it waited. Dashed back and forth wanting to see what transpired and wrote letters in the meantime."

All too soon it was nearing the end of September. "No curtains on the windows so woke up at daybreak. We closed up and caught the Cherokee back. Rained on the way down to Toronto. Just made connections."

Back in Toronto, for better or worse, Bert is out. Is the way clear for Wilf? "Wilf drove me around Colonel Pellat's home and we went to the Blue Inn for tea."

The two see one another on a regular basis and in March Mary says, "Had lunch with Wilf at English Inn. He is a dear and truly I am ever so fond of him. He came to the train and

found a seat for me (going to Lisgar to visit relatives). Altogether he thrilled me more than ever before. If I could only not be afraid of myself with men it would be so much easier to know them.

"Wilf was ever so good to me. Am afraid he is too fond of me or I of him. He walked to S Joseph with me and said I must be tired because of dark circles under my eyes. Isn't he a bold youth?"

Wilf has no better understanding of the modern woman than Mary's other beaux. "Wilf came to see me in the evening. We talked about women's suffrage and trade unions. Wilf thinks women should have dearer problems than how to vote."

In 1913 Mary travels to Europe for the summer and at the end of June has one of her dreams, "Dreamed that I told Wilf I could not marry him now because I was ill. The next day she gets a letter. "Wilf's letter came today and part of my Dream seems true." Wilf has asked one of Mary's friends to marry him. Mary is distraught and gets "Up early to write the letter to Wilf that has been burning my brain all night. Posted it and wandered for hours not knowing where I was half the time. Wilf's wedding day -such a terrible day. I hope never to have such an awful time again." But all is not lost.

" George Gooderham telephoned to invite me to the Tau Delta Tau dance on the 13th. Emmy Lou and I did dishes and discussed *Man and Superman*

"Went for dress in the afternoon and got shoes to match. The family thought it looked lovely. George called for me early and I kept his taxi waiting. Crowded dance but had such a good time. There were ever so many girls I knew."

At the same time "Have thought such a lot about Bert and all the splendid things he has done for me. Am only beginning to realize how much he has helped me. Wish I could talk to him right now."

"Went to the theatre with George. Never saw so many people I knew." And the next day "George was on his way West. Showed the family and me the beaded jacket Chief Piapot gave to his father when the Gooderhams were living with the Indians in Saskatchewan."

Mary may be falling under George's spell. She decides to do a reality check with the Thetas. "Talked about going West with sorority sisters. Now I am more anxious than ever to go out West."

Mary asks George how to see the real West. He tells her she could get a job as a teacher. Her B A would put her at the top of the list. He finds the right address. Mary applies and is hired immediately for a rural school at a place near Red Deer, Alberta called Happy Hill.

Mary fulfills her contract and does not return to Toronto until late Fall. The experiment was not a great success. As was the custom, Mary lives with a local farmer and rides a horse to school. It rains and rains and rains. The world turns into mud. It is everywhere. Escape is impossible. What's worse it nurtures mosquitoes which rise up in clouds ready to devour any exposed flesh. Life is agony for both people and animals. Many days no pupils get to school. Both pupils and horses rely on smudges which must be built and kept smoking constantly.

Mary's horse, "Dick" has a mind of his own and Mary uses needed energy trying to convince him she is to be obeyed. He knows she will soon be gone like those before her and is not about to change his ways.

The whole community recognizes Mary is out of her element. They like her and believe she needs protection. There are several young men willing to provide this service. One "mother" warns Mary she should not associate with men socially beneath her. A "father" wonders why a young woman like Mary would come "way out here all by yourself."

Mary does not decide against the West (George's West must be different) but she has spent a miserable summer. "I missed St. Elmo dreadfully."

The next year suited Mary better. She spent most of the time in Europe with Auntie, Did and several girl friends. They go everywhere and see everything. Mary, always interested in buildings and interiors of buildings, is awash in never-seen-before architectural wonders. It is 1913 however and political tensions are obvious even to tourists. They are happy to return to Canada.

Mary wonders "Could I ever be allowed to study architecture?" The answer does not come immediately but the War creates opportunities. Men are needed for the armed forces and opportunities for women open up.

Mary opens a kindergarten in Newmarket but investigates the possibility of studying architecture. She will need more than academic abilities. She takes drawing lessons from the famous artist and illustrator C W Jeffries who just happens to be part of the Staff of the University of Toronto School of Architecture. He encourages her to apply.

ARCHITECTURE AND AFTER

On November 14, 1916 the *Toronto Star* published a short article under the heading *To Be Pioneer Architect*. "Miss Mary Kentner Sees Future In Profession For Women." Toronto is to have a real woman architect. Miss Mary Kentner of 5 Chicora Avenue is to be a pioneer in this new profession for women in this city.

"I feel my dreams are to be realized," said Miss Kentner. "The work is intensely interesting and I believe there is a great opening for women in the domestic branch of architecture. American women have already made a great success of it . Why not Canadian women?"

"Miss Kentner is a graduate in modern languages of the University of Toronto. She has also spent several years abroad and has returned with the belief that the time is opportune for women to enter this vocation."

The December 8 edition of *Varsity* that same year also carried an article about this breakthrough.

"University students will be impressed when they learn that there is at present a woman student in the Faculty of Applied Science. Miss Mary Kentner (U C '11) has enrolled in Architecture, her intention to go in for Interior Decoration and Domestic Art". Mary was 27 years old.

The article went on to state that during her four years in Arts Miss Kentner had proved herself to be an unusually bright and energetic girl - and a leader.

Mary was back at university! She loved everything about it. And Architecture used even more of her talents than studying languages had done. There was one hitch. The faculty was, quite rightly, a stickler for math. Computers had not been invented and calculating elevations, corners, thicknesses, joints, all required stringent accuracy. Mary had learned to draw with great precision but calculating in the abstract was something different. Well, math was a problem but no one said she couldn't continue.

In 1918 she went to Vancouver for the summer. Friends had found a summer job for her as a draughtsman. The same friends had a yacht. Mary would be in her element. She would be in the West- her interest in George Gooderham had become more than a passing fancy. They were now engaged and although George was in Europe rather than Alberta, Vancouver was closer to that part of George's world than was Ontario. Mary had a wonderful summer with lots of sailing

and drawing. She returned to Toronto for the beginning of her final year, quietly thankful that she had escaped the terrible flu that was raging through Vancouver. She was too optimistic. She contacted the bug and was very, very sick. Friends and relatives were delighted to see her survive. Only Mary gave any thought to her returning to school that year.

George was on the sick list too. He caught the flu which, thanks perhaps to the movement of so many soldiers, was now throughout the world. He was not as sick and wrote letters describing their future together (see Chapter 2). Perhaps the letters helped her recover. And, of course, the war ended in November.

Mary realized she must make a choice - career or family. She would discuss it with George when he came back to Canada which wasn't until 1919. He must find a business or a position. Both assumed George's war record would make this search short. Mary assumed their future would be in Toronto. George may have been more ambivalent but would be happy there too. After all he had been raised in the east. He was very sensitive to the fact Mary's friends were in Ontario and her huge extended family - the Elliots, their friends and relatives, who had settled and named the town of Brampton and been instrumental in establishing it as a centre for Methodism. Dr David Heggie, Mary's uncle, was not only the first doctor in Brampton but famous as a scholar as well. He was the father of two doctors and a lawyer who looked after Mary's physical as well as financial health. There were the Sutcliffes, Mary's cousins, who had operated the Gooderham and Worts store in Meadowvale before moving on to establish a chain of stores in and around Toronto. Uncle John Kentner had a business in Burlington. There were cousins, the Waites, with their huge house and prosperous farm at Lisgar where Mary visited at every opportunity. There were the Carters who had connections to both Elliott and Kentner families. Mary lived with her Aunt Sarah Carter Mathews. How could he take her from all this support? On the other hand George was also an orphan and although he had support from his family in Meadowvale they were all aged. His sisters were westerners!

As is often the case they did not decide for themselves. Circumstances took over. George went West to visit his father only to witness his death and to be offered and to accept his father's position as Agent to the Blackfoot Indians at Gleichen. He wrote Mary saying "I have a job. Now we can get married. It won't be Toronto but we can be married in Toronto." Once again things did not happen quite as planned.

The plan was for a summer wedding with all their friends. But at Gleichen there were innumerable problems requiring urgent solutions. When George asked for special leave to get married he was told he could not be spared for such a long period of time. What to do? He had already considered his fraternity brother, Creasor Crawford, and a favourite of Mary's as best man. He had an idea and phoned Mary "What about Winnipeg at Christmas?" It would mean a small ceremony rather than the "Big Affair" but Winnipeg was Creasor Crawford's home. He would be delighted to help and who better to stand up for the couple than their oldest and dearest friend. Creasor was not yet married and lived in the big Roslyn Road house with his family. It was just around the corner from Winnipeg's most beautiful Methodist church.

George and Mary were married on December 20, 1920 and the *Toronto Sun* remarked: "A wedding between Captain George Gooderham and Mary Kentner of interest to many Toronto people took place in the Fort Rouge Methodist Church, Winnipeg. After a honeymoon in Banff Mr and Mrs Gooderham will be in residence at their home at the Blackfoot Agency, Gleichen, Alberta.

Gleichen was past its glory days and was slowly shifting from "the fastest growing centre on the C P R Line" to just another ghost fading into the prairies. There was considerable speculation as to how long the new Gooderhams would be "happy ever after" in Gleichen.

The *Gleichen Call* described Mary as Mary Kentner from Toronto and when she left Gleichen more than 25 years later the same paper had not changed its point of view. She was Mrs Gooderham, originally from Toronto.

It wasn't easy for Mary to fit into western ways because she kept thinking of George and herself as Torontonians "just out west for a lark." She made friends with many sophisticated men and women who had come to Gleichen from around the world but she remained an Easterner.

George had two personalities. He loved the power, the parties, the sense of being at the centre that was Toronto but he had spent his early childhood with the Indians and the rolling almost endless vista of the prairies. The West was in his blood and in his soul. Mary longed more and more for the East. George thought less and less about it. He had made a substantial effort to take over Duncan Campbell Scott's job when he retired and asked eastern friends and relatives to speak for him. He was not successful and some wondered if his heart was broken or relieved. Had he done it mostly for Mary? Their friends explained the loss as "just more politics."

The wrong government was in power. The same government lasted longer than memory. And Mary and George spent the next twenty five years together on the Blackfoot Reserve.

What could Mary, the architect, expect when she walked in the door of her new home? It was big - with five bedrooms and modern with running water and indoor plumbing. But it was furnished by George's parents and included mementos of their stays in many other government houses on the prairie. The tone was western with stuffed elk, moose and antelope on the walls and skins on the floor. The furniture was sturdy and serviceable. Mary brought a complete dowry with her. She had family heirlooms treasured for years in her grandparents' and then her mother's or aunt's house. She had collected even more as she prepared for and imagined her own (Toronto) home. Each item was preserved only if it met her architectural aesthetic standards.

Mary had to move this substantial collection from Forest Hill - 14 Oriole Gardens - where she and Did had moved after Auntie died. When Mary needed some particular item reproduced, covered, refinished or repaired she went to M. Rawlinson, Limited, 610 - 612 Yonge Street and she asked them to send all the furniture still at their factory together with other items from Oriole Gardens out to Gleichen. One of the many surprises Mary would experience was the fact Rawlinson could not ship directly to Gleichen. The best they could manage was to ship to Winnipeg and contract a Winnipeg firm - Security Storage and Warehouse Co at Sherbrooke and Ellis Avenues to send the goods across the prairies to Gleichen. Was it really that far away?

There were a large number of substantial items: two walnut four poster beds and mattresses, a chiffonier, dresser, buffet, a large dining room table made from a walnut tree on her Father's farm with eight matching chairs just rebuilt or refinished by Rawlinson, several small tables, bookcases together with books to fill them. There was a regency settee and a Mason and Riche upright baby grand piano (purchased from her cousin Kenneth Elliott's Brampton music store at a suitable savings).

There were pictures and objects d'art - many purchased in Europe during her recent visit there. There were mirrors, rugs, china and cabinets. There was enough to furnish a house but she was moving to a house already furnished. Whose piano would sit in the living room? Where would all the surplus go? Fortunately George was not interested and Mary offered the Gooderham furniture, which she did not need or like, to her sisters-in-law.

The whole shipment filled the baggage room of the Gleichen C P R station and the bill was a whopping \$240.81 which, in 1920, was a month's salary for a man like George. Gleichen

took note. The news that George had married an heiress spread rapidly. So did the news the new bride not only had a BA degree from the University of Toronto but was an architect as well. It was suspected she was also a suffragette. They were braced for someone quite exotic and weren't disappointed when Mary showed up in her Toronto outfits.

Both Mary and George had their work cut out for them. Were they up to the challenge?

RAISING A FAMILY ON AN INDIAN RESERVE: The World Comes To Visit

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

When Mary and George took over the house they made it look as much as possible like the houses they knew in Ontario. The office became the den.

The room had three tall narrow windows - one facing east which admitted shafts of light to stream across the room, even on cold winter mornings, as the family came drowsily down the stairs for breakfast. There were two other equally narrow windows facing south which lit the book shelves along both the east and south walls for the whole day and made it possible to sit and read in the natural light. The book shelves were shallow around the windows but deeper below so that one could sit and read, back against the book case, which framed the window. One could also sit there and stare out the window and watch people coming to and going from the office on the other side of the court yard. In the Spring the view was filled by a huge lilac bush covered with lush purple clusters of tiny flowers so sweet smelling you could almost smell them through the glass. Too soon finished.

Summer meant dust storms. Huge winds blew piles of sand around the bush covering the bright green leaves with dust. The green bush became grey and gasping for breath. But in the late Fall every branch and twig could suddenly be covered with tiny sprigs of frost sprayed like white winter icing over the entire bush.

A signed photograph of Duncan Campbell Scott, George's boss and Superintendent General of Indian Affairs, hung on the west wall. To the young Gooderhams Scott looked very much like any relative who had gone to the photographer for a portrait. They could not tell by looking at him that he was one of the most important Canadians alive. He was a major influence not only in Indian Affairs but in poetry, music and theatre, with a myriad of talents and interests. The photograph reminded them how famous. Shouldn't he look more famous? Why did he look, well, so ordinary?

Did every employee have a signed photograph of the Boss on their wall? Was it required? In schools pictures of the King and Queen were above the blackboard at the front of the room and you sang 'God Save the King' to the photographs. Should Duncan Campbell Scott's photograph be alone on the wall? Should there be a flag draped beside it? What made this man so special? He was certainly old. He was friends with their grandfather, John, as well as their father, George. And although he came to Gleichen after

the children were born he retired from Indian Affairs while they were still very young. He was a part of the mythological past – much admired by everyone.

The children knew Dr. Scott hoped the Indian people would, one day, be able to adjust to the modern Canadian world. And there was one occasion while he was Superintendent General of Indian Affairs when the Government decided it was high time that a fair plan be found under which Indians could become Canadian citizens and the division between Indians and non-Indians gradually eliminated. It was a goal dear to Dr Scott's heart. But Indian leaders who were afraid they would lose their special rights said "no," then, and have said "no," ever since. They did not think of themselves as potential Canadian citizens. Their identity and rights were established by treaty.

The plan to make Indians citizens of Canada with all citizen's rights and responsibilities was shelved but the goal of having Indians participate fully remained and was reintroduced once again by Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau many years later. The Indian response was the same – “No”.

Both Dr and Mrs Scott visited George and Mary Gooderham often when crossing the country on inspection trips or when on holidays. The Scotts loved the Rocky Mountains and stopped in Banff to visit the artist W J Phillips, one of the many friends the Gooderhams, the Scotts, and the Frederick Nivens had in common. Scott wrote an appreciation of W J Phillips in which he praised the artist's contribution to the understanding of Canada's majesty. Niven and Phillips took the idea one step further and produced a book on the Canadian Rockies, “Colour In The Canadian Rockies”, which is still popular. (More about the Nivens and Phillips later)

On one of their visits, George, knowing Scott was also a great friend of Edmund Morris, took the Scotts to landmarks that Morris and George had visited when the two were on the reserve in 1907. Morris was at Gleichen making portraits of Blackfoot leaders, and George was home from Ontario just before he began University.

One of the favourite spots was Crowfoot's last campsite. When Crowfoot knew he was dying, he asked that his tipi be set up on the edge of the high cut-bank on the east

side of the Bow River. From this vantage spot Crowfoot could look down over the flats and across the river to the spot where Treaty Number Seven was signed. The Blackfoot showed Morris where Chief Crowfoot died. Morris and his Blackfoot friends marked the circumference of the tipi with a circle of large stones. The Blackfoot were careful not to disturb the stones but tourists visiting the site were not so respectful. Stones disappeared or were scattered.

Scott was now Dr Scott and the Superintendent General of Indian Affairs. He was able to encourage the Blackfoot to enclose the circle of stones with a strong cement wall topped with an iron railing about four feet high. In the middle a bronze plaque on a solid concrete pillar the same height was added. The plaque bore an inscription of a line from a poem Scott wrote in memory of Morris.

"...where he pitched off for the last time in sight of the Blackfoot Crossing."

It was, in the end, a fitting memorial to three distinguished Canadians - Crowfoot, Morris and Scott.

A dramatic and significant occurrence marked the 50th anniversary, September 1927, of the signing of Treaty Seven. It was celebrated in the usual manner by the unveiling of an historical cairn and with a pageant paying homage to Crowfoot and other treaty signatories and witnesses. Viscount Bennett, known as R B by all westerners, was the main speaker. But before the ceremony and before the crowds came, a man known as Black Fever, a member of the Crowfoot family and closely related to the famous chief, made a surprise visit to the site of Crowfoot's last lodge. Protected by its stone wall the grave is only steps away from the new monument. Black Fever laid out the skeleton of a horse with stones and mortar on the ground outside the fence.

Few visitors at the celebration noticed this addition and those who did may have been unaware of its significance. But to Black Fever the site was not complete without the horse. Crowfoot had accepted Christianity but like most Blackfoot he did not think of one religion as replacing another. He saw Christianity as supplementing his original

beliefs and when he died his favourite horse was killed beside his tipi so that its spirit could accompany the master to "the happy hunting grounds."

In George's opinion Black Fever was documenting this sacrifice and also remembering the Christian missionaries' consternation at the presence of so many Blackfoot medicine men at the great chief's death-bed. He also remembered the wrangle about the removal of Crowfoot's body from the Christian cemetery to this "unsanctified" spot.

Just yards away from Crowfoot's monument Edmund Morris had also marked the Cree Chief Poundmaker's original grave. Poundmaker, famous for his role in the Rebellion of '85, had taken refuge with his great friend and adoptive father, Crowfoot, after the war. He died on the Blackfoot Reserve but his grave is no longer there. In 1970 the Cree took Poundmaker's bones to his home on the Poundmaker Reserve in Saskatchewan where a monument was raised in his honour.

After visiting the memorial later that year Scott gave George a copy of his recently published *The Poems Of Duncan Campbell Scott*. On the fly leaf he quoted from "Lines in Memory of Edmund Morris" in which he refers to a visit Morris and Scott made to a very old Cree warrior living at Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, who remembered the old battles between the Cree and the Blackfoot. George found this gift particularly poignant as he too shared a Cree/Blackfoot history. He was living now with the Blackfoot but was born among the Cree in the Qu'Appelle area.

A year or two later the Minister of the Interior under the Bennett Government (1930 to 1935) came to Calgary on an official visit. The Indian Affairs Branch was part of his department and Dr Scott accompanied him as Deputy Superintendent, a position he had held from 1913 under many, many, many ministers.

All the Alberta Indian agents were brought to the Palliser Hotel in Calgary to meet their new boss. The Minister was both small in stature and appearance and impressed the staff as having never held a position of such importance before. In some minds he never should, and never would again. He told the agents he must move on and meet staff from

other branches as well as a great number of political "friends". They surmised the affairs of Indian people did not occupy him unduly.

George recollects that on this occasion Dr Scott had a front room in the Palliser and being a very private man retired there whenever possible. George met an early Alberta pioneer friend of his who was also living in the hotel and told him Dr Scott was in town. The friend suggested they might invite him to attend a movie with them. George wondered if Scott ever went to movies but they asked him anyway and were surprised to hear, "Why certainly."

The two young men were delighted. As they walked toward the elevator Scott told them of a coincidence he had just experienced in his room. There was a picture on the wall illustrating one of his poems. Shortly after publishing the poem Scott had received a letter from a young man named Masfield who claimed he had never liked poetry until he read this particular poem and been so impressed he decided to devote the rest of his life to that art. The poet, John Masfield, of course, went on to become famous as the British Poet Laureate.

Scott was referring to the poem called "The Piper of Arll" published first in the Christmas number of *Truth*, a New York weekly. Masfield, a young man working in a carpet factory in Yonkers, read the poem and was deeply touched. In 1905, a full ten years after he had read and committed the poem to memory, he wrote from England asking permission to include "The Piper" in an anthology. In the letter the young Masfield explained how he felt about the poem:

"I had never till that time cared very much for poetry but your poem inspired me deeply, and set me on fire. Since then, poetry has been the one deep influence in my life, and to my love of poetry I owe all my friends and the position I now hold. "(Britain's Poet Laureate). It was this recollection which warmed Scott's heart as the three men went off to the movies.

It is interesting to speculate whether in those days hotel clerks were so well informed about their guests they were able to assign them to the room most closely associated with their personal life.

They were all pleased by the turn of events when who should appear but the minister with a group of politicians. "Well Dr. Scott," he said, "I am so glad to see that you are enjoying yourself. My friends and I have problems of worthy import to discuss so we bid you all a pleasant evening." George and his two friends smiled broadly - hoping it was after the Honourable gentlemen had passed. And Dr Scott chuckled with them repeating the remark. "We are about to discuss matters of worthy import."

Although it is certainly true Duncan Campbell Scott was an intellectual and one of the most sophisticated administrators in the Federal Government, he had grown up in rural Canada and knew how to survive when the pavement was left behind. What's more, he longed for, and profited from, trips into the unsettled parts of Canada.

In June 1905 when the Gooderham family were still with the Piegan in southern Alberta, Scott was appointed one of three commissioners to visit tribes in northern Ontario, and to negotiate a treaty which would be known as the James Bay Treaty. The party included a physician, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company and two constables of the Dominion Police Force. They travelled north in three canoes, one of birch bark and 32 feet long. There was 2,500 pounds of luggage and supplies including a treasure chest of \$30,000 in small notes. There was a crew of twelve to seventeen, depending upon the difficulties encountered. They travelled to James Bay stopping to meet with tribes all along the way. It was well before the invention of airplanes or motorized water craft and it took many days to make the journey of hundreds of miles. The men got to know one another very well and all gained a respect for Dr Scott bureaucrat, poet and pen pusher.

Scott was equally impressed by the crew, by his fellow travellers and by the people he met. There was one particular man, Jimmy Swain, who was unique. Jimmy was sixty-seven years old. He ran over the longest portages carrying the heaviest pack, enjoying a mighty old age after a mighty youth. He had once carried six hundred pounds over a portage nearly a quarter of a mile

long. He ran on snowshoes with the mail from Moose Factory to Michipicoten, a distance of five hundred miles, in six days carrying only one blanket, a little hard tack, and a handful of tea.

Now in his sixty-eighth year he was the equal of the best of the young fellows. He took all the portages at tremendous speed - barefoot. There was a thick layer of calloused flesh on the soles of his feet. He was proud of his efficiency. If asked whether there was anything left at the other end of the portage his answer would be, "I was there last myself surr."

He was also an artist. How he could play the violin at all with his huge calloused fingers was a matter for wonder but play he did. Every night after supper Jimmy would withdraw to his tent, close the flap, and take out his violin. "A fine fiddle! It's an expensive fiddle. Dr Scott gave it to me and it must have cost \$10," he said. Jimmy had scraped the belly of the violin and rubbed it with castor oil, and the G-string had two knots in it. But Jimmy could make it sing.

There was a somber side to the trip. If Dr Scott had thought the Indian people could easily become a part of the new Canada before the trip he was able to correct his prognostication.

"But any forecast of Indian civilization which looks for final results (successful integration into Canadian society) in one generation or two, is doomed to disappointment. Final results may be attained, say, in four generations by the merging of the Indian race with the whites, and with the help of treaties, teachers, missionaries and traders with whatever benefits or injuries they bring in their train."Canada's multicultural policy introduced in the second half of the twentieth century had not taken form in Scott's day.

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The Circle Of Affection by Duncan Campbell Scott pub. by McClelland and Stewart, Toronto
1947 pp112 -113 and pp 121 -122 (The Last Of The Indian Treaties - an essay)

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WOLF COLLAR: Magician in the magic room

The den formed an L with the rest of the house - the front verandah reaching out beyond the lilac which was planted at the corner. In Winter wind would whip round the corner piling huge snow drifts up and around the lilac bush with swirls and curls and lips of snow bent forward like waves on the ocean. It was always beautiful ... and magical.

There was more light in the den than in any other room in the house. No trees obstructed the view onto the courtyard which separated the house from the agency office and the many outbuildings originally built to house wood, horses, carriages, cows and chickens and, only later, cars. There were still old carriages stored in some buildings, just in case. The courtyard was several hundred feet wide so the sun had free access. Most of the other rooms in the house faced north or east and were sheltered by huge fir trees. If you stood near the west window - next to George's desk - and looked west you could see the old barn which separated the courtyard from the pasture behind. You also knew there was a driveway running between the barn and the garden. In the early summer, just after the Calgary stampede, hay racks would arrive and Blackfoot men would fork hay up into the loft until it was so full small bodies could hardly scramble in.

In the summer there was actually too much light in the den. One could feel the glare - and the heat - poring out of the room into the rest of the house. But then people didn't read much in the summer. Children spent almost the entire summer camping on the banks of the Bow river, five miles from the house, and only visited parents when out of food or couldn't bear to miss another Saturday matinee (Hop-A-Long-Cassidy).

The colour of many of the book spines suffered from the exposure to that brilliant glare, showing a light pink against dark red covers; pale violet next to deep purple; grey beside blue.

The room was cold in winter. Too cold to sit and read except for those rare glorious days when the sun shone in and the wind was a Chinook out of the west. There was a small fireplace on the south wall with a metal cover and green tile border but it had stopped working.

A sandstone bust sat on the mantle above the fireplace. The bright morning light would put half the face in shadow and half in high

relief. Later in the day, eerily back lit and scary, he stared straight out the door observing everything. He was the magician in the magic room. The bust had been created by a Blackfoot shaman named Wolf Collar, and the family assumed it was a portrait of John (Grandfather) though it did not look much like him.

Wolf Collar was born in 1853, which meant he lived in the old, free days when the Blackfoot "ruled the world". He hunted buffalo, went on raids against the enemy, the Crow to the south, and the Cree to the north. But he lived until 1928, one year after Kent, the youngest Gooderham, was born. Wolf Collar knew the new world as well as the world that John, long since dead, had immigrated into.

In "the old days" Blackfoot men gained powerful supernatural help through their dreams and Wolf Collar had one of the most powerful helpers of all - Thunder. He told us that in 1870, when sleeping on a hill with two other men, they were struck by lightning. He survived but his companions did not. Knocked unconscious, he had a vision. Thunder, first as a bird then as a woman, took him into her tipi and gave him a drum and four songs. She gave him the power to heal people who had been struck by lightning. She also told him: "I am going to make a great medicine man of you. You will surprise all the people. I will come many times when you are sleeping and each time I will teach you something new." Supernatural beings have many forms and Thunder could also appear as Iron Voice. And it was as Iron Voice that Thunder appeared over and over again to Wolf Collar.

In 1900 Iron Voice showed Wolf Collar how to carve stone. When Wolf Collar awoke from a dream one day he was a sculptor. He carved the head which looked out at us every day, whether we walked into the den or merely just walked by. The head could be a man perhaps young, or maybe old. Could it be a woman? Perhaps it was Iron Voice himself. But one could not ignore that face.

Wolf Collar also carved a fireplace keystone for John's office. The carving was part Indian and part European. It was hard to understand his choice of images. Included were a representation of Queen Victoria, the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, and a carving of Santa Claus in a sleigh pulled by a single reindeer. At the bottom were two drawings of Blackfoot men on horseback, one chasing a buffalo with his bow drawn, the other chased by a buffalo and no bow in sight. Some people believed Wolf Collar was describing the world before

and after the arrival of the white man. But perhaps the carvings on the keystone were a kind of metaphor for his life as a shaman which encompassed such opposite worlds.

When the buffalo disappeared and white man's diseases killed so many Wolf Collar used his power to save lives during the terrible years between 1879 and 1881. Was it a coincidence that 1879 was also the year John came out to the west to work with the Indian people and that one of his first jobs would be to bring food to hungry Indian camps?

Wolf Collar was a young man when Blackfoot men were warriors and before white men played a major role in Blackfoot lives. We were told when he was 17 and until he was 24 he took the name Many Big Swans, wore a necklace of human scalps and in one raid took seven horses. In other raids he took five of the seven guns promised to him by Iron Voice.

In 1890 he was accused of killing a Sarcee man. The Sarcee were allies of the Blackfoot so this was seen as murder rather than as an act of war and the Sarcees went to the Horn Society, the most powerful of all the Blackfoot organizations, to seek justice. Everyone feared the Horn Society. They had ultimate power. The Horn Society gave Wolf Collar a sacred pipe to smoke. If he smoked the pipe everyone knew that he would die if he did not tell the truth. Wolf Collar smoked the pipe, refused to answer questions, threw down the pipe and walked out, defiant and alive. He was all-powerful and nothing could harm him. He was right. And his survival made him even more famous and feared. "Could he do anything he wished? Who would cross such a man?"

But Wolf Collar could see the coming of a different world and the need for change. The Blackfoot would need to learn new ways if they were to be as successful in this new world as they had been in the past.

In 1895 he had a vision that he was speaking with a white man who was a blacksmith and told Wolf Collar he could be one too. Wolf Collar bought tools and did indeed become a blacksmith. He was able to show other Blackfoot how to shoe their horses, and repair, or make harness for the teams that pulled the new wagons that replaced the travois and were becoming a necessity.

There was an open pit coal mine on the reserve in those days and with his new skills Wolf Collar was able to repair the Blackfoot mine worker's picks and to improve their method of mining.

One year (1900) three years before John was sent as Agent to the north Peigan, the South Piegan Blackfoot (in Montana) could not agree on where to set up the Sun Dance Lodge. The disagreement was so strong they ended up with two different lodges and two separate holy women. Wolf Collar told them that what they were doing was wrong. The Sun Dance (Okan) was a time of healing, blessing and coming together not a time for division and competition. Wolf Collar sat on top of a hill between the two camps, singing his songs. On the following day one of the holy women was killed by lightning. The story of the dead Sarcee was remembered and Wolf Collar remained famous and feared.

In 1905 Iron Voice told Wolf Collar to find a camera and take pictures of certain people. His photographs of such figures as White Headed Chief and the widow of Sarcee chief, Bull Head, still exist.

Iron Voice also told him to write the Blackfoot language in a new invention called syllabics in which written symbols were created to represent each of the sounds that existed in the Blackfoot language. To accomplish his end it was necessary for him to become a Christian. In 1906 he took a Christian name, Silas, and added Christian prayers to his meditations. He began working with his good friend, the Anglican missionary, Canon Stocken, to develop a method for writing the Blackfoot language. And together they developed a Blackfoot syllabary.

Wolf Collar was a fierce adversary as his past showed. In 1920, just after George had been made Indian Agent on the Blackfoot reserve at Gleichen, and before the two men knew one another, George persuaded the Blackfoot farmers to buy hail insurance because, in previous years, hail had destroyed so many crops in southern Alberta. But the hail did not come that year. Wolf Collar told the people to drop the insurance. After all, they did not need it when he was there. In 1924 there was a terrible hail storm and many of the crops were destroyed. The people remembered why they didn't have any insurance and blamed Wolf Collar. He always had an answer. The tragedy was due to the fact he was away at the time.

Wolf Collar had a hand in most activities on the reserve, including the excavation of the archeological sight which Edmund Morris unearthed. Wolf Collar knew he could do anything a white man could do and still be a Blackfoot. He was the integrated man Duncan Campbell Scott dreamed all Indians might be in the future.

Wolf Collar was not only an unusually clever and forward-looking man but, like many Blackfoot, he was also particularly arresting physically and many artists painted portraits of him. James Henderson, a friend of the Gooderham family from the Fort Qu'Appelle (Piapot) Saskatchewan days, came to visit in 1923 specifically to paint famous Blackfoot men. During the day he would paint portraits of outstanding Blackfoot such as Wolf Collar (now in the Glenbow Museum), Bull Bear (purchased by Riveredge Foundation), and Gunny Crow (purchased by the Manitoba Club in Winnipeg). In the evening he would help Mary and George with domestic tasks such as weighing their firstborn, Elizabeth, in the scoop of an old family kitchen scales, to see if she had gained the ounce the doctor said she should.

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[Supplemented by information from an article written by Ted Brasser called Wolf Collar, The Shaman As Artist, for the magazine Arts Canada Thirtieth Anniversary issue December 1973/January 1974 pages 70 - 73 and on information available in the Glenbow - Alberta Institute]

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THE BLACKFOOT COAL MINE

The den was above the coal room, a huge unheated part of the basement where coal was stored after it had been delivered from the Reserve coal mine. It was deposited down a chute just outside the east window. Delivery day always meant cleaning day as well. The coal was soft with a lot of dust that seemed to get through every window and into every crack. Not all that good for a library.

Mary complained often about the quality of the coal but there was no possible alternative. The coal mine was part of an economic development plan which would help make the Blackfoot independent and self-supporting.

For the Blackfoot the mine meant work and wages. For their neighbours it meant coal at \$2. to \$4. a ton. And many a relief order from municipalities was filled. The Great Depression had begun. Not only was everyone broke but there was drought and dust storms, until it seemed that the whole country south of the Bow River and all the eastern part of the province would be permanently destroyed.

The Gooderham children could go out onto the road in front of the house in winds so strong that when you opened your coat and turned your back it would blow you along the road like a sail boat - almost as quickly as it rolled the huge Russian thistles it had ripped up from their roots to go tumbling across the country spilling seeds everywhere. It was clear the Russian thistle would survive if nothing else did.

There was a huge irrigation project north of the town of Gleichen which was saving all the land that could be irrigated. The system included a large holding pond just north of Gleichen. The town decided the Reservoir could perform double duty. A diving board, docks and a change house were added and for some reason a barbed wire fence closed part of the access. It was over a mile north of the town and a long way from the Reserve but everybody went there. It was important for the Reserve kids to have someone delegated to watch the sky. Dust storms came up so quickly that they would never make it home if they didn't have an early warning of black clouds piling up along the horizon. Being caught in a swirl of a hundred sand pellets striking their naked bodies meant each grain of sand was turned into a tiny needle piercing the skin with such force that each child would be covered with tiny wind wounds deep enough to draw blood. On one such day the warning came late and Kent got caught in the barbed wire. It ripped a gash

in both knees. No time to stop. He left a trail of blood and both legs soon were covered in red mud. Keep running kid. What will your Mother say? Plenty!

The year was 1931. Canada was deep in the great depression. In southern Alberta it was also the time of the big drought. Crops dried up before they ripened. Everyone was poor except perhaps the Blackfoot who were assured food, clothing and shelter from the proceeds of their great land sale in 1912. They seemed to be very rich with more than a million dollars in their band fund. There was always enough money in the band fund. The mine was another great opportunity.

George found a land lease inspector, James Campbell, who had very little to inspect due to the terrible weather and who was an experienced miner from Drumheller (Alberta's coal mining centre). George and Jim got together and started the cooperative coal mine, south and east of Cluny at a site the Blackfoot had used for years. The very same coal deposit that Wolf Collar helped make usable. It had been kept up as a "drift mine" by a Blackfoot called Good Woman's Son.

The plan meant modernization. The mine would no longer be surface only. A tunnel would be dug into the face of the cliff and a "real" operation begun. Campbell was in charge. A village was built on the flats along the river to house miners and their families. There was a barn for milk cows, a wash house with hot and cold running water, a restaurant, and a first aid building. Both the Anglican and Roman Catholic churches moved small buildings onto the site. The mine was an immediate success and at its peak employed 250 people - all Blackfoot or other invited natives - most of them living in the village. There was even a hockey team which was able to give teams from Gleichen and Strathmore a run for their money. In the thirties every town had a hockey team and everyone talked hockey from November to March (and maybe beyond).

By the beginning of World War II there was a falling off of business. The quality of the coal was not high. According to George the Indian miners lost interest. There may also have been some growing opposition from traditional Blackfoot who were afraid of the powers of underground spirits. Any difficulty or accident could be attributed to supernatural powers. Wolf Collar was gone. Others were in charge.

The final blow was the development, in the 1930's, of a huge gas and oil deposit at Turner Valley, less than a hundred miles away. It would not mean country homes would be heated with gas or oil but country homes would soon be connected to the city by automobile over rapidly improved highways. It was to change the world entirely. By 1946 business at the mine had dwindled to such an extent that it had to be closed. The war was over. The new world had begun. The Gooderhams would move on too.

But all during the war years people were reminded every night, and sometimes every day, of the new world. It was common practice at that time to burn the excess gas at the well head. At night the whole western sky was lit in one huge, permanent sunset, proclaiming the world would be different, richer, easier and better once the war was over. They all wished they could have a gas stove and furnace instead of coal and wood-burning monsters they were stuck with. They also wished they owned part of Turner Valley.

Friends and neighbours bought shares in mineral rights to land near each new discovery and those who had a strike became instant millionaires. They left Gleichen for a big house in the most expensive part of Calgary. Everyone who was not part of that group talked a lot about it - and wished. The Turner Valley oil field changed more than the coal mine. It changed southern Alberta forever.

But on the Reserve the Gooderhams kept the coal stove and furnace as long as they lived there. The softness of the coal had a disadvantage other than the dust. It left huge clinkers in the furnace. They were solid, unburnable deposits left behind after the coal had burned, which formed a barrier on the bottom of the furnace fire pot making it impossible for the fire to get enough ventilation. The clinkers had to be broken up and removed. It was a job passed down from one to another till it reached Kent as soon as he was deemed old enough. He agreed with all those who were against the mine. There must be a better way. It was also one of the reasons he blessed the day, scary as it was, when he went away to school in Winnipeg.

Everyone in the family also agreed that if Grandmother Gooderham's family had been involved in the mines in Cape Breton, where she came from, she was very wise to move out west into the sunshine and clean air. In fact her relatives, the McKinnons and MacLeans, were not miners but merchants, farmers, teachers or doctors. But like most maritimers of today they were forced to immigrate to the west every generation.

THE TELEPHONE

Because the den was over the coal room it was as if it were outside the house. There was no hot air register so the only way to heat the room was to leave the door open. It had one advantage. It meant that George's winter business meetings were shorter.

The west wall had George's desk and a wall full of pictures. The children were rarely allowed to sit at the desk and certainly not to touch anything on it. But the pictures were important too. There were many of them - all with a story. Most were of family or famous friends.

The north wall had more photos but it also had the telephone. A wall model made of oak with a black earpiece hanging in a cradle on the left side, a mouthpiece projecting from the centre in shiny metal with a black bell at the end into which you spoke (when you were old enough to reach the apparatus, or on special occasions were allowed to stand on a chair to speak to some distant relative). On the right hand side there was a crank. You lifted the earpiece and gave the handle a good crank. The operator, who was sitting in an office in Gleichen, would ask you what number you wanted and you would say 78 the number of the neighbors across the road, the James, or 71, George's office number.

Certainly the telephone was part of the magic of the room. It told us visitors would be coming soon; new relatives had just been born; there was a storm and help was needed; a friend or relative was dead or dying. Of course long distance required a good deal of shouting or at least that's what George thought. Some how Mary managed her calls to Calgary, Vancouver and Toronto without waking the whole house. But the telephone slowly replaced letters as a main contact with the rest of the world.

C W JEFFERYS

A constant flow of guests from Ontario arrived at the Gooderhams', old friends, visiting dignitaries and some, like C W Jefferys, the artist, were both. He was the author of a growing shelf of books in the library. Collections of drawings of Canada's history, they included Jacques Cartier arriving in the New World, Loyalists clearing land in Upper Canada, the Rebellions (both east and west), the Indians of western Canada. The illustrations, fascinating in themselves were even more intriguing because so many of them were in the Gooderham children's history books and, perhaps more important, in historical magazines or articles they read out of school.

When Mary was an architecture student at the University of Toronto Jefferys was her art instructor. Not only was she the only woman student she was the first to enrol in architecture which at that time was part of the Engineering faculty and very much a male preserve. Mary Kentner could use a friend. C W was her champion and confidant.

Although he is known primarily as an illustrator of early explorers, pioneers and statesmen in historic texts he was also an artist. And the first to recognize the artistic potential of the great western plains. He arrived in the west as a young man of thirty two hired by the *Toronto Globe* to cover the cross country tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York (the future King George V and Queen Mary).

In 1901 printers had not yet discovered how to reproduce photographs in newspapers, magazines or journals and had to rely on sketches drawn by illustrators noted for their accuracy in details and their speedy delivery. Jefferys was already famous for his skill as an artist and for his historic knowledge and accuracy. He knew what clothes had been worn, what tools workmen had used, the weapons of the hunters, the means of transport in each era. He took pains to get the facts right and established a priceless record - in many instances the only authentic information still available. Jefferys was deeply moved by western Canada:

"My first sight of the country which was to exert such an important influence on my career, was when, after crossing the more cultivated wheat-belt of Manitoba, the wonders of the Prairie flashed before my eyes in Saskatchewan and Alberta. It would tax

a Whistler to voice and paint in silver "Nocturnes" and golden "Harmonies" the pageant-like magnificence of it all - pigment fails the ordinary colorist...."[p17 Stacey]

He was probably the first painter to see the pictorial possibilities of the Canadian West, with its awe-inspiring distances, dome-like sky, crystal air in which everything is sharply defined by the dazzling sunlight unaffected by shade or mist. In 1907 while out west on his honeymoon trip to Lake Louise and Calgary, he began painting the prairie foothills country. In Banff he also met fellow artist Edmund Morris who told him about the Blackfoot, people both men would grow to admire more and more over the years.

Jefferys was determined to return West as soon and as often as he could. In 1910 he acted as the Canadian Courier's representative during Sir Wilfred Laurier's pre-election tour of the prairie provinces. He was enthralled by the Qu'Appelle Valley and decided to spend the rest of August painting there with Lumsden as his base.

In the summer of 1924 he had been commissioned to research sites in Alberta associated with the early days of the North West Mounted Police. Stops included the town of Gleichen. It just so happened that his young , architect friend, Mary Kentner - now Mrs. Gooderham - had settled on the Blackfoot reserve with her husband who was the new Agent. It was an opportunity not to be missed.

Mrs. Gooderham had her own car - a Dodge with all metal body, real glass windows that could be rolled up and down with a handle on the inside of each of the four doors. She drove Jefferys where he could sketch and paint. He completed a coloured pencil drawing of the Bow River cutbank on the reserve near Gleichen and another of grain elevators lined up along the railway tracks that separated the town from the reserve. He also sketched significant historical sights on the reserve - Treaty Flats, where Treaty number seven was signed; the site where Crowfoot pitched his tipi on that occasion and Crowfoot's grave.

While in Morley to sketch the historic McDougal church a young cowboy came to watch him work. The young man admitted to doing some sketching himself. Jeffreys asked to see some examples. He was so impressed he advised the cowboy to keep it up. Ronald Gissing's career as one of Western Canada's most popular artists was about to begin. As for Jeffreys his sketches would all be included in his most significant

contribution to Canadiana, the three volume, *Picture Gallery Of Canadian History*, published much later in his career, after the Second World War had come and gone.

That Jeffreys was the first artist to recognize and capture the unique prairie landscape is often forgotten as other younger, local, artists - W J Phillips, Maxwell Bates, Ernest Linder and Illingworth Kerr - also discovered and explored western Canada.

Two letters to the Gooderhams tell us about Jeffrey's struggle with illness, his work and the effect the depression had on his family. They do much to illustrate his personal life as well as the Canadian world during the Depression and the Second World War:

York Mills, Ont

Dec. 26 '33

My Dear George and Mary Gooderham;

I simply can't write Mr and Mrs with the warm glow at my heart on reading your kind messages. They were like generous wine, and of an old vintage too, for the date above reminds me of how many years it is since I enjoyed the hospitality of your home, and how many more since I encountered our first architectural girl. Such kindly thoughts and feelings almost reconcile me to Christmas, for which, let me confess it, I fear I have something of an unregenerate Scrooge feeling.

Don't let this make you think that I have sunk into melancholy or cynical senility, and don't infer from the newspaper article, which originally appeared in the "Toronto Star Weekly" a couple of years ago, that I am or have been in desperate straits. It is a time I had a bad crack physically; I was suddenly stricken about three years ago with tic-doloroux, the most diabolical neuralgic head pains that afflict man-kind, followed by a nervous breakdown that forbade the surgical operation which might have helped. But we've all come through so far with no impairment of the real riches of life, but rather with an added wealth of love and courage. And I never realized before how many good friends I had.

So far as work is concerned I have had much to be thankful for. It is true that the "depression" has cut down my income from royalties on school book illustrations, especially in your hard - pressed western country; but I have had two or three large mural decoration commissions (one for the Manoir Richelieu Hotel in Murray Bay - 1929- and one for the Chateau Laurier Hotel in Ottawa - 1930) and these things are rare in our country. I could wish that they

had come my way ten years earlier when my physical powers were stronger, for the covering of several square feet of canvas is a pretty strenuous job in itself, and the prices were better; but I have had lots of fun doing them and the artistic problems have been sufficiently intricate to keep me keen. Just at present I'm in the thick of a series of panels 9 ft. x 6 ft. for the Royal Ontario Museum, depicting the life of the historic man from stone age to bronze.... three panels already in place have been satisfactory to the experts and encouraging to myself.... I have also in the publisher's hands, drawings and text for a collection of 50 pictures dealing with Canadian History (Canada's Past in Pictures). It would have been out this Christmas, if the book-selling situation had been more favourable; but we thought it wise to hold off for another year in hope of better times. Will send you a copy when it does come out.

But this is more than enough about myself. The rest of the family are well, though I wish my wife could have a rest and relief from the strain which the last few years has thrown upon her. The daughters are women - no children around now - Katherine, the architect, has no architecture to do - like the bulk of the profession which has been hit disastrously - and she is working, like many others, selling goods in Eatons. She is an expert adviser now as to women's clothes and finds a department store a great field for the study of human nature. She is taking her job cheerfully and sensibly, in spite of much monotony - I can make no official announcement but I think I hint that she will follow your profession before long (wife and mother). Betsy, after a training for stenography and secretarial work, finds nothing doing in that direction and has temporary employment for the moment also in Eatons - also with a strong probability of your job later. Peggy went in for kindergarten and primary teaching; nothing offering there. After graduation she kept herself in practice by voluntary (free) work among the foreign kids at the University settlement in the ward, and was fortunate enough to get a Christmas present in the shape of an engagement as primary teacher at the Willowdale school about three miles north of us. Result she feels like a millionaire and has already, in imagination, spent her half-year's salary. Barbara is in her second year at Northern Vocational School taking up art and kicking because she hasn't a paying job. You see what a mercenary set we are - She is doing excellently, draws remarkably well, has made some good watercolor sketches, and I think is doomed to be an artist. They are all good, wholesome girls with brains, character and good looks. Jeanette, by now is a staid, not too staid, married woman; they have no children, which they regret; but her husband is getting on well in the law, as partner in one of the best old law firms in the city.

It is good to know all your family (no longer babies either, I suppose) are well including, I gather your numerous red wards. All the good wishes to them. I think they are fortunate in having such a sensible and sympathetic guardian. So far as the Indian is concerned, I feel that perhaps his best safeguard is his racial pride - as soon as he gets the "inferiority complex" which our so-called civilization so often imposes on the "lesser breeds" imitation sets in and degeneration follows. And looking at the mess that this civilization has made of things I can fancy that any really intelligent aborigine, whether of America, Patagonia or Polynesia, must have some doubts and some diminution of respect and admiration for our social structure. But this addressed to a government official smells strongly of treason, so I close up.

Nevertheless it's a good world in many ways; a world of good friends, of natural beauty and interest. A trip such as you suggest (to Gleichen and The West) and that we have dreamed of so often, would bring us into such a world and both my wife and I hope that some day before we get entirely too old and feeble we may tumble into Gleichen in a covered wagon and camp along the winding Bow and find soothing and peace in the long flowing lines and soft harmonies of color of its slow rolling hills. The girls would love it too. I see no immediate prospect of it; but let the Gooderhams beware the inundations may sweep down on them someday and the Bow in shining flood would be a trickling brook by comparison. This long drawn letter is a foretaste.

P.S. I'm still at my job in the School of Architecture - have an assistant in one of our graduates, Carsewell, now a son-in-law of Professor Wright, who has announced his retirement at the end of this year.

Yours sincerely

Charles W Jefferys

He did not make that trip but the Gooderhams kept in touch and one or the other was in Toronto from time to time and able to look him up.

He was right about Barbara. She did become an artist - also a wife and mother. She came to visit the Gooderhams often as Barbara (Mrs. Orval) Allen. Mary had a car - not the same one she and Jeffreys used but the same make, a Dodge without running boards and with small "ventilator windows" which could be unlatched and pushed open allowing air circulation without the blasts that accompanied open windows. Some dust

filtered in but nothing like the older model. Paved roads were not yet thought of and all roads were dirt though some had gravel added. The Dirty Thirties always lived up to their name. Dust was part of drought and both were a major part of life.

Barbara and one or all of the Gooderham kids would escape - in Mary's car - to the River. There were trees and grass and moisture in the air. She would sketch - often in the same location her father had used years before. The Gooderhams were encouraged to sketch too.

"That's not bad. Most people can't see there is a form along the horizon. You don't see hills though. What makes it possible to see forms with the eye? Isn't it a matter of light and shadow? Remember shadows are not black. Try again."

Perhaps they would try again or perhaps wander off exploring along the river and through the trees - sometimes romancing about the Blackfoot who wandered through those very trees before white men came. Perhaps there were enemies - Cree or Crow - just beyond that tree. Perhaps they might just goof off for a hand-rolled smoke. But they rarely saw a Blackfoot - even at a distance

Barbara taught them to see as well as look and that lesson enriched the rest of their lives.

The war came. Jeffreys wrote the Gooderhams at the beginning of 1945 just as people were wondering if it would ever end.

York Mills, On. Jan.. 30, '45

My Dear Gooderhams

It was very pleasant to get a card and to hear from you again. A real western breeze, a Chinook wind to mellow our Arctic winter which is a record creator with snow, snow and more snow and no faintest January thaw.

Hibernation is the only sensible thing, the animals know better than we humans.

The photo in the papers is more or less of a bluff - the retired general appearance which impressed you is only a false front, like those prairie town houses which simulate a second story. For the truth is it was my first public appearance - & in glad rags for several weeks - or is it months - for I have been

laid up more or less since October and am still a house-tied convalescent, being coddled by my daughters.

I had a return of my old enemy, tic-doloroux, after 14 years quiescence, which required another operation which I underwent early in November. It relieved me from the agonizing pain.... However I am coming on and beginning to do some work, taking advantage of the opportunity to go through some of my earlier things and preparing them for mounting. It's been an interesting job, with no time limits or dates of publication or exhibition openings - a welcome change from the pretty strenuous life of the last couple of years, getting the second volume of my "Picture Gallery" ready. I managed to finish it before I cracked down, and it is now in the hands of the printers, but when it will get out is uncertain, owing to war-time shortages of labour and materials, but probably it will be published this spring or early summer.

The first volume went over very well, required a second printing & is still selling, with many demands for the next volume, which we had hoped might have been out last fall. You will receive an early copy, also one of a monograph on me written by William Colgate, who got out "The History of Canadian Art" a couple of years ago. It contains about 18 illustrations of my paintings, including a couple of prairie things and the author has done a good job - probably treating me better than I deserve. The little book ought to be out any day now.

We are all well here, the third generation going strong & noisy, so that York Mills is much as it was in general atmosphere years ago. I see Barbara and Orval pretty often, though gas rationing curtails all travelling considerably & they are living in the outskirts of West Toronto some distance from bus and car lines, but within easy distance of the Kodak Plant (where O was employed). Young Claudia is a creditable product, has achieved bipedal locomotion, but not yet articulate speech to any extent, though she quite evidently understands our language. My own belief is that she is holding out on us, so as not to commit herself; a canny disposition which she inherits from her parents.

I think you have done a good job both with your family and with the Indians, especially if as you say, you are becoming like them. I was always sold on them, & I am now literally one, for a year ago last summer I was adopted into the Six Nations at the annual meeting of The Ontario Historical Society, of which I was president, held in Brantford & its neighborhood.

I was made a member of The Turtle Clan of the Mohawks at a most interesting ceremony on the reserve. I am really very proud of the distinction of belonging to this ancient community... I was given a name by a dear old lady named "She who watches over the village", otherwise Mrs Green, who was my

Indian sponsor, it being necessary in Iroquois custom for the women to select, accept, or reject all prospective members. I had to repeat my name in a loud and audible voice, which I did with considerable eclat and to the surprise of my Indian bretheren, for I had learned, several years ago, from a Toronto professor who knew Mohawk and Huron pronunciation, how to give the proper guttural sounds. "Ga - re - wa - ga - yon" meaning I was told, "Historic words". So if you have any turtles among the Blackfoot, I shall claim kinship if I am ever among them again and, who knows, I may even venture on another visit, but one does not count on such enterprises at 75 years.

I was sorry to hear of Frederick Niven's death though I had known he had been in bad health for some time. I had some correspondence with him & admired his work. "Flying Years" especially.

I am as ever yours sincerely

CHARLES W. JEFFERYS OR

GA RE WA GA YON [include drawing at

end of each letter]

JAMES WILLARD SCHULTZ

Gradually the den turned into a library rather than an office as more and more books arrived. Below the windows there were shelves housing huge books like the family Bible, the encyclopedia, and Great Literature of the World. There were many books with a message from the author and a dedication to one Gooderham or another on the flyleaf.

The children were particularly attracted to one row of books. It was a collection of stories written about the Blackfoot Indians by a man who had lived with them in what is now the United States back in "the old days". They were marvellously romantic thrillers with names like *Red Crow's Brother*, *Skull Head The Terrible* and *The White Buffalo*.

There were horse raids by Blackfoot warriors who travelled on foot for days, or nights. Once in enemy territory they must hide during the day and travel at night. The party would seek out an enemy camp - probably Crow because the Crow were famous for their horses. Late at night the Blackfoot warriors would crawl silently past the herds of ordinary horses grazing near the camp. Without alerting the guards who were protecting the camp, they would creep right up to the enemy tipis where the very best horses were tethered inches away from where the owners lay sleeping. The slightest sound could bring the owner out, rifle ready, sounding the alarm to the whole camp. But the Blackfoot would have already cut loose the best, most prized horses and led them away, gathering ordinary horses up as they passed through the herds to ride triumphantly back to Blackfoot country before the startled Crow could be alerted and onto their horses. Where were the horses? The Blackfoot warriors would, of course, be hotly pursued by an angry platoon of Crow warriors to no avail for the Blackfoot warriors would, of course, escape due to their superior skill and daring.

Once back in their own camp the Blackfoot would be greeted as heroes. Celebrations would commence immediately. Perhaps a second group of young men would leave camp, on horseback, to meet up with and destroy any Crow who dared to come into Blackfoot territory.

The returning heroes would also now be rich. For all the prairie tribes counted their wealth in horses. The owner of a truly magnificent horse could offer it to the father of the most beautiful young woman in the camp. Such a father would be proud to allow his daughter to marry a rich and famous warrior. Surely she would be well looked after and bring credit to her family.

The author of these wonderful books was James Willard Schultz. The children assumed he must be dead. How could a man who lived "back then" be still alive?

One day they were dumbfounded to hear from George that Mr Schultz was going to come for a visit. Imagine meeting the man who came from this bygone era. It was almost too much. When he actually stood in front of them they were struck dumb. He spoke Blackfoot. They were too impressed to hear let alone reply in any language. He had merely said "Oke Nape," Hello Friend, a phrase even they knew.

He was shorter than their imagined author and a little thinner, but he looked old enough to have lived through all those adventures. And he was dressed in a very expensive western riding suit with a silver navajo belt buckle and a stetson hat. Not the big wide brimmed cowboy hat but the more refined gentlemanly version. He was as grand as any hero needed to be.

George explained how much the children enjoyed the stories and the next two books that arrived came with long dedications addressed to George's son, Kent. It took some time for George to convince Kent that HIS books should go in the bookcase with the others instead of by his bed (Where all Blackfoot warriors kept their most precious possessions).

The children did most of their reading in the den and would devour each of the books, sinking deeper and deeper into the world of horse raids, sun dances and inter - tribal battles. At the end of the book they would, of course, be desolate. And would stare out the window at the "real world" where Blackfoot people were riding by in their wagons with the metal rimmed wheels clattering over the bumpy prairie trail, and with their skinny hound dogs running behind. The horses pulling the whole noisy caravan along with their heads down and bodies almost as skinny as the dogs and with sores under the harness that stayed on their backs for hours and perhaps even longer.

The truth about James Willard Schultz was always on the large scale. George first met him in 1922 when Schultz had come to Alberta to research for another book. George had by then been the Indian Agent for the Blackfoot for two years. This day he was sitting in his office after all the other staff had gone. He heard the train from the west pull into the station, about a quarter of a mile away but paid no attention because he was working on a report to Ottawa that was required immediately! He heard a footstep outside the door and then a knock followed by the appearance of a thin man wearing a stiff-brimmed stetson. There were a number

of photographs of old Blackfoot leaders hanging on the wall behind George's desk. The man looked at them and began to cry.

It soon became obvious the visitor was very much under the influence of alcohol. The fact that prohibition was in effect in Canada at that time had not been a deterrent to this gentleman. George recalled that the morning paper had mentioned a famous author being in Calgary and he surmised that the famous Mr Schultz was now standing in front of him. Much later when Schultz had sobered up he was able to explain his tears. Those photos were of his old friends. Not only were they now gone but so too was the romantic life they shared together.

George closed the office and hustled his visitor across the compound to the house and into the den which was somewhat isolated from the rest of the house. The visitor was no sooner seated than he started searching through his pockets for a cigarette. George smoked a pipe at that time so he couldn't offer much help. Finally Schultz made it clear that he had lots of cigarettes in his luggage at the station. It was after closing time at the station and no one would be able to get the luggage for some time. George volunteered to go to Gleichen to purchase some cigarettes.

On his return he noticed Mary at one of the upstairs windows and their housekeeper, Birch, with her head out another. As soon as he came close enough Mary called out "We're frightened. There's a crazy old man wandering around downstairs!"

George spent the evening with Schultz in the den and heard all about his life. He had a university degree but was also the cousin of prominent fur traders who operated in the western U S. He decided to go out west to visit them where he became great friends with the Blackfoot and never returned. He married the sister-in-law of an independent fur trader, Joe Kipp, and went into the fur trading business with his brother-in-law. George might have learned more about Schultz had Schultz been more sober.

It wasn't possible to get the "crazy old man" to eat or to sober up much but about midnight they got him into bed. Both Mary and George breathed a sigh of relief, believing he would be in good condition in the morning. But alas! They had not examined the small bag which he had taken to the bedroom with him. They were awakened by the early morning mumblings of their guest who was "well on his way again". The little black bag held the secret.

By that night he was in much the same condition as before. On the third day he was ill and everyone became worried. George contacted the local doctor, A W Bowles, who was able to

persuade Schultz to go into the new Indian hospital. He remained there over night and returned to the Gooderhams in good condition the following day, a most penitent gentleman. He said he was now too embarrassed to remain as a guest but hoped to return another time when, he assured them, such a situation would not occur again.

Before he left he asked for some note paper to write to his publisher, Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston. He showed George the letter which asked the publisher to send the Gooderhams copies of all the books he had written to that time. The letter was mailed and the incident forgotten. But three weeks later three packets of books arrived - eighteen in all, headed by one of the best, *My Life As An Indian*. A main character in which was Joe Kipp, called "Berry". and of course Schultz's wife. The books went into the den and Shultz was often there in person as well as in proxy.

Schultz and his first wife had one son whose Blackfoot name was Lone Wolf. He had been raised by his father as his mother died in the 1890's. Lone Wolf came to visit with his father shortly after Schultz' first visit. He was tall, dark, and handsome, a leading rodeo contestant and a sculptor. The stuff heroes are made of. Lonewolf and his father stayed in the Gleichen Hotel where, the hotel owner said, the two of them drank him out of his whole stock of bottled beer. Father and son had a great time together - and a lot in common.

The last time Schultz came to visit, a Miss Donaldson came with him. They were gathering material for his latest book, *The Sun God's Children*, in which he described the Tobacco Dance. Miss Donaldson had been a Professor of English at Bozeman University in California and Schultz persuaded her to study anthropology at the University of Southern California and then to work with him. They were married shortly after their visit with the Gooderhams and she worked with him to do research on Indian Tribes both in the United States and in Canada.

THE SCOT WHO STUDIED CANADIAN HISTORY

Frederick Niven was another name on the book shelves. He wrote novels about western Canada that were a roaring success in his native Scotland and a critical success in Canada. He was very interested in the Blackfoot and came to visit the Gooderhams almost every year to do research and talk with the older Blackfoot men. He didn't speak Blackfoot but he had taught himself the sign language plains tribes used to communicate with one another before and after the white man came West. It was fascinating to watch him and two or three older men sitting for hours moving their hands and arms with no sounds except the occasional grunt of approval or hiss of disagreement.

The Blackfoot people were still raising sacred tobacco at that time. It was the Gooderham children's belief that it was absolutely forbidden for any one except the holy people who planted and cared for it, to set eyes on the garden. It was particularly dangerous for a white man. The proof of this interdiction was the story of a farm instructor who had inadvertently ridden by the sacred garden. Shortly afterwards his horse stumbled in a badger hole and threw him to his death. The children were always careful not to look too closely behind thickets or over hills in strange parts of the reserve lest they should suddenly discover the sacred tobacco ripening before their eyes. They did know, however that this tobacco was different. Smoking it allowed holy men and women to see the future, and perhaps into the distant past as well.

Niven was, of course, aware of information collected by that other friend of the family, James Schultz, who had not only seen the tobacco dance but had participated in it. At one time Schultz was very anxious to have the ceremonies, which accompanied the planting and harvesting of the sacred plant, preserved on film. He wrote many letters to George and to religious leaders on the reserve setting up a time when this ancient ceremony could be documented for all time. He was successful in arranging the coming together of the Blackfoot and the technicians but for some reason the filming was a failure. The Blackfoot never received the finished product and considered this failure a betrayal. Schultz did describe the ceremony and its purpose in several of his books. He gave the tobacco its Blackfoot name Na-ho-wa-to-sin and said that botanists in California classified it as *Nicotina Quadrivulvis*. The planting required a shaman of the beaver or water medicine bundle to perform the ceremony. He and his wife

would open the bundle containing the sacred pipe, paints and animal and bird skins while praying to Sun, Napi (a religious figure), and singing the songs that were a central part of the ceremony.

Not only was the planting accompanied by the right songs at the right time but even the way the seed was deposited and the type of manure used as fertilizer was carefully prescribed in order to ensure the best possible crop. When the seeding was completed the children ran over it all, covering the seeds. Schultz said the plots could be as large as half an acre.

The ceremonies were divided into three parts, planting in the Spring, Holy Songs in the Summer, and harvest in the early Autumn. It was the planting in the Spring that was the main ceremony. It could last ten days and included a camp almost as big as the one set up for the Sun Dance.

Once the planting was completed the land was holy and no one went near the crop until the harvest. But in mid - summer the shaman opened his bundle and conducted special prayers and songs to ensure the proper development of the crop. The harvest took place at the time when chokecherries were ripe and took two days.

Schultz said the plants grew to about twelve inches tall with about twelve leaves. But it was the bulb, about the size of a small onion, that was smoked. Although the white man's tobacco became popular for everyday smoking it was believed that the great sky god, Sun, found the white man's smoke offensive. The Blackfoot continued to grow Na-ho-wa-to-sin, the holy tobacco, for religious ceremonies only. Schultz admitted he had smoked it himself but didn't like either the odour or the flavour.**

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Red Crow's Brother by James Willard Schultz published by Houghton Mifflin The Riverside Press Cambridge, 1927 pp 24 - 28]
.....

To come back to Frederick Niven, it's possible that he died before he wrote the proposed book about the Blackfoot. But he wrote many articles about the Blackfoot for British periodicals

such as *John O'London*. He was an inveterate smoker and used to go around with a hand-rolled cigarette dangling from his lips, made with chanteclair cigarette papers. They were famous for going out long before the cigarette was finished. The whole purpose was to have a cigarette without actually getting any smoke. It was a good idea which Mary copied. It didn't save either of them from cancer. But Mary lasted longer.

Before World War 1 Niven was a prominent Scottish author. He was on war service between 1914 - 18 in London where he met Pauline, his wife. They came to Canada in the late twenties and remained in Canada until his death in their home across the lake from Nelson B.C.

Niven was a scholar as well as author. He spent considerable time in the United States Indian Department archives where, among other things, he discovered the complete ritual for the Blackfoot Sun Dance. At that time the Blackfoot at Gleichen had discontinued setting up the Sun Dance and the line of oral inheritance had been lost.

A whole generation of Blackfoot had been raised in residential schools, where they were separated from their parents and "native" religion was very much frowned upon. Niven obtained a copy of the complete ritual. It is possible the original was written by Clark Wissler, the early ethnologist, who documented so much of Blackfoot social and religious life. At any rate George believed the Blackfoot used this material to revive the Sun Dance and it was going strong when the Gooderham children were old enough to go there with the Nivens - not to see the secret ceremonies but to witness the public blessings and sharing of the buffalo meat.

Years later George's son, Kent, studied anthropology at the University of Toronto. He read Wissler's report of his investigations into the Blackfoot culture in the stacks in the basement of the University library. In the summer he visited the reserve at Sun Dance time with his old friend and mentor, Earl Calf Child, who persuaded the leaders to let Kent watch many of the ceremonies, particularly the ceremony where the holy woman offers up the prayers to the Sun as it was done in the beginning.

The story was: Morning Star, son of Moon and Sun had longed for a wife and chose a beautiful Blackfoot girl. He was the most beautiful man ever seen so the maiden was anxious to go with him even though it meant she would have to leave Earth and live in the Sky Lodge with Sun, Moon and Morning Star.

There was one restriction. She must never try to look back to Earth and see her people. If she did she would become homesick and unhappy. She found it easy to agree to that restriction at first. But there came a day when she could no longer resist. She pulled up a sacred turnip and peered through the hole. Every thing happened as Sun said it would. She would have to return to earth. But she brought with her all the sacred information on which Blackfoot life was to be based.

Sitting surrounded by Blackfoot in the special "open" lodge set up so many could witness this most important of ceremonies Kent relived every detail of the spectacle described by Clark Wissler.

Niven was interested in all of Canadian history and George lent him a book called *The Windmill* which W G Gooderham had commissioned in 1922 as a history of the Gooderham and Worts mills and distillery. George thought Niven would find the part about a John MacKay, one of a group of Highland Scots, who came to the Selkirk Settlement in 1815. He and his family had been forced to make the incredible journey east from Lake Winnipeg to the Upper Canada village of Newmarket in 1820, where they eventually became farmers successful enough to sell their grain to the Gooderham and Worts mills. MacKay had told his story to an historian in 1908 and had included a love story about his grand parents. Frederick was delighted and used this real life drama as background for his book about the Selkirk Settlement *Mine Inheritance*.

Niven's books, *The Flying Years* and *Mine Inheritance* were more adult than the Gooderham children who hadn't read them. It did not occur to them Niven might be famous until one day he happened to mention that the ring he wore was a gift from Bliss Carmen. All the Gooderham children studied Bliss Carmen at school. "Everyone" knew he was famous.

Niven also proved he was also human. One day, when one of the Gooderham children had been discovered in a family rule infraction, Niven told a story about how he had managed a similar problem as a boy in Scotland. He had a passion for nuts and was severely restricted in that indulgence even though, in his home there was always a dish on the sideboard in the dining room. He devised a plan which included his running around the dining room table making considerable noise and marking time in exactly the same rhythm in front of the nut bowl while he gathered yet another handful of the forbidden. The sound of his continuous running would of course be heard in any adjacent room and lull any suspicious mind into the belief that he was

only involved in the minor crime of running in the dining room. Niven became a hero to the Gooderham children in spite of his advanced years.

Gooderham miscreants were not able to translate the information directly. Their interest was in shortbread cookies stored in the pantry cupboards behind the kitchen. Sound of any sort in that area was immediately detected for what it was and dealt with just as promptly.

There was one Niven book which was really popular in Canada and may still be in print. It was called “Colour in the Canadian Rockies” and was a 1937 collaboration between Frederick Niven and W. J. Phillips, a watercolourist and wood block printer (in the Japanese style) who lived in Banff. When the Nivens left the Gooderhams each summer they went next to Banff and Jasper to visit with the Phillips and American friends who came to the Chateau Lake Louise every year. In due time a wood block print, by W G Phillips, of the Indian village at Banff Indian Days, joined other memorabilia on the den wall, a gift from the Nivens.

On a visit with the Nivens to Phillips in his Banff studio the Gooderham children expected to see paint-spattered cloths and a room filled with canvasses, scraps of canvas and other debris stacked and stored in great disorder. They walked into a room spotlessly clean to see an elderly man in a business suit complete with tie, working carefully on a table as immaculate as he was.

Years later there was a ceremony at the University of Calgary where Phillips received an honorary doctorate degree. His vision was so bad by then that he could not see the podium and had to rely on the guidance of a friend to move forward to receive the honour.

NICHOLAS IGNATIEFF : The Educator

The front door of the house, used only by strangers and those who came on business, opened into a large entry hall. The Gooderham children were always curious about anyone who came through that door. In November 1933 a tall powerful-looking Russian called Nicholas Ignatieff stood talking with George there – the two of them watching a freak storm swirling snow into the front veranda and worrying about a large herd of Herefords on the reserve caught on the open range by the blizzard.

Round-up crews had to work night and day to separate the hundreds of calves from their mothers and drive both adults and calves into separate feed lots. The six-foot-two-inch Ignatieff was very interested in this event and, when he learned the huge herd was to be moved across the Bow river some ten miles to the North Camp where there would be ample protection and food, he asked to join the cowboys.

Not only was Ignatieff tall and well built he was clearly ready for adventure. In Gleichen to talk to the Canadian Club he had brought no clothing suitable for riding a horse across the reserve. Could clothing be found? Fortunately George was six-foot and about the same size and build. Clothing was soon found. George produced a pair of beaver driving mitts that had belonged to his father, John. The beaver fur was both inside and outside and the first finger was separated from the other three like a glove so the wearer could hold the reins but the rest of his fingers were warmly together as they would be in a mitt. The gloves were a perfect fit. There was a matching beaver hat. George did his best to persuade Ignatieff to wear it too; if not this hat then another. The Russian scorned a hat. But he was able to fit into a sheepskin jacket similar to those made famous by the Mounted Police in pioneer days. It was designed to fit any man whose shoulders were wide enough to hold it up. Winter moccasins were made large enough so many pairs of socks could be fitted inside. A pair was located at the back of George's closet. Trousers and some longjohns were found and, if anything, the strange costume enhanced the visitor's impressive good looks and bearing.

When he joined the crew of Blackfoot cowboys no one made any comment but they all noticed that this crazy easterner was hatless - and expected the worst. They watched him during the whole trek and with more and more respect. Not only did he not seem to be bothered by the cold but he was a magnificent horseman and could ride with their best. He also knew how to herd cattle. What they didn't know was that he was having the time of his life remembering how it had

been as a child in Russia where his father owned a huge estate in a part of Russia not unlike southern Alberta.

The Blackfoot were willing to accept anyone who knew how to ride and herd cattle like he did. They all spoke English and were willing to talk about their lives on the reserve and, because he was a stranger, to answer direct questions. And he asked many. He was clearly impressed by how much the Blackfoot had in common with workers on his father's estate. As for the Blackfoot they saw something else about this man over and above competence. That he could ride all day in freezing weather without a hat meant that he must have a special gift or power. He was a man to be reckoned with.

He was a hero to the Gooderham children who were quite used to being ignored by adults. This visitor not only noticed them but treated them like real persons. He told them unbelievable, but true, stories about his life.

He was born in St. Petersburg, Russia in 1904. That was just one year after John Gooderham came from Saskatchewan to Alberta - and one year before Alberta was declared a province. Ignatieff's father was not only a count in the court of Tsar Nicholas but also Minister of Education in the Tsar's government right up until the revolution of 1917. Count Ignatieff and his family would probably never have survived had they not escaped to England.

They had to leave everything behind and arrived in London, England with only what they could carry. Fate was on their side. The English viewed White Russians like the Ignatieffs with great sympathy. No one could forget that Tsar Nicholas was King George V's cousin and that both called Queen Victoria grandmother. One day a cotton manufacturer approached Count Ignatieff. He had an overdue account for cotton grown on the Ignatieff estate and purchased by his company just before the revolution. It amounted to almost \$40,000. A huge amount in those days. It was enough for the family to live on and to send Nicholas and his brothers to English schools and universities.

After Ignatieff graduated in engineering from the University of London in 1925 he emigrated to Canada. One of his first jobs brought him to Calgary where he helped in the construction of the Ghost Dam on the Bow River. It was just one of his many adventures.

He had an insatiable curiosity. In the early thirties Canada was in the midst of the Depression which demoralized almost everyone. Not Ignatieff. He travelled across Canada even into the far north. He sometimes slept in prison cells, sometimes in box cars on moving trains,

sometimes in pioneer shacks and sometimes in city mansions. He loved it all. He was discovering his new country of Canada.

His stories gave the Gooderhams a new appreciation of the "bums" who, during the Depression, rode into town on the train and slept over night or for a few days in the small park at the edge of the reserve between their house and the railway tracks. The Gooderham children had to walk through the park on their way to and from school. The men were scary- looking even when they came to the door for food. They looked frightening, dirty and tired. The children never felt the same about them after realizing men like Ignatieff had been just as homeless. Perhaps they might have stories as marvellous as his.

The children never met a man in the park quite as interesting as Nicholas Ignatieff but after his visit they did make a point of befriending some. They were good men. There were three in particular who used the early spring branches from the willows in the park to create picture frames. The children's job was to find buyers at 10 cents a piece. They were able to bring in about \$1 and that included each child buying one from an allowance of 12 cents a week. They may have got their personal frames at wholesale - 5 cents - but more important was the contact that taught both the men and the children they were "all in it together" and worthy of respect. An insight learned from Nickolas Ignatieff.

Later, when he was a master at Upper Canada College in Toronto teaching Canadian history, he took eastern boys on trips to western Canada to tramp through the mountains and to meet boys from the prairies and foothills. In turn he got scholarships to eastern colleges for western boys - trojan work. Canada at the time was deeply divided with Westerners blaming Easterners for their sad economic plight and Easterners complaining Westerners were whiners.

In 1939 Ignatieff came to visit the Gooderhams again - this time with his bride Helena, daughter of the Ontario archivist, Alex Fraser. Through Sir Elsworth Flavelle (who we know as an advocate for the science of photography) and senior officials of the Ford Motor Company, he was able to combine a wedding trip with constructive work on behalf of Canadians. He and his wife led a group of boys from the East as far as the West Coast. Thanks particularly to Sir Elsworth, a photographer himself, they had the very latest equipment and took photographs all around the reserve and particularly at the coal mine where men were repairing coal cars. Ignatieff photographed men playing the hand game - a popular Blackfoot gambling game which involved betting which hand of your opponent held which stick.

They took photos of a horse race in the valley of the Bow - perhaps the only Blackfoot sport to rival the hand game. Betting was part of that sport too - gambling was an obsession with the Blackfoot. You might lose everything, even the horse that ran the race but no Blackfoot worried about that. Tomorrow was another day.

On August 14 the Ignatieffs came to say goodbye. The children were sorry to see them go. Ignatieff was upset himself for a different reason. The air was full of rumours of war and he felt he must hurry back to enlist the minute war was declared. He was thinking of his own past and of the raids the Bolsheviks had made from their mountain hide-outs into Russian cities, and how his family had been forced into hiding and living off the land.

He went to his car and brought back a large framed photograph. Everyone recognized the figure in the centre. It was the Tsar and the general on his right was Ignatieff's grandfather. Nickolas reminded everyone of his great debt and feeling of appreciation for the British who had made it possible for his family not only to survive but to prosper.

War was declared on September 3. Ignatieff enlisted in the Engineers. But, for obvious reasons, was soon transferred to Intelligence where he gained the rank of Lt. Colonel and was decorated by both the British and American governments. After the war he became warden of Hart House at the University of Toronto in 1947. He died suddenly only five years later. The Gooderhams never saw him again.

They did see his wife, Helena, from time to time and always unexpectedly. Mary and George saw her at a garden party at Buckingham Palace in the sixties when their daughter, Elizabeth, and her husband, Basil Robinson, were stationed in London with External Affairs. And many years later Kent and his wife, Helen, ran into her at a party in Cuernavaca Mexico. The world is small.

Years later Ignatieff's nephew, Michael Ignatieff, wrote about his uncle in The University of Toronto magazine. He quotes his uncle's personal recollection of an afternoon in 1918 when he sat on a hillside in the Caucasus watching the Red and White armies killing each other in the valley below.

"I was then fourteen.... I remember thinking acutely for the first time: what pitiful fools these grown men are to do this to each other on a day like this in a place like this. What a blasphemy. All through those months and years of stress, excitement, misery, I was disturbed and

refused to accept the authority of the explanations handed down to me by my elders and
betters..... When my father and all our friends and relations said that Communism could only be
fought by force and even to hang Communists was a service to society, I could not see the point
and was haunted by the spectacle of a young mother who happened to be an active Communist
and wife of one of their captured leaders, hanging for three days from a gibbet erected on a hill in
the middle of the town.”

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Michael Ignatieff p 21 University Of Toronto magazine Spring 2001
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NICHOLAS de GRANDMAISON: Painter of Portraits

Another Nicholas who often came through front door was the artist Nicholas de Grandmaison famous for his powerful portraits of Native American men. A long term friend, he might turn up in any part of the house. The Blackfoot reserve suited his interests perfectly and the Gooderham home was an ideal centre. George could recommend models willing to sit (for a price) who had the strong Blackfoot character that so fascinated Nick. He also knew the models and was able to provide Nick with biographical information which made the portrait more real and more saleable.

But Nick was most often in the dining room. Not because he came to eat but because he liked to talk and visit. Besides, he had very special eating habits and taboos. Returning late in the evening you might often find the three of them, George, Mary and Nick, still sitting around the dining room table, ash trays full, tea cups, silver and dishes still scattered across the white table cloth - all ignored, as Nick expounded one of his many theories about the wrongheadedness of Canadian social structures. Politics were often on the agenda. Nick knew Canadians were hopelessly naive and constant warnings did little to help. Nick and Mary took the artists point of view and might wander off into marvellously exotic abstract speculations. George called the two of them crazy but he always stayed around for the fun.

Nick was a White Russian immigrant in spite of his French surname. Born in Moscow in 1892. his parents belonged to both the French and Russian aristocracy. His great-grandfather, Jean de Grandmaison, was orphaned during the French Revolution as were many children from aristocratic families. There were so many Catherine the Great offered to raise children of French aristocrats at Imperial expense. The young Jean arrived in Russia to be educated in a military academy and grew up to become a colonel in the Russian Imperial army. He defended his country against Napoleon who invaded Russia in 1812.

Jean's son and grandsons all served in the Russian army and Nicholas expected to do the same. He was raised with other aristocratic young men both at college and at a military academy and was commissioned as a sub-lieutenant just before the outbreak of World War I. His career was short, however, as he was one of the first Russians to be captured.

Nick had always been interested in art and during the long years of internment he did many portraits of fellow officers - and even Germans.

At the end of the war, back in Russia, he served in the army for a short time during the Bolshevik uprising. Fortunately, he was sent to a Russian officers' training camp in Britain and when the Bolsheviks took over the country Nick was cut off. No country. No job. No profession. But he was alive!

Luckily he was registered as an artist and with the help of many English aristocrats - particularly women who found the young Russian charming - he found many portrait commissions.

England provided a new start. Friends arranged for him to study at the St John's Wood School of Art in London. They found him commissions and in 1923 provided him with another opportunity very much "down his alley". They gave him a ticket on a horse which had an excellent chance of winning in a local race. It did and Nick made enough money to emigrate to Canada - "the land of opportunity." English aristocrats were familiar with Canada. It was one of the places you sent younger sons who would not be able to inherit. Given some monetary assistance the hope was that they might have an opportunity to make more.

Nick loved to paint and he loved to gamble, making and losing small fortunes several times. Although his family (once he had one) may have gone through some scary times he always seemed to land on his feet.

At first he made his way in Canada by painting portraits of those wealthy enough to hire him. But in Winnipeg he discovered Indians. And although he always continued to paint portraits of whites it is his portraits of Indians which made him more and more famous.*

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**History In Their Blood* by Hugh Dempsey, published by Douglas and McIntyre, Vancouver, Toronto, 1982 pp14 –16
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During World War Two Nick was driving the Trans-Canada highway near the little hamlet of Crowfoot when he had a terrible accident. His passenger was killed and Nick hospitalized in the Bassano hospital for some time. The verdict was that Nick was not responsible but it was a horrifying experience. Nick often hired drivers after that, including George's son, Kent.

There were many paintings left behind in the car which the R C M P recovered and held at the detachment at the Blackfoot Agency while the accident was being investigated. George and Mary provided as much support as possible and when Nick was recovered he asked Mary if she would like a portrait. She admired one pastel of a young Blackfoot girl (Lorraine Drunken Chief) and when Nick got out of the hospital he brought it to her.

When George retired from the Government in 1954 Nick presented him with a large portrait of a Blackfoot called Turned Up Nose - a famous character.

The Grandmaison family eventually lived in a spacious rambling house on Cave Avenue in Banff but Nick spent most of his time at the Palliser Hotel in Calgary where he could be close to prospective customers and the stock market. When Kent drove for him the market was always on the list of spots that had to be visited. The young driver got some very helpful instruction about that market. "Don't listen to the brokers. Do your own research." Often Nick's expertise in the market helped put food on the Grandmaison table as with most artists, a perennial concern.

Nick was no shrinking violet and could be spotted on a Calgary street blocks away. He always wore a brown stetson with the the brim turned down all round - western but not cowboy, a sport jacket, tweedy and expensive - but country. Everyone knew him so his progress down the street was slow.

Nick had to go where the models were and that meant travel. This involved moving all the necessary equipment as well as driving. Nick was always looking for drivers, preferably ones who didn't mind lifting, carrying, or reorganizing canvases and other paraphernalia. They must be free to go anywhere at any time and not be concerned about the level of compensation. He had to make some profit or his family of two sons and three daughters would starve. Kent often fitted the driver description and Nick would say;

"Let's go Georgie" (his name for Kent). When asked where they were going the answer was "Let's just go and see what happens". Either by plan or by accident the two turned up in Rocky Mountain House in May, 1950 when the Sunchild and O'Chiese bands ****(check this)**** were signing a treaty (part of Treaty No. 6) with the Canadian Government. When it came time to witness the signatures of the chiefs, Nick and Kent were standing around watching the proceedings when George, who was the Regional Superintendent for Indian Affairs at the time,

said "Would you like to witness these signatures?" and Nick's response was "Come on Georgie Let's be part of history."

Most of the signatures were witnessed by a man named Henry Stelfox, a prominent local who had lobbied for some time to bring these two Indian bands into treaty. They had no home, camped along roads, and made a living by picking up work from local farmers and ranchers whenever they could. There was no doubt that they were poor but they had a sort of proud independence both Nick and Kent could respect. It was also clear the two bands were apprehensive about what signing Treaty Number Six might mean to them. Kent was sure he would never have anything to do with Indian Affairs so didn't give the future of these bands much more thought. However it turned out that within fifteen years he was running the education program for Indian Affairs in Alberta and went to Rocky Mountain House to visit the schools which had been established. By then the people had homes, money and a school, but perhaps fewer jobs because schooling and farming meant they were no longer free to wander through the countryside. But they had just about everything Henry Stelfox could have asked for.

However, the Chief who had been such a strong force in 1950 had lost his power and dignity. Decisions he used to make were now decided by the outfit paying the bills - the federal government. Later that day the Chief was visible standing in the middle of the main street urinating and so inebriated he had no idea how inappropriate his actions were.

But back in 1950, Nick was not inspired by the faces gathered for the meeting. He found only one model who came up to his standards and he was able to complete only one portrait.

"These people aren't as interesting as the Blackfoot. Let's go Georgie". And off the Buick went, Nick sitting beside the driver, giving instructions on how to live - "Only eat boiled eggs in country restaurants."

How to live. "You have to learn how to see. Most people go through their whole life without seeing anything. Did you see that barn back there? Turn around, I want to take a photograph of it. Do you know why that barn is worth painting?"

Kent learned all kinds of things. to drink tea with lemon and sugar; pumping oil out of the ground would sooner or later cause earth movements that could wreck the world.

One summer in the "fifties" Nick phoned the Gooderhams in Calgary and said; "Can Georgie drive me down to the Blackfoot Sun Dance? I think I might find a good portrait there?"

Kent was free so he drove the big van Nick had at the time down onto the reserve. The idea was that the model could sit inside the van where Nick had all his supplies and both he and the model would have a little privacy.

As they got close to the Sun Dance Camp Nick said; "We'd better stop here and see if they will let us come any closer."

Kent was somewhat taken aback because he'd been going to the Sun Dance all his life and thought of himself as part of it. But he had also learned to listen to Nick. Sure enough a young man, whose name happened to be A Young Man, came running out to warn us away. Although he and Kent had known one another all their lives he looked at the two men, one young, one old, as if he had never seen them before. He also told them no white men were to come near the sacred lodge. Nick explained their innocence and long time connection with the Blackfoot and after checking with the elders A Young Man allowed us to move the van up to the circle of tents and tipis. Friends again they carried on as if nothing had changed but of course it had.

Nick knew that he had to be one of the boys if he was going to find a willing subject. He expected Kent to continue thawing the ice. Kent could see several of his friends and acquaintances in a group near one of the tipis. It was clear they were involved in a hand game rather than in the religious ceremonies. One of them, Cecil Crowfoot, said "Did you come to gamble Gooderham?"

Kent explained that Nick was hoping to do some painting but offered to lend some money to the gamblers. Nick joked with the people around but he could see things weren't developing the way he had hoped and decided they should leave but not before Kent's team admitted they had lost the cash given them and could do with some more. Things were changing.

It was the end of an era. Kent was the principal of a school near Calgary and would soon be married. It would be the last time he drove for Nick. And perhaps the last time Nick visited the Blackfoot.

Nick's wife, Sonia, had to cope with all the family ups and downs. It was often difficult. She and her family, the Dournovos, also belonged to the Russian aristocracy and had also escaped from the Bolsheviks. The Dournovos went east through China. They made it but did not have Nick's luck. Her experiences were more hair-raising than Nick's. Problems in Canada were minor in comparison.

DOUGLAS HARDWICK RANCHER

Douglas Hardwick could talk with authority about “the old days” because he was there for most of them – over 70 years. A typical second son of a British aristocrat, Douglas had made his choice. He would try his luck in the colonies rather than become a lawyer, doctor or engineer. If the decision was wrong he could always change it. It wouldn’t be the first time a Hardwick had made the wrong choice. A direct ancestor, Sir Joscelyne de Havermere de Hardewycke, an Anglo Saxon Thane of the Kingdom of Mercia, backed the wrong side in 1066 and found himself reduced to the status of serf with all his lands confiscated. Sir Joscelyne’s son saw a chance to change the situation. He joined the new (Norman) regime and had all the Hardwycke lands and titles restored. The family had coped and adjusted ever since.

Some 800 years later, Douglas left England for Calgary, North West Territories, Canada. It was 1889. He was seventeen. His future wife, Isobelle and their friends Mary (Kentner) Gooderham and George (George) Gooderham were all born that same year far from the Calgary/Gleichen scene.

Douglas had a friend who was foreman on a ranch specializing in raising horses. It was called the Quorn and was the most famous Alberta ranch. He had promised Douglas a job. Douglas did not know where The Quorn was let alone how to get there. Informants could tell him the direction but directions were all prefaced on the assumption he had possession of some means of transportation.

Not only did Douglas have no horse he was now down to his last fifty cents. There were no jobs for an English greenhorn kid so Douglas decided to walk to the ranch about 50 miles away. He had no idea, of course, just how empty those 50 miles might be. The equation of fifty cents into fifty miles resulted in an answer even Douglas could see was not in his advantage. But what was the alternative?

He started out early one Fall morning. The weather was fine and he headed south down the well-travelled Fort Macleod Trail. He soon left the town behind and became surrounded by beautiful rolling hills. And no houses. He could see for miles - empty miles. Coming to the top of yet another hill, he could see a settler's home not too far ahead. He left the trail and went up to the door. Could he have a drink and some food? He got milk, bread and jam. The charge - 25 cents - half his earthly wealth. And it was only noon of the first day. He went on his way but the

milk and bread didn't last long. He determined to eat even if it meant parting with his last "two bits".

Fabled western hospitality he'd heard so much about in Britain showed up at the next house. He was given a hot meal by the mistress of the house who listened to his story and sent him on his way with her blessings - and no charge.

So far so good. But what was he going to do about eating the next time - and what about sleeping? Towards night he came to another house and barn surrounded by a barbed wire fence. An elderly man was sitting on a log smoking a short clay pipe. He introduced himself in a broad Yorkshire accent and invited Douglas to linger a while. Douglas explained he was heading for the Quorn where he hoped to get a job through his friend. "Your friend had a row with the Quorn management and has taken off." Where? No one knew.

Douglas was easily persuaded to stay a few days and rest up before continuing his trip. His feet were sore and the ruck sack had become larger and heavier as the day wore on. They had dinner together in the small cabin Douglas was to call home for some time. His benefactor's name was Jack Sissons and he insisted Douglas stay with him until a job turned up.

Weeks later Jack rounded up his four horses explaining he had some contracting work at a neighbouring ranch called the Bar U. He took one team (of two horses) and left Douglas the other - a pattern they established for the rest of the Fall. Jack came and went and Douglas looked after the little farm where he spent his first Christmas in Canada - alone.

The farm was about three miles from Dewdney, now known as Okotoks. The village consisted of two buildings, a blacksmith shop and a store, house and post office all in one.

Douglas developed the habit of riding the farm horse to town, spending the day with the blacksmith and any neighbours who might also "drop by". He also got mail from home - and money. Both seemed to take a long time to come and Douglas was often forced to use his mother's letters to roll his cigarettes. He made the acquaintance of T&B plug tobacco which supplied him with many moments of reverie during the cold winter nights.

He rolled his own all his life - on the range - in the barn - in the house or at the dance. A permanent part of Douglas was the familiar tobacco-filled zig - zag paper in the corner of his mouth, black half way up from the many times it went out and the endless number of matches required to keep the smoke smoking.

Most cowboys at that time used the little cloth pouch of tobacco called Bull Durham with its draw-string top designed so the smoker could hold the string in his teeth while rolling the cigarette with one hand and holding the reins of the horse with the other – a good technique but Bull Durham didn't have enough "sting" for Douglas. But he was quickly learning entrepreneurial skills and bought a cache of Bull Durham sacks which he sold easily at a profit. But for his own pleasure he stuck with his old favourite - T & B.

Christmas was coming. Douglas had some cash and discovered that it was possible to order treats for the season from the Hudson's Bay through the post master. The most popular hampers contained liquor in addition to candies, fruit and fancy biscuits. The "wet" hampers were particularly appealing to a young man on his own. Douglas figured he could afford a small one containing two bottles, one brandy, one scotch. No one asked if he was 21. It did not seem to be a factor in the mail order business. He got his hamper well before Christmas.

He managed to save it all till New Year's eve. He was feeling a little lonely and perhaps a little sorry for himself, so far away from home. But he did have an invitation to a neighbour's on New Years Day and that was something to look forward to. To celebrate the end of the old or the beginning of the new, he decided to treat himself to one of the bottles in the hamper. Once opened it seemed a shame not to finish it. He finally rolled into bed thinking happy thoughts about the party the next day.

When he woke it was already daylight and he realized he would have to hurry. He had to feed and water the horse and the cow, eat some breakfast, dress and set off for the host ranch. It was quite a ride and the snow was deep.

After lighting the fire he went to the barn and brought the animals to the trough at the pump. They kept on drinking and drinking. And he was in a hurry. Not only that but when he went to put hay into their mangers he noticed that they had eaten every last straw that had been put down the day before. What was going on? Perhaps it was the cold weather. Anyway no time to worry about that.

When he got to the host ranch things seemed pretty quiet for a house that was having a celebration. He was met by his hostess who said. "Well we're really glad to see that you're all right. We waited all day yesterday for you".

It was January 2nd. He and the brandy had slept through all of New Year's day. When Douglas told them his story everyone had a good laugh and they became the best of friends.

That Spring he met a man called John Lineham who gave him a job as choreboy at his logging camp on Sheep Creek. Lineham also had a ranch with a big herd of cattle. That's exactly the kind of business Douglas had in mind. Men were needed both at round-up and at branding time. Douglas was young, strong and eager. He might not know how but he was eager to learn and he soon caught on to the basic rules of the ranching business. He also learned how to cook and made lifetime friends with the other cowboys.

In those days everybody's cattle foraged on open range and might be miles apart with cattle from one herd mixed with cattle from one, two or more herds. Round-up crews were hired to bring the cattle all together in one spot.

The calves had to be identified so the crew herded the cows and calves together. As soon as it was obvious this calf belonged to this cow the crew separated that mother and calf and branded the calf with the mother's brand. There were always one or two calves which couldn't be identified. Those cowboys who were also entrepreneurs branded these calves with their own brand - perhaps the beginning of a famous brand herd! Douglas could appreciate this line of thought and it perhaps helped him start his herd. But the whole Fall round-up was a huge macho expedition and Douglas never missed the big roundup long after he had his own brand and his own herd.

Because the herds were scattered all across southern Alberta the crews had to move from one part of the country to another. Getting the best camp site at the next location became a matter not only of convenience but of pride and bravado as well. All the cooking "chuck" had to be loaded into the chuck wagon, the team harnessed and all the crew saddled and ready to go. In the early 1900s both the Lazy H (Hardwick), and the N L (Pat Burns) were camped at Indian Springs. Each outfit had a chuck wagon, with cooks, jinglers*, and cowhands and well over 100 horses each. Teams were harnessed - no slick and groomed horses here - just some off-shade saddle broncs with one or two trained team horses thrown in to make it all work. The cook was on the chuck wagon and the night rider held the reins on the bed roll wagon. The two outfits hit the trail, each with its four horse team, riders and cavvies* strung out across the range. Each outfit wanted to reach the camp-site on the East Arrowood Creek first to get the best water, shade and the camp-fire wood. The loser got the not-so-good site just south of the present town of Arrowood. And the ignominy of being second.

Douglas was out in front on his favourite horse, Red Cloud. He gave the old calvary sign to the Lazy H crew and the race was on. Douglas knew it was going to be close so when he had to make a choice of going through a ravine where everything could fly apart or take the safe way around he went for the quick and dirty. Everyone thought the whole outfit would just pile up in the bottom but, no. The teams came scrambling out and over the rim intact, not a stove pipe or coffee pot missing!

It was open prairie straight to the East Arrowood camp-site. Douglas and the Lazy H a mile in the lead. The Lazy H crew were quietly sipping their coffee when the Burns outfit turned up. Douglas offered the losers a cup. The rivalry was friendly and Pat Burns was one of Douglas' best friends who would come to Douglas' rescue later, when times got really tough. It was this race to the next campsite that formed the basis for the now famous Calgary stampede chuckwagon race.

In those days Douglas and other bachelor cowboys roughed out the winter together in a cowboy "shack" which became quite famous. You could always find a good poker game and buy pork sausages the cowboys made. And it was there that the Bachelor's Ball was organized. The Ball, held in the Gleichen Opera House, called for full dress, including white gloves. Most of the "boys" had come from "good families" in Britain and had brought with them dress shirts, tails and gloves. The gloves were the first to get lost, of course. But the girls demanded gloves for fear the boy's hands would soil their dresses. The organizers had to supply substitutes. The substitutes turned out to be cotton and were purchased from Eaton's in Winnipeg. The dance became a tradition and the social event of the year. In 1910 John Gooderham's daughter, Muriel, "came out" at the Rangeman's Ball. So, too did Isabelle Millie and the other Gooderham girls when they were old enough. Ishbel Gooderham remembers.

"We always had balls, and all the men went in tux or tails. And they all had white gloves on. When I think of it, even myself - long kid gloves up to here. Just ridiculous. And there was no way of cleaning them. You just had to throw them away. But it wasn't like today. There was a dance program. And you had to dance with everyone - not just the person you went to the dance with. You had to dance with the president of the group and the father of the hostess or her husband and, well just everyone. You couldn't just do what you liked."

Douglas had been too busy getting by to think about getting married but in 1914 he was forty two and perhaps ready. Isabelle Millie, who was twenty-five, decided she should return to

Scotland. Douglas and his best friend, Charlie Millie, Isobelle's brother, also decided they should make the trip. Douglas now had more long range plans in mind and he and Isobelle agreed they would marry in Scotland.

They were married Sept. 2, 1914. They honeymooned in England and Scotland and had a great time seeing old friends and relatives. In London they met a typical "London swell" - bowler hat, cut away, white vest, white spats, gloves and cane who, on close examination turned out to be none other than their old friend from Calgary, George Peete, in London on a holiday. The good times came to an abrupt end when World War I broke out. The newly-weds caught the last ship back across the ocean before all commercial shipping was stopped.

Isobelle came back to a big outfit. Douglas had taken advantage of his opportunities. In 1912 he had purchased the Lazy H brand from W.R. Hull*. The price was astronomical for those days - some \$80,000. He and his brother also bought the Mansell herd from Fort Macleod. They had indeed survived and life was looking up. Isobelle and Douglas were to have two daughters, Helena, called Bumps, by some and Evelyn, called Babe.

The ranch turned out to be right beside a future irrigation project. In 1910 the Canada Land and Irrigation Company started building a system of irrigation canals (through the Blackfoot reserve as it happend). A large reservoir was needed. A dam was built and McGregor Lake, the longest artificial lake in Canada, was born right beside the Hardwick property. The lake assured a constant supply of water for the cattle but there were drawbacks. Farmers wanted to move into the area despite the marginal rainfall and the rolling terrain which made irrigating almost impossible. The Hardwick's lease was constantly in danger of being terminated. Farmers resented the control they exercised and you could not say "all was peaceful".

Ranching was a seventy-hour-a-week job. There were 3,000 head of cattle in the herd and 60,000 acres (three townships) of tillable and pasture land. That meant seventy five miles of fence. When telephone connections were made to Armada, the post office closest to the Lazy H, the telephone was carried to the ranch on the top strand of barbed wire for a distance of about two miles. If the Russian thistles got into the wire, which they did quite often during the windy,dirty thirties, the telephone connection went out and stayed out until someone from the ranch went along the fence and cleared out the thistle. It was definitely a "party line".

When Isobelle discovered she had cancer and would have to undergo an operation, she and Douglas were in Calgary. Douglas had to let his brother know the news but didn't want the

whole community involved so when he phoned he spoke Blackfoot. Fortunately the fence was free of weeds at the time and he got the message across even if there was no word in Blackfoot for mastectomy. Isabelle survived.

BUMP'S STORY

Many Blackfoot worked for the Hardwicks on the ranch and for several years the ranch included two grazing leases on the Blackfoot reserve. Helena (their oldest daughter called Bumps) remembers that when she was seventeen they were wintering cattle on the reserve. She and her father went up to check on them.

"We dropped in to see the Gooderhams. When we went in the weather was quite good. There was a lot of snow but no wind. But after dinner when we came out - I can still see it today - Mrs. Gooderham went to open the door. You remember there were two sets of doors - one to the porch and another into the house. Well, the wind blew us right back into the house. And Mrs Gooderham said very firmly, "Douglas you're not driving home in this. Isobelle would never forgive me. You can sleep here tonight and in the morning you can get up and go."

"I stayed often with Mrs. Gooderham. She taught me how to wait on table properly. In those days people like her had a maid who served everyone separately around the table I had to learn which side to serve on, which side to take the plate from, and to bring the serving dish between people without bumping into anyone, dumping the whole thing into someone's lap, or bonking someone else on the head. Mrs Gooderham always did things so beautifully.

"I can see her now with that long cigarette in her mouth. I would watch the ash getting longer and longer as she bent over the vegetables she was preparing. And I would wonder when it would drop into the food. It never did. But it didn't always make it to the nearest ash tray either.

"The Lazy H was a cow-calf operation which meant the calves were sold each fall. A complicating factor was that all the ranch land was out on the bald-headed prairie with out any winter protection or feed. We had to move the whole herd out every Fall and bring it back in the Spring. The calves were slated to arrive around the 10th or 12th of April.

"And of course we hoped to have the herd back home before that time. But winter wasn't always over by then. We could have terrible storms. One year when we had a blizzard we were stuck for three days. We were coming from Nanton and made it to Lake McGregor - ten miles from home. The lake started to rise and kept on getting higher and higher. And the calves were dropping all the time. And, of course, the calves that were dropped during the night just drowned. Daddy borrowed two hay racks from neighbouring farmers and we took pig wire and built a wire

corral on each rack and loaded all the calves that were still alive into them. Each calf weighed over sixty pounds so some of us were pretty tired by the time we headed for home.

"When we got there we had to make pens for each cow and calf. We took page* wire and divided the corrals into separate little pens. We put each wet heifer into a tiny pen and dumped a calf in with her. Of course we had no way of knowing which calf went with which cow. But then, none of the calves had been with their mother before anyway. The calf was starving and the cow's udder was full so they accepted one another. We just had to stay with each couple until they had matched up. It was terrible. I think it was in '37 or '38.

"We had lots of tough trips but that was the worst. We lost an awful lot of calves. Daddy was pretty discouraged.

"It wasn't all black, of course. One of the bright spots was the friendships shared with people like the Gooderhams. There was a cowboy artist called Charlie Russell who everyone knew. He lived most of the time in Montana but he wandered all through southern Alberta as well. There wasn't much of a border then. The Blackfoot (Canada) and the Blackfeet (U S) lived on both sides, so did many herds and cowpunchers. One day Daddy suggested to Charlie that he make a painting that would show the end of the day, the end of the year and the end of the Blackfoot Nation as it had been. Charlie thought it was a great idea so he did just that. When it was done it became Daddy's property. It hung in the house for years - much admired but never thought of as valuable. In 1926 Daddy was offered \$700 for it, a lot of money in those days. The proceeds sent Mummy, my sister, Babe and me to the old country for six months.

Some years later, I saw it in a hotel in Dallas, Texas on sale for \$375,000! It's now in a museum and the public can buy a reproduction in any one of several sizes of this, now, very famous painting."

BUMPS TALKS ABOUT THE BULL SALE

"In the Spring, after a hard winter everybody went up to Calgary for the spring bull sale. The "week" required a strong constitution for the social life was harder than the work. Each day would start with a pick-me-up Collins before breakfast, drinks in one room or another; lunch at McCrohan's across the street from the Palliser, where everybody stayed; more refreshments

before the banquet - a different one every night - but with pretty well all the same participants; and then solid drinking and chin-wagging until the wee hours.

“Daddy and his best friend Uncle Charlie Millie were there and so were their friends John Gooderham, and later, his son George Gooderham. The Blackfoot had used their very substantial band funds to build up a large herd, which required the yearly purchase of top flight bulls. Before 1920 it was John who was "at the sale" and after 1920 G H joined the party! For George I think it was like the Brampton fair of his childhood without the Methodist constraint of Ontario. I don't think George missed that part.

“Our whole family spent the week of the sale in Calgary. I don't think Mrs. Gooderham ever went and if she did she spent her time visiting friends she knew from Toronto rather than partying at the Palliser.

“The Gooderham children spent the week at school in Gleichen. Our family often stopped to visit on our way back to the ranch. What we all remembered was the day the bulls arrived on the reserve. It was usually around Easter and sometimes right on Easter Sunday. The arrival was heralded by much bellowing and shouts of the Blackfoot riders who were unloading near the C P R station - about a quarter of a mile from the house.

“If it was Easter Sunday, George would stage the annual Easter egg hunt in the yard to coincide with the herding of the bulls down the road on their way to the feed lot at the North Camp. There would be a momentary pause in the search for eggs to stand transfixed watching the parade of bulls. There would be as many as twenty herefords all lumbering past, each looking bigger and more majestic than the last. Since the Blackfoot financed the whole herd themselves the cost was not limited by Indian Affairs regulations - it was Blackfoot money and some of the bulls going past were the best in the sale.

“They were magnificent with their wide white faces, curving horns, huge red shoulders, swishing white tipped tails and huge testicles swinging between their hind legs. Of course the children noticed - after all why were the bulls purchased and brought to the reserve?

“Some years there were shorthorn bulls included in the lot. The Gooderham children thought it was a mistake because the stocky Shorthorn-build and plain red colour was not nearly as dramatic as the red and white Herefords. They were purchased because people's taste in meat was changing. At the beginning of the century the trade was in well-matured animals because their meat was considered more tasty. After World War I when consumers wanted smaller roasts,

ranchers sold younger stock but they wanted to get as much weight as possible because sales were then by the pound on the hoof. They got the extra early weight by crossing Herefords and Shorthorns.

“The bull sale was not only central to life in Calgary in those days, it was also held in the centre of town. The first auction was April 12, 1901 in the Frontier Stables at the corner of 8th ave and 2d st. S.W.. The sale was comprized of twenty seven bulls and ten cows and heifers. In those early days, just at the time when John Gooderham came to the Peigan reserve at Fort Mcleod, the participants included all the ranchers in southern Alberta and south western Saskatchewan Pat Burns, A.E. Cross, Archie McLean and George Lane, all central figures in the Alberta ranching community.

“Later there were other non-rancher notables such as Charlie Russell and Nicholas de Grandmaison who were there to make a buck by selling images rather than beasts.

“During the dirty thirties Nick was having an even harder time making a living than the ranchers. And he didn't have Charlie Russell's advantage of being a cowpoke. One day when George and Douglas were having lunch at McCrohans across from the Palliser (of course). Nick came in hoping a buyer would turn up. He was in pretty low spirits. George said "Why not paint a typical rancher". Nick's face brightened. But who? One of the most colourful around was 7 U Brown, a pioneer rancher who headquartered in the Porcupine Hills east of the E P ranch south of Calgary.

“7 U was a bachelor whose name was Joseph but everyone called him by his brand - 7 U. Anyone who attended the bull sale over the years was interested in how 7 U made his purchases. Toward the end of the sale he would appear in the sales ring immediately behind the the auctioneer purposely not looking at the animal being auctioned. The auctioneer would have to turn around to see if 7 U was bidding. A nod of the head meant yes. 7 U bought all his animals without looking at them. Very few knew how or why. His old friend, Billy Henry, explained.

“7 U had great respect for Billy Henry's ability to pick a good bull. He also knew Billy Henry understood the kind of bull he wanted. Henry looked over all the bulls in the sale, listed the best, gave one copy to 7 U and one to the auctioneer, Bill Durno. 7 U came down to the ring when the bulls on the list came in.

“George suggested 7 U could be found, no doubt, at the Palliser!" Would he be sober? Would he be receptive to being painted? George suggested that if he was sober he might kick

Grandmaison out immediately. If he was more relaxed Nick might just be able to sketch him without a rebuff. Nick got the portrait and sold it in Montreal under the title "A Typical Rancher". Later 7 U's sisters commissioned Nick to make a second.

"When 7 U and his sisters died their estate was very large. The will stipulated the ranch was to be kept as a running concern and the income was to be used to help older ranchers and cowboys who were down on their luck. The scheme had two advantages. It would avoid succession duties and help some people who really needed it. Everyone except perhaps Revenue Canada, thought the idea excellent. The Royal Trust held the funds which were dispersed on the advice of two rancher friends, Douglas Hardwick and John Glendenning.

"Daddy in his famous "Qourn" hat with its flat brim and triangle crown was also immortalized by Nick de Grandmaison. All the portraits of these early pioneers have now escalated in value several hundred percent. But "Douglas" is still hanging in our home.

"Because we couldn't winter the herd at the Lazy H, Daddy bought fields of threshed straw and divided his herd among the farms - some here, some there - as far west as High River and as far north as the other side of the Bow river.

"He was the only rancher who wintered cattle on straw. Everyone else said it couldn't be done. But he invented a way. First he needed straw piles large enough to feed 500 head for the winter, less wouldn't support the cost of keeping a man on site for the whole winter. The cowboy's main job was to dig a trough around the bottom of the stack every day by throwing yesterdays straw back onto the manure left from the day before. The cattle would then stand on this fresh bed of straw and toss the new straw into the air with their horns. All the grains which had been left over from the threshing would fall into the "trough" where the cattle would feed just as if they were at a trough in a feed lot. This opportunity was lost when farmers began to combine their grain and the huge straw piles that had dotted the prairie like so many little mountains were now a thing of the past.

"Times were good in '27 and '28 when prices improved but then came the crash of 1929 and the terrible drought of the '30s. Our house burnt to the ground. We lost pretty nearly everything. The sixteen place flatware set with the Hardwick crest that Grandmother Hardwick had sent Daddy was now a molten mass. Two spoons and two forks were all that was left. Why only two? Babe and I were at St. Hilda's school in Calgary and, at that time, boarders had to bring their own spoon and fork with them. The Hardwicks had to make do in the former bunk houses.

“The modern world was moving in. Beef prices dropped to nearly nothing. But Daddy still had his old friend, Pat Burns, who took over the bank loan and until the '40s. Daddy was able to rely on Pat. But he never relinquished the land, the lease, or the Lazy H brand.

“We survived. World War II broke out in '39. Both Babe and I joined up - Babe as a nurse. I was a Red Cross driver. Soon prices started to improve. Daddy was out of the red again. The Pat Burns Foundation offered to buy him out and in 1943 he accepted. The Hardwicks retired to Calgary shortly before the Gooderhams moved there too.

IS ROMANCE ENOUGH?

Charles Bruce had gone back to England during the Depression and no one expected to see him in Gleichen again. But just before the start of World War 2 - in time for Douglas and Isobelle's 25th wedding anniversary he arrived back in town with his son, Tony. Charles had come to dispose of the land he had held onto throughout the bad times but he wanted Tony to have the opportunity of experiencing the wild west while the family still owned a part of it.

Rumour had it that he sold at a good price but blew all he made on booze. Certainly he was a heavy drinker. Early in his career he declared himself to be against food. "All you need is a milkshake once or twice a day and the rest of the time you can enjoy a good drink or two."

In the pioneer days, when the Bruces were invited to a party they would bundle up Tony in blankets and put him under the seat of the cutter. Once they reached the host's house they would unbundle him and leave him in a bedroom with all the other children. When it came time to go home Tony would be bundled up again and off the family would go, Charles probably much the worse for wear and Tony's mother hoping the horse had more sense than her husband.

Tony was determined to visit any and all of these former friends who were still in Gleichen. Who better to take him around than 18-year-old, Elizabeth Gooderham. Tony was staying at the Gooderhams (of course) and Mary lent Elizabeth the car.

It was not much of a hardship for Elizabeth. Tony was the best looking, most dashing man Elizabeth had ever met and she had a great time driving around the country visiting. Of course all the farmers were delighted to see these two attractive young people. Tony was just as much a romantic as his father, Charles, who at the same time was persuading Helena Hardwick to go back to England where he would make sure she was presented at court. Helena had faced more reality than romance and thought "that was a damn fool idea. What with all we had to do beng presented at court was the last thing we needed." And Charles went back to England without her, leaving Tony to experience the west without him.

Tony and Elizabeth had lots of time. Why not go to Calgary to the dinner dance at the Palliser hotel - a dream of all Gleichen girls. Elizabeth's best friend, Joan Leacock, lived with her father in Calgary, although her mother Dr. Evelyn Windsor was the doctor on the reserve. Joan thought the plan excellent. Elizabeth would stay with her. Did the Leacocks invite Tony too? Not known. Anyway, Mary agreed. After all she was charmable too.

Tony told Joan he would like to give Elizabeth a sweater for her birthday. Joan, being a properly brought up daughter and niece of the famous Steven Leacock, nixed that idea. "That's much too personal". And Elizabeth received a huge bouquet of gladioli - the biggest she had ever seen. The dance was a great success.

A favourite activity for Tony and Elizabeth back on the reserve was to take long horseback rides. Elizabeth had her own horse, Sicame, and the family had a sorrel and a bay that were decent riding horses. The Gooderhams rode with the flat, or eastern, saddle rather than the western style popular with cowboys, most men, and many women.

Tony assumed the Gooderhams rode as he was taught to ride. But the flat saddle was the only similarity in riding habits. The Gooderham children's riding was strictly western. At the time there were huge herds of semi-wild horses, called Cayuses, roaming around the reserve. Chasing, herding and racing with them was a favourite pastime. Tony was an excellent but civilized rider. Although he was a dare devil himself he was surprised by the way Elizabeth let her horse run. The Gooderhams were in the habit, once they got onto the river flats of just letting the horses go. It was forbidden but then! Tony was conscious of all the gopher holes and other traps that could break a horse's leg or the rider's neck. But he had to admire Elizabeth's spunk.

Tony welcomed the war as a romantic adventure, the air force as the most romantic and, of course being a pilot was the best. After a delay in his induction into the R C A F (for reasons unknown) he became a student pilot at one of the Alberta training camps. Training flights took him over or near the reserve. One day, flying over the river flats he looked down and saw an elderly couple making their way along the trail toward the agency. He took out a player's cigarette box, tore off the back, wrote a note to Elizabeth, rolled it up inside a tube (hopefully not a vital part of the machine) and made a parachute by tying his handkerchief with his shoe laces. A note read " Please deliver to Miss Elizabeth Gooderham, Indian Agency".

He flew around 'till he saw the old couple pick up the message from the sky, crack the whip and speed up their trip to the agency. They had no idea of the contents but it must be important. Enuxsina (George) would know. He brought the message home that evening.

Tony would be able to visit on the weekend and, if agreed, would bring a New Zealand friend for Elizabeth's sister, Eleanor. They would be responsible for the corn on the cob for which Eleanor had a legendary fondness. War was not yet real and life was exciting.

On another occasion, perhaps when he had received word that he was to be transferred, he flew past the house over the side lawn which had been designed as a lawn tennis court. There was a wire running across the middle of the lawn to the top of the house and another set of telephone wires just outside the yard along the road. The two sets of wires were no more than a few hundred feet apart. Tony flew around the house several times until he was observed, then under the first wire, dropped a note and flew over the telephone wires and off. The note said he was being shipped out and would contact Elizabeth as soon as he was able.

Elizabeth wasn't home but those who were went from amazement to concern to relief. They were amazed that anyone could try such a stunt; relieved and impressed that he had managed it, and concerned that someone might find out what he had done. Dangerous flying was actually against the law and could mean the end of his flying career. And his position was already very chancy.

It turns out that Tony was in the air force with a false identity. He was Joe Bartley there, and it was necessary to remember this other persona whenever an outsider was around. The original delay in his being inducted was that Tony Bruce was only eligible as ground crew. That didn't suit Tony's image of himself and he was not one to let go easily. No one knew how he got the necessary new identity nor did anyone ask. It was weird but wonderful. The whole town and reserve were perhaps a little in love with Tony er... I mean.... Joe.

Joe (Tony) was shipped out. Elizabeth and Tony lost contact. Rumor had it he married a woman in New York and was shot down. His body was never found.

TED'S STORY

There was a steady stream of people visiting the house in Gleichen. But the most dramatic was when the whole James family took refuge with us.

They lived across the street. Mr. James worked in the office with GH. The adults never visited but the children, Rachel, Dick and Ted James and Elizabeth, Eleanor and Kent Gooderham were in one another's houses all the time. They were best friends. No one expected the sudden visit.

The James family had just moved into a brand new house and were sitting in front of their new fireplace thinking how comfortable they were while listening to the howling blizzard outside and also remembering how the wind used to blow right through the walls of the old house when whamo there was a huge thud. The living room chimney crashed onto the roof cracking the beams and giving the family heart palpitations. What to do? They put out the fire, sat down and and hoped for the best. An hour later there was another crash. The kitchen chimney came down too.

The verdict : the mortar in the chimneys hadn't set properly before the frost came and the blizzard had knocked both chimneys down. If they stayed in the house they would freeze, so the whole family had to move to the Gooderhams. Fortunately Elizabeth and Eleanor were both away at Mountain School in Banff. So Dick and Ted slept in their room. Rachel slept in the maid's room, and Mr. and Mrs. James got the guest room. It was very awkward for everyone but most of all for Mr. James who had to be a guest in the bosses house.

The big test was the next night when George and Bert (Mr. James) came home for dinner. Bert was sitting across the table from Kent right next to George, the boss, looking very uncomfortable during the whole meal. Rachel sat between him and her mother, May. Rachel was having a great time - the only girl and sleeping in the four poster bed she had always admired. May was jolly and making the "best of it". Mary was in her usual place at the end of the table looking severe and wondering how in hell she was going to manage it all. Dick, Ted and Kent were in a row on the other side of the table hoping to have a great visit and having time to play the games that were always being interrupted because one of us had to go home. But it was soon clear that this was an emergency not a lark and no one was going to play any games.

The James had been living in the original house the Gooderhams occupied in 1907. It was old then, so old it was built with square nails. If you went into Mr. and Mrs. James bedroom

during the winter there would be frost on the walls half an inch thick. It was a mystery how wall paper lasted. Insulation had not been invented. But the children all loved it. It had a long porch running in front of all the bedrooms. You could climb out of Dick and Ted's bedroom window and "escape" into no man's land or imagine that one of the huge stuffed animal heads that hung along the wall was alive and after you. The whole house was full of mystery and hiding spots. Every time an addition had been made a little jog or bend or cupboard was included.

The visit didn't last long - not just because the adults found it difficult but because it was winter and the chimneys had to be repaired as soon as possible or the whole house would freeze-up - adding cracked water pipes to cracked beams and turning accident into disaster. Mr. James - for one - was happy to be home. Although George and he worked together successfully every day they were not a bit alike - except they had both been officers in the British Army during the Great War.

The Gooderhams were Canadians. The James immigrants. They came directly from Guernsey, one of the Channel Islands and Ted knew their story well. Here it is:

"Grandfather, who was a solicitor and entrepreneur lived on Guernsey on a large estate with stables, orchard and a great big house. He must have been quite a guy. He even brought the first palm trees to Guernsey as seeds, I think, not as plants. All the James children were expected to go to University, were French speaking and learned English as a second language. They all loved country life. Dad even had a cow, chickens, rabbits and a huge garden while we lived on the reserve.

All eleven James kids grew up believing they could do anything. After all they had Grandfather as a perfect model. Most stayed in Guernsey and ran the place. But four Inseparables, Uncle Walter, Uncle Jack, Aunty Mabs (Mable) and Dad all came out to Canada.

Uncle Walter, who was the oldest, came to the Blackfoot reserve in 1894 as a missionary teacher. He was 17. Just to make matters a little more complicated, the principal of the school and the Anglican missionary was a Cannon Haines - Mum's uncle. The school consisted of classroom and farm - right down Uncle Walter's alley. He was busy teaching Blackfoot kids every thing he knew about reading, writing and arithmetic but also about farming and gardening. I don't know how religious he was. I know Dad never went to church. But all of them knew all about the Bible. They all had to study it from the time they were kids. And we had old Bibles at home dating back to the 1880s.

But Uncle Walter wasn't just teaching. He was also busy learning Blackfoot and Blackfoot ways. I guess that was before the whites decided everyone should speak English. Anyway Uncle Walter got to be so good at Blackfoot that he was later hired as the official interpreter. That wasn't the only thing he did. After he left the school he bought property and farm land in and around Gleichen, owned and operated his own store, was mayor of the town and became pretty much Mr. Gleichen as well as Mr. James.

But back to the Mission - Canon Haine's sister, Mary, (that's Mum's cousin) came out to the Mission in 1895 as a missionary teacher too. You guessed it!. Uncle Walter and Aunt Mary were married and settled down in Gleichen. I always remember him at a party at your (Kent's) place flirting with your Aunt Jean. Uncle Walter was a real tease and great fun to be with. I think your Aunt Jean was the same type. Both you (Kent) and I remember it because they were obviously having so much fun - just like we might do. It's strange how kids find it hard to believe that adults are actually people. Now Aunt Mary that was a different case. You didn't have much fun around her. Why wasn't she at the party?

Dad came out in 1905 and worked for Uncle Walter in the Gleichen Trading CO. for five years but then went to live with Aunty Mabs in Beynon.(more about Beynon later). Like so many young people then, the doctors diagnosed him as having TB. He would have to sleep outside in a tent. He stayed there for over a year. He went back to Guernsey but his health didn't improve much in either place and he came back to Canada. Back to the Inseparables. Even years later when he was working with Indian Affairs and offered other positions he turned them all down because he didn't want to leave the Inseparables. Mum was pretty mad!

Aunty Mabs was married to an Englishman. His name was Hugh Beynon Biggs and that's where the town of Beynon got it's name. They had a ranch just at the edge of the badlands about 12 miles from Drumheller - the old Springfield Ranch. In 1905 it was a going concern even though the farm part was only 160 acres. But they were surrounded by hills and valleys that were glorious to look at and - for a while - provided good pasture for Uncle Hugh's herd.

Mabs came to Gleichen in 1903 to visit Uncle Walter and took nurses training in Banff. She used to go to Gleichen all the time to visit and of course went to the famous Ranchmen's Dance and that's where she met Uncle Hugh.

She was this tiny little woman with flashing eyes and Gaelic charm (the Inseparables" spoke French to one another whenever they were together). How could Hugh resist? The fact she

was a nurse may have been an added attraction. Uncle Hugh was out west for the second most popular reason people came. He was told by his doctor that he must go to a healthy climate (southern Alberta) or die! They were married in the Pro Cathedral in Calgary. Their honeymoon trip began with the horse bolting which almost ended the affair before it began. They were dragged through the streets of Calgary - not much of a town in those days - but the citizens knew how to stop a bolting horse.

When Dad went to Beynon it was because Mabs, as a nurse, knew how to look after him not just because she was one of the Inseparables. I wonder what Uncle Hugh thought of that gang?

As a matter of fact Mum and I had to go Beynon too. The doctor Mum had when I was born gave her septicemia and both Mum and I were rushed off to Mabs. We survived. A woman in Arrowwood (a village south of the reserve) who also got septicemia from the same doctor, died.

Uncle Hugh came from England via India in 1893. He was an engineer not a farmer or rancher. He bought the Ranch(e) which had been established in 1889 and which is on three parts of an island created by the Rosebud River. It got its name from the spring and the spelling of ranche with an "e" was part of the snobbery of the day when ranching was for gentlemen. The Ranche had its own tennis court and a nine hole golf course. It was not unusual to drive by horse and buggy 50 miles to see a horse race.

It must have been pretty rough sledding for Hugh. But his civil engineering background helped him build stables, corrals, bunkhouses and bridges. For the family foundation of the residence he chose a high, dry, clay gumbo river flat, solid as concrete. Right on the property he found a freak stand of white spruce - the most southerly stand in Alberta. Many of the trees were centuries old with trunks more than three feet in diameter and 50 to 60 feet tall.

Starting in 1897 the logs were chopped and dragged to the site by a team of horses. Sandstone slabs had to be excavated from the ravine, a small canyon about a mile down the river, then hauled to the site on a stone boat. These slabs of rock, four feet square and six inches thick, were placed at the corners of the future house. A great beginning but how to solve the problem of the inevitable cracks between logs?

On the Rosebud coulee banks were deposits of bentonite - a powder-fine yellow clay. He mixed this clay with water and came up with a plaster which he used to cover the entire log

structure. It dried hard and smooth and is still cement-like today. Ten years later cedar shingles were nailed over the mortared logs and mud. Uncle Hugh finished the inside by going to the Eau Claire Lumber Mills in Calgary, 80 miles away and a three day trip each way by wagon. He bought loads of rough shiplap to line the inside walls, floor and high ceiling. He filled the space between the shiplap and the logs with fine sand from the river. It was an insulated house - one of the first.

When Aunty Mabs came as a bride, a verandah with lots of fancy trellis work appeared along the west side of the house providing a terrific view of the Rosebud valley. On the east side a lean-to was built to house a big country kitchen, bathroom and family room. She came to a great house miles from any one and it was just before the terrible winter of '06 - '07 which left 200 Bigg's cattle buried in the drifts.

The family survived and my cousin, their daughter, Agnes ("Bud") was still living in the somewhat updated but still essentially same house in the 1990s. It was an engineering feat.

All the James came to Canada with money and Uncle Walter lead the way in buying property. I think they all lost quite a bit. Dad invested some of his in property around Gleichen too. I don't know how he lost it but he was a philosopher and an intellectual more interested in ideas than actions. There was terrific land speculation in the Gleichen area around then and everyone had to own a piece of the action.

But WWI came. Dad went back to Guernsey to sign up. He was born in 1880 which meant he was 34 in 1914 - pretty old to enlist. But he was the younger brother and the only one of the three to go. But cousin Walter - Uncle Walter's son also went. Uncle Walter must have been almost forty. Dad was the one with the strongest ties to Guernsey and to Europe. He hadn't immigrated as a "kid" like Uncle Walter and Aunty Mabs. He had a whole career in Guernsey as teacher and head master before coming out to Canada.

He came back to Gleichen after the war and Mum came out about the same time. Perhaps the war had changed both their worlds forever. Mum's father, grandfather Staley, owned a ceramic factory at Berton on Trent, England. They manufactured large ceramics like sinks, bathtubs and toilets. Their market was in Europe and when the war came they lost their market. It wasn't just the war. The Germans had entered the ceramic market before the war and so had the Japanese. The Staleys still had money but the business was over and everyone had to look around

for a new opportunity. Most of them went out to Australia but Mum had this cousin in Gleichen Aunt May (Uncle Walter's wife) who persuaded her to come to Canada.

The Staleys were not only industrialists they were also religious "nuts". In those days there was a strong tie between industry and religion. - hard for us to realize today. But it was industry which supported the missions. The two were connected philosophically. We don't see religion in the same way today and it's hard for us to understand how important religion was for everyone in the nineteenth century. People spent a lot of time on their knees asking for things. Religion changed people's lives. There was a non skeptical acceptance of the immediacy of God and Christ and also an acceptance of the fact they could intercede directly in all our lives.

Not only were the Staleys related to the Haines but to the Booths as well. You know, the ones who started the Salvation Army. Mum was a typical Staley and we have a mass of citations she received for work she did for the war effort in Britain. Her mother (Grandmother Staley) had her own mission. And her brother Edward was also a missionary. Although he had a degree in engineering from London University when he came out to Canada, he went to the University of Alberta and took a degree in theology. He was very close friends with the McDougals who established the Methodist Mission and the school at Morley where he was to become the missionary and school principal.

Another part of the British culture was that the oldest son inherited all so Uncle Ed inherited what money was left from the Staleys. Mum got nothing because she was just a daughter. What amazed me was they both accepted the fact.

As I said before, when the business began to collapse many of Mum's family went out to Australia rather than to Canada. When we were in Hawaii we went into the Anglican (Episcopalian) cathedral and discovered the first Bishop in Hawaii was a Staley - "Probably another relative". I said. Her whole family were academics as well. Even Canon Haines had two different degrees and started off in a temporal profession before "getting" religion.

Both my parents were intellectuals. Mum had a reality mix but Dad was basically a philosopher. He used to sit up till the middle of the night talking ideas with anyone who would listen. Do you remember when Abe Maslow, the psychologist, used to visit the reserve? It was in 1938. He came with another psychologist, Lucien Hanks Jr. (called June, short for Junior) and Jane Richardson, an anthropologist.

Dad had a group of friends who would come to our place to talk and the discussion would go on until three o'clock in the morning. Abe Maslow fitted right in. He gave Dad a copy of his book "Principles of Abnormal Psychology" with the inscription, "To my dear friends the James". I remember his asking all kinds of questions about what we believed in and what we thought about this or that. He said we were all in the book. I hope we were the normal ones.

Like most visitors they came with pretty weird ideas about the reserve and the Blackfoot. It was Abe's idea. The three of them were to do studies on social psychology. Abe and June were both psychologists. Jane was an anthropologist and the only one who had any experience with field research. I think Abe wanted to see whether his psychological theories applied to people with a different cultural background. Anyway the three of them arrived for the Sun Dance in Jane's convertible and pitched two tents there. Abe and June in one and Jane in the other. No one will say when the occupancy of the tents changed but it did - maybe no one noticed but if they did certainly none of the Blackfoot cared. The fact that the guy was called June was harder to swallow. But they were all three really genuine scientists and were accepted long before they knew what they were going to do.

Their first surprise was to discover the Blackfoot had a big income from a two million dollar trust fund, which was a hell of a lot of money back then. From cradle to grave no Blackfoot could starve because rations of meat, flour, and tea were issued every week. Houses were built and equipped with stoves, furniture and bedding - no rent. Newlyweds got a team of horses and a wagon as well as the house and furniture. The sick and old got free medical care in the hospital and extra rations and clothing as well. Farm machinery was available from a reserve stock pile. Each man's cattle were run in a large herd cared for by staff. If one of his cattle were slaughtered for the weekly rations he was paid for the carcass by weight. The three scientists had to revise their thinking which had been based upon cliches and stereotypes. June and Jane realized very soon the situation had a lot in common with other welfare systems around the world and that economic security did not lead to contentment but perhaps the very opposite. Abe left the group when his psychological investigation was done. He wasn't needed for what turned out to be an anthropological study, published as *Tribe Under Trust* by June and Jane who were now married

Of course Abe (Maslow) was famous then and still is probably but we didn't know it and I doubt if it would have mattered. There were famous people around all the time. We were probably pretty blase.

Abe and the Hanks came at about the same time we started The Barn Dance Theater. Do you remember the plays we used to put on there? "The Mystery Of The Killing Light" - a flashlight with coloured pieces of tissue paper inserted behind the glass cover so the light would be a suitably "eerie". green light. You (Kent) and I were usually the victims. I got killed over and over and of course the death throes became more and more dramatic with every new performance. I think there were only the three of us - you , my brother, Dick and me. But we must have dragged some one else in every so often. The stage was in the newer - better - part of the barn. The audience - all four of them - sat in the old part on the creaky floors. The curtain was all patch work that we had sewn together from old scraps Mum gave us.

Both the Hanks and Abe came to see the show and thought we were pretty marvelous children because we were so inventive and imaginative. I think we also fit their idea of how children "used to be in the good old days"

* footnote. The Hanks gave me a camera. Was I ever proud of that! We learned how to develop our own pictures and used another stage and curtain that I had rigged up for puppets I used when I put on my own plays

The more I think about it my whole life really centered around the reserve. I never belonged to the town of Gleichen. We were very exclusive. We had the nicest homes in the whole area. Our parents were intelligent and sophisticated. I don't mean they were brighter than anyone else - in those days there a lot of bright, sophisticated people around - but they were a little special and we knew it. I often wonder if the Blackfoot knew it too. Certainly our relations with them were very different from Indian - non Indian relations today.

I remember the park during the depression. There were these "bums" - actually they were just men without a job - but that's what we called them. They would come into town on a freight train and see the park that was right beside the tracks - a perfect place to camp out for a day or two. In those days there were miles and miles of track without a tree to be seen. I remember Mum used to be petrified about us going through the park. But no one ever touched us or even came near. They would come to the door for food. Mum used to give them eggs and I remember one guy who threw them at her.

We used to walk to school every day and back home at noon. We got an hour and a half for lunch because quite a few of us lived so far from the school that we couldn't make it in an hour. The older kids were all there to look after you and me so no one worried about the fact we had to go back and forth across five or six railway tracks. There was almost always at least one train there and no crossing - only a sign saying "No Trespassing". We would crawl under the train and run like hell. Later when we were a little older and rode bikes (about grade four) we used to crawl under the train dragging the bike behind us. And of course if we saw a train coming we'd pick up our bikes and run across the tracks as fast as we could. If we'd ever tripped and fallen the train would never have been able to stop in time. We must have scared the living daylights out of the engineers.

I remember learning how to climb over the train from your sister. It became too childish to go under once we were tall enough to get up onto the couplings between the cars. You didn't go up and over the box car using the ladder that was on the side of each car. You went over the coupling between the cars. That meant you had to climb part way up the box car using the ladder and then step over onto the coupling and then jump down on the other side - without falling. If you fell you'd probably tear your pants, - scratch your knees or bang your head on the next set of rails. Trains were not designed to accommodate small kids who learned to pass the "No Trespassing" sign long before they could read it. Sometimes the train would give a shudder just as you were on the coupling and you knew "your time had come". You went over as fast as you could but you learned never to go backwards. If you got caught on the wrong side you could be there for "hours". The trains often had more than a hundred cars and once it started to move you knew you'd be stuck for "eternity". You would be late for lunch, or cubs, or gym, or school (not quite so serious in our minds).

Later on we sometimes rode home with Doc House in his car. His father, Captain House, was the principal of the Old Sun Residential School and the Anglican missionary and he had an extra mile to go. It was an old wreck but it had seats and four doors. We could almost all fit in if the dog wasn't there. Doc had a huge St. Bernard who took up the whole back seat. If you wanted in you had to get the dog out, sit in the back and then let the dog back in on top of you. It worked - but just. Of course when you got to your place you had to persuade the dog to let you get out.

In the car we would use the "real" crossing of course where the road from the reserve to Gleichen crossed the tracks. It was a lot further and the only time I remember walking that way

was when Mum took you and me to the first day of school in grade one. She made us go the long way round hoping, I guess, that we'd always use that route. Well the big kids said nix to that the very next day.

Do you remember the gang wars we used to have with the kids from Gleichen? I remember this one winter fight we had. We had stockpiled a whole arsenal of snow balls in the loft of our barn. And "the enemy" came across the field from the railway tracks. We had a real advantage - for a while. I remember we were throwing all these snow balls and my mitt went flying off with one of them. One of the "enemy" picked it up and peed in it. As usual there were only the three of us against forty-five but we were in the loft with all the doors on the ground floor locked from the inside so we couldn't be attacked from below.

We used to have wars with elastic guns too. First you cut the gun out of wood, usually the end piece of an orange crate because it was the right size. There were lots of them around and nobody would notice. The elastic was cut from an old car inner tube - there were masses of them around too. Of course, the longer the barrel the tighter the elastic band would be. It was held at "the butt" in a clothes pin then stretched along the "barrel" and wrapped over the "nozzle". Consequently the farther it would shoot once the clothes pin was released. Gradually the barrels got longer and longer with notches along the top and several clothes pin triggers - the first elastic machine guns. If you were hit on the bare skin you knew you'd been hit but the injury was not life threatening.

There were two favourite locations for these wars - one on the reserve and one in town. On the reserve we went down to Dr. Windsor's (see Chapter) where old steam engines were stored perhaps even still used in the fall harvest. But for us they provided a multitude of possibilities. The cabs had elevation and position. You could hide behind or under the seat and surprise the enemy. The huge iron wheels with their iron spokes provided a great screen to shoot through and a great protection from a frontal attack.

If the war was in town the favourite locale was the lumber yard with its rows of piled lumber - some long, some short, some high, some not but with many opportunities for ambush and surprise.

We had an ideal childhood. We had our own camping place on the Bow river, our own tennis court. Do you remember rolling it and rolling it till there was hardly time to play after we finished all the maintenance?

Do you remember going shooting with Dad in the Fall? Of course neither of us had a gun and we weren't allowed to talk or giggle - particularly giggle - but we always had a Macintosh apple. It was cold and crisp and so juicy that the juice ran down your chin and you had to stick your tongue as far as it would go to catch the drip - without giggling. The weather was beginning to get really chilly at night and it got darker earlier every night. Halloween wasn't far off so somehow hunting had more to do with Halloween and Macintosh apples than it did with ducks and geese.

You know Dad died from a heart attack when he was out shooting. I think it was September 20th. But I remember the funeral - particularly the Blackfoot - so many of them all dressed up in their beaded buckskins. I think they loved him. He spoke Blackfoot like Uncle Walter did and they called him Po-kaw-ni-kaw-pee (Little Young Man) the same name they gave Uncle Walter. The funeral was in the Anglican church which you will remember was pretty small so there were more people outside than inside. And it wasn't just the Indians. There were a lot of James. There were more of them involved in the history of Gleichen than any other family.

Of course when Dad retired we had to move out of the reserve house. All he had by then was his salary - now a pension. Financially we were really lucky because Uncle Jack had died earlier and left Dad his house, his car and some money. Uncle Jack had lost his wife soon after they were married, never remarried and lived the life of a "wealthy" bachelor. He owned the only pool room - billiard hall - in Gleichen. The house meant we had some place to go and the car was a prestige item. It was an orange and black Essex - the deluxe model. After Dad died it became mine and I drove it for years, even when I was running the Beynon store for Aunty Mabs. It wasn't easy for Mum though. When Dad died the pension was cut in half. We all had to help but it amazed me how far she could stretch that dollar.

THE MACDONALDS

One of the strangest visits was from two Toronto cousins of George's - two of the three Macdonald sisters, Mrs Patterson Farmer and Mrs Hillyard Robinson. Their father was George's mother's brother. They had become very fond of him when he was growing up in Meadowvale and when he was at university in Toronto.

It was Spring 1936, the year Edward VII abdicated. The sisters were making a western tour which included a trip to Banff where George's daughters, Elizabeth and Eleanor were enrolled in the Mountain School and a visit to Mary and George in Gleichen. In Banff they were staying at the Banff Springs Hotel and took the Gooderham girls out for lunch - a "knees together - sit up straight " affair.

When Mrs Greenham, the headmistress, told Elizabeth and Eleanor they had been invited to the Banff Springs Hotel for lunch with their father's cousins, the girls could not remember meeting them until Mary wrote reminding Elizabeth that when the two of them were in Toronto they had lunch with Georgie (Mrs Patterson Farmer). Painful memories invaded Elizabeth's consciousness. She did indeed remember having lunch at Georgie's.

When Elizabeth was eleven Mary had taken her to Toronto for an extended visit where they visited many friends and relatives and were invited to lunch with Mrs. Patterson Farmer. Elizabeth could remember the dining room, very attractive and the table setting, quite lovely. the food, delicious, cool and salad - was served, of course, by a maid who served. But there was one unusual addition to the décor. In the corner was a parrot, perhaps in a cage, perhaps on a perch.

When asked if she would like another helping of this or that Elizabeth had replied, "No thank you I'm full". The parrot immediately began repeating "I'm full. I'm full. I'm full". Elizabeth's recollection of anything further was destroyed. She was certain Georgie would remember the humiliation. Elizabeth vowed she would be the perfect guest.

Excitement and alarm! What to wear. It was easy for Eleanor. She had a grey flannel suit which she liked and Mrs. Greenham agreed it would be "fine, dear". Elizabeth had only a "ghastly-beige-old-lady-dress" with a silly cape purchased through Aunt Jean who, just released from the tuberculosis sanatorium, was working in a Calgary ladies ready to wear. Elizabeth hated the dress but "It will be fine, dear"

The girls went by taxi from the school at the bottom of Tunnel Mountain through the village of Banff to the Banff Springs - up the long driveway to the main steps and doors of the "castle". Once inside they announced themselves to the receptionist and waited in the rotunda for their elderly cousins to appear. Minutes later two elegant figures in chiffon gowns and marcelled hair stepped out of the elevator. Elizabeth knew it was them. Kisses on the cheek and into lunch - quite a walk through rooms filled with antique furniture, past little shops specializing in jewelry, woollen suits, cashmere sweaters, or cigars, pipes and cigarettes.

"What grade are you in dear?" "What do you like best?" And to Eleanor: "You won all those cups for athletics? Well I suppose if there were only girls competing. Skiing and mountain climbing too!" (That explains the amazing footwear these girls are wearing).[1] To Elizabeth: "Oh, Shakespeare. Which play ? Oh, A Midsummer's Night Dream. That's a very amusing play. And it was performed for the whole town? What part did you play, dear? That sounds very exciting. (I guess that explains the very strange dress you're wearing. Perhaps it's a costume).[2]

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1. What the girls imagined their hostesses was thinking about their school shoes and lisle stockings
 2. What Elizabeth imagined the cousins were thinking about her dress
-

Questions kept coming as the two girls examined the opulent room and the amazing array of forks and spoons at each place. Fortunately they had been taught how to cope with a somewhat simpler version of table setting. They ate what was suggested and ice cream in a silver cup with a wafer cookie was for dessert.

A tour round the the immense ground floor of the hotel past huge windows and onto terraces providing views of Bow Falls and the Bow River Valley, Mt. Rundel and the famous golf course, Mt. Norquay and the ski slope, now green. A tour of both the inside and outside swimming pools where men and women lounged round the edge of the

latter in very modern (skimpy) bathing suits. And they were released. No, they would prefer to walk. The school was not that far and it was a perfect day.

The ordeal was not quite over - at least for Eleanor. Mary had suggested, several months earlier that they should both be wearing corsets. Elizabeth gave that advice the respect she thought it warranted - none - and went corsetless. Eleanor thought she should do her best to be a lady and, besides corsets came with clips holding up her stockings. If you had to wear them at least that would keep them secure. Corsets were made of stern stuff with inset stays that kept everything in place - a walking torture chamber - not too bad when sitting straight but pretty hard on a kid used to running around in "cowboy kings". The route back to the school was through forest which provided sufficient opportunity for Eleanor to divest herself of the corset.

Back in Gleichen the table was laid out for the Toronto guests with linen table cloth and napkins, the best silver and all the trimmings that were customary for guests - individual salads with lettuce, tomato and asparagus with a tiny dollop of mayonnaise. Light- as -air-home-made buns in a basket and flowers in the centre of the table. Mrs. M. was in the kitchen preparing to serve the baked stuffed tomatoes, the vegetable marrow squares tiny potatoes and filet mignon - no uniform, but looking professional in a white house dress self belted and starched.

The guests came down the stairs in very elegant gowns. Kent wondered why they were so unbelievably thin but being very young he assumed it was because they were so old - even older than his parents. The two sisters assumed it was their responsibility to entertain and related stories about people in Toronto who were mutual relatives or friends of Mary's and GEORGE's.- Boring.

But they only really became interested in what they were saying when they were able to regale the Gooderhams with stories about their couturier and their interior decorator. "But Madam has such a beautiful back we must design something to show off this beautiful back'. It was quite clear to the innocent viewer that the back would not have to be all that soul disturbing to be better than other parts of the body which might be highlighted by a clever couturier.

The interior decorator was the second most important advisor. He had transformed the family home but it was the expensive bathrooms which were "the latest

thing". Kent wondered if the Gooderham's single, primitive-by comparison, 1907 bathroom had inspired this part of the conversation. Was there a gentle hint that George's and Mary's life might have been just as grand (as their own) had the Gooderhams been wise enough to stay in Toronto?

Dessert was a favourite of Kent's - and earlier in the day he had agreed to go to the hospital to ask the cook if Mary could have some whipping cream. The cream in the Gooderham pantry was far too thin to whip properly. The dessert was to be chocolate sponge cake smothered with whip cream and formed into a "jelly roll". It was a smashing success.

"Oh! I shouldn't. It's so rich. But it does look delicious. Just a tiny sliver. I can't think when I've eaten so..... It must be the western air.... and, of course the scrumptious cooking, Mary".

It became clear to Kent before the filet mignon had gone from the Limoges platter to the individual plates and down the individual throats that he was in the presence of "society". He knew there were Gooderham relatives who supposedly fit that description but these were called Macdonald and apparently no relation to the only famous Macdonald he knew about - Sir John A.

It turned out that these relatives' lives did centre around society. They came by it naturally. They were rich. They lived in Toronto's Rosedale district. They knew all the other rich people and belonged to the same clubs. When they travelled they went to the "best" places and met the "most interesting people". How did it all happen?

Their father, Peter Macdonald was Great Grandmother Gooderham's brother. Peter had come from Scotland with his sister Catherine, his sister Elizabeth and her husbandDuncan in the late 1860s. Peter had been sent ahead to discover where they should settle if and when they decided to emigrate. Britain was at war and it was therefore necessary for Peter to obtain a "passport" to ensure his safe passage - a complicated matter even in those days. First he was obliged to go to the Lord Provost of the city of Glasgow. The signed document - dated 17th of August 1864 stated that:

"You are hereby desired and required to permit the bearer Mr. Peter McDonald (sic) peaceably and without molestation to pass to New York to travel in The United States of America and to return to Great Britain."

Four days later Peter was in London where he obtained a supplementary (and undoubtedly essential British) passport issued by “We, John Earl Russel, Viscount Amberley, a peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, a member of Her Britanic Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, a knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Her Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs”.

The text requested and required "in the Name of Her Majesty all those whom it may concern to allow Peter Macdonald,(sic) British Subject, travelling in America to pass freely without let or hindrance and to afford him every assistance and protection of which he may stand in need."

For whatever reasons Peter moved on from New York to Upper Canada and another city called York, and later Toronto, which he determined would be a better place for them to settle. He and his sister Catherine came to Toronto. His sister, Elizabeth, and her husband Duncan, went north to Owen Sound, then a very prosperous port on Lake Huron situated at the end of the "rail ". At the time both goods and passengers must leave one mode of transport for another at that terminal. Those going west must leave the train and embark on an "ocean" voyage across the Great Lakes to Fort William or Prince Arthur. Those travelling east reversed the procedure.

Catherine Macdonald met and married George Gooderham (George Sr) and moved to the thriving community of Meadowvale where her husband's family had a company farm, a stove factory and a general store. George Sr managed the Gooderham and Worts farm as well as business interests in the neighbouring town of Streetsville where the Gooderham family also had nterests(see Chapter on James).

Peter stayed in the city of Toronto where he met and married Sarah Blong, sister of Robert Blong, and daughter of Edward. The Blongs settled in Toronto (York) in 1843 just after the arrival of the Gooderhams. Both Gooderhams and Blongs were similarly successful.

The Blongs were Huguenots who left France during the persecution there and settled in Ireland, Edward was only five years old when he arrived and so grew up in the county of York during that time when industry was thriving. He went into the livestock business - cattle exporting and built himself a home at 881 Queen Street east . His obituary described him as " one of the most successful men of the city, being a good

financier, and through his own efforts accumulating a handsome competency. He represented the first ward of Toronto in the city council."

The Blong family continued in business in Toronto and were among the original founders of the Dominion Bank. Peter fitted in perfectly with this family, established his own business connections, built a large house in Rosedale where he raised Eldred, Henry, Georgie, and Howie - about whom we will now hear more. But only for those who are interested in the lives of the rich and famous and the society column.

Georgie married Patterson Farmer in 1912 in the Rosedale Presbyterian Church with the reception in her father's Rosedale house. The June 12 edition of the "Mail and Empire" had this to say about the nuptial.

"A wedding took place at 2:30 Saturday afternoon in the Rosedale Presbyterian Church when Miss Georgina Macdonald, daughter of Mr. Peter Macdonald, Roxborough street was married to Mr. Patterson Farmer, son of Mr. William Farmer. The church was decorated lavishly with palms, ferns and flowers. Tall standards of lilacs and roses forming an aisle up which the bridal party proceeded.... Mr. Macdonald gave away his daughter who looked lovely and graceful in her gown of rich duchess satin embroidered with pearls and draped with antique point de gaze, the long court train caught with a half wreath of orange blossoms and real heather, imported from Scotland, the same catching the tulle veil which was hand embroidered with seed pearls and edged with real lace, the bouquet was a shower of mauve orchids and lily of the valley with sprays of heather and her only decoration was a magnificent diamond necklace, the gift of the bridegroom. Mrs. J. Hillyard Robinson was her sister's matron of honour... Mr. Henry Macdonald, brother of the bride, was best man. Following the ceremony a large reception was held at the Roxborough street residence of the bride's father. Miss Eldred Macdonald receiving with her father and wearing a white satin gown veiled with marquisette trimmed with filet lace and pink velvet hat with white plumes."

In the October 1929 edition of MAYFAIR - just before the stock market crash' Eldred's presentation at court was described:

"Miss Eldred Macdonald, daughter of the late Mr. Peter Macdonald was presented at court by Mrs. Peter C. Larkin, wife of the High Commissioner of Canada. She wore a gown of old rose and silver lame, with girdle of diamante and coral. The train was of

supple pink velvet and silver. A headdress of diamante and coral, pink slippers and large feather fan completed a distinguished ensemble, designed especially for Miss Macdonald by W.W. Reville-Terry.'

The depression did not depress the Macdonalds who were quite active in 1931.

SATURDAY NIGHT January 28

St. Petersburg (Florida): The beautiful new pool was opened yesterday afternoon with a tea attended by several hundred smartly clad winter visitors among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Patterson Farmer and Mrs. Hillyard Robinson of Toronto.

And in September:

"Debutantes are already looking for favour novelties for approaching parties and quite the most fascinating were those I saw last night, but expecting to have a party soon myself I shall not divulge the secret. The dinner was given by Miss Eldred Macdonald in honour of Father Jellicoe, that nice nephew of Lord Jellicoe who is planting gardens in the slums of London. He is tall, dark, good looking and young. However Father Jellicoe is really one of those pleasant people whom "religion" makes jolly and whose garden of life is just one of those places where "weeds are but plants in the wrong place" as one of his small slum boys said.

And in October:

The Woodbine! It means that the social season is off to a good start. Another Deb.....was with ... in Mrs. Arthur Miles box which was just near Mr. Henry Macdonald's

And in "GOSSIP" Magazine the same year

"After two years in Europe Mr. and Mrs. Patterson Farmer returned to Toronto on the Empress Of Britain and are the guests of Mrs. Farmer's brother Mr. Harry (sic) Macdonald before taking up residence here.

MAYFAIR MAGAZINE was also watching the Patterson Farmers.

Canadian Globetrotters (photo) Mr. and Mrs. Patterson Farmer of Toronto and Detroit on board the Empress of Australia on which they sailed ... early in June. And later in the same magazine - same page - Mr. and Mrs. Patterson Farmer, of Detroit, who have been spending the winter in the south of France are now in Switzerland and on their return to Canada they expect to live in Toronto.

1933 was a particularly busy year for the Macdonald clan.

SATURDAY NIGHT MAY 27, 1933

Heard in the paddock after Faux Pas had stunned us all with its 309 to 2 shot. "Didn't I tell you to bet on Fox Poo!" I do not know anyone who played it straight but Mrs. R.Y. Eaton placed it with the knack she has for always doing the right thing. Both she and Mr. Eaton were visitors chatting their excellencies in the vice regal box. Miss Eldred Macdonald was also there looking very well in a beautifully tailored silver-grey costume....

SATURDAY NIGHT SEPTEMBER 28, 1933.

...and just home from Manoir Richelieu at Murray Bay were the clan Macdonald who had one of the front row boxes for their hospitable entertaining. Mr. Henry Macdonald and Miss Eldred Macdonald had Mrs. R.A. McIntosh and Miss Laura Gouilock with them as well as Mr. and Mrs. Patterson Farmer and Mrs. Hillyard Robinson.

SATURDAY NIGHT SEPTEMBER 30, 1933

And then the Woodbine dawned.... and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Cameron were in from Oakville. Still swimming in the lake at their lovely country place where their bath-house is a quaint replica of the original log cabin on their U.E.L. grant. Major-General and Mrs. Cawthra-Elliott came in from Port Credit and Lady Eaton brought the bride, Mrs. John David Eaton, to visit in Mr. Henry Macdonald's box. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson Farmer were with them as were Miss Eldred Macdonald, who had been receiving as hostess with Mrs. Ince at the I O D E luncheon at the Hunt Club earlier in the week, and Mrs. Hillyard Robinson whom I saw cashing a lucky ticket belonging to the blond new bride.

THE MAIL AND EMPIRE OCTOBER 2, 1933

It was Kohinoor Quay at the Woodbine on Saturday afternoon. Splinters of sunshine crept under those provocative little hats, washed the oval and the pipe band in one big golden glow, filtered with the lake in diamond gleams and coaxed everyone into a good humour. The lawn was crowded... Lady Eaton wore a Schiaparelli frock of pale green tweed with short coat and carried a longer coat of the same material, with a satin frilled blouse and small knitted blue beret. Mr. and Mrs. Patterson Farmer, the latter smart

in a French coat in brown caracul with full sleeves, brown printed frock, small brown hat. Mr. Henry Macdonald. Miss Eldred Macdonald, becoming Schiaparelli frock of green lame shot with gold, black coat with fox, almond green felt hat with gold. Mrs. Hillyard Robinson, a French brown tweed with lighter stripe, an upstanding collar on the coat of caracoul, knitted brown beret. Mr. and Mrs. George Leacock, Major and Mrs. Clifford Sifton.

Mrs. Reginald Pellat in a dark brown suit with silver fox, brown hat.

NOVEMBER 1933

Mr. Henry Macdonald was another who entertained at dinner at the Hallowe'en party at the Toronto Hunt, although he and Miss Eldred Macdonald have in their own home one of the most beautiful dinner-tables in Canada - a Sheraton - and one of the finest as it was personally selected by the curator of the South Kensington Museum (the Victoria and Albert). The raison d'être of his party was his sister, Mrs. Patterson Farmer, who had brought back from her recent European trip those amusing Riviera paper pellets that soon pelted the room into a nice fiesta.

And in 1935 it would seem interest continued to centre around fashion and appearances rather than financial issues and concerns.

THE GLOBE FEBRUARY 21, 1935

Miss Eldred Macdonald was hostess at a most delightful luncheon yesterday at the Toronto Hunt Club for the members of the Distinguished Visitors Committee of the I.O.D.E. of which she is the convener and the guests who numbered twenty included many members of the different provinces throughout Canada. Miss Macdonald welcomed her guests in the lounge wearing a becoming frock of black silk patterned in little pink roses, the bodice finished with a graceful jabot of pink. With it she wore a black picture hat. The long luncheon table was arranged on the south side of the summer dining-room affording a delightful view of the blue-green lake and azure sky. It was effectively decorated with crimson roses, blue delphinium and gypsophila in a large silver bowl, carrying out most charmingly a red, white and blue colour scheme. After luncheon the guests wandered out on the terrace where they had their coffee; and so enjoyable were the surroundings that they lingered throughout the afternoon.

SATURDAY NIGHT DECEMBER 7, 1935

The 48th Highlander's Ball.... Eighteen hundred guests sat at supper..... And out of the family safe had come the gold Macdonald badge that pinned Mrs.. Patterson Farmer's tartan - she and her husband sitting at Mr. Henry Macdonald's table where Mrs. Hillyard Robinson was wearing a Vionnet model..... and what a ceremonial it was when the Haggis was borne aloft for Her Excellency to cut with Colonel Girvan's skean dhu and paraded to pipes around the supperroom.

In 1937 there was a growing tension throughout Europe and Canada but society did its best to ignore it.

THE GLOBE AND MAIL JANUARY 23, 1937

Mr and Mrs James G. (Gooderham) Worts are entertaining at a large tea this afternoon at their home on Dunvegan Road. The living-room with its effective colour scheme of jade green and rust will be decorated with bowls of talisman roses. Mrs. Worts will wear a beautiful gown of talisman coloured crepe, the short sleeves banded with brown fox fur.....Pouring and assisting in looking after the guests will be....Mrs. Patterson Farmer, Miss Eldred Macdonald.....

TORONTO DAILY STAR MAY 22, 1937

Miss Eldred Macdonald and Mrs. Hillyard Robinson are flitting about like mad, attending post coronation "dos" in England. A letter to a friend in Toronto just arrived says that the Torontonians will be at St. Pauls for the Empire Day Service which Their Majesties will attend and will be guests at the Empire Day and Coronation banquet at Grosvenor House at which the premiers of the Dominions and representatives of India will be present. Yesterday they were to be at a fascinating party given by Lady Brocket of Brocket Hall, the home of the great Lord Melbourne, powerful premier of Queen Victoria's day. On the 29th the Toronto ladies will visit Hatfield House for a garden party given by the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury in honour of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester. In fact they are more than dashing about.

THE GLOBE AND MAIL JUNE 7, 1937

Miss Eldred Macdonald and Mrs. Hillyard Robinson, who are at the Grovenor, London, were recently guests at Althorp Castle, home of the Earl and Countess of Spencer (Lady Diana's family for the modern reader) . The Countess is lady-in-waiting to Her Majesty.

World War Two loomed closer and closer. Social life took on a (slightly) different tone. Georgie became too busy working for the war effort to keep up the scrap book.

The Macdonald quartet had an interesting and in their eyes, productive life. Henry and Eldred never married. Neither Georgie nor Howie had children - the family left only a scrapbook and memories behind.

Kent was in Toronto when Henry died in 1950 and was asked by George to attend the funeral. The chapel - in Toronto's Timothy Eaton Memorial - on the edge of the fashionable Forest Hill area - was filled with mourners suitably dressed in (expensive) formal wear. Mr. Patterson Farmer in morning coat and striped trousers was acting as usher. He asked Kent , wearing a brown lounge suit not recently purchased, for his name. There was a clear suspicion Kent was an intruder. The response "Kent Gooderham" allowed Mr. Farmer to relax, recover his composure and direct Kent to the second row directly behind his wife and two other close family relatives.

Kent had never attended a funeral before and certainly had never sat feet away from a corpse lying quietly in an elegant open coffin. To avoid staring at the dead body he concentrated his gaze on the women in front of him, all in dark mourning dress. Which ones had he met in Gleichen those many years ago? Because he was obliged to concentrate on their backs only he was reminded of the story about the couturier who told Mrs. Hillyard Robinson "her back was too beautiful to cover." There were two very small, frail and somewhat round shouldered figures - clearly upset by the event - either one could be "the back." Another, more sturdy back, with squared shoulders and an upright posture sat between the two. Who was she?

As they were leaving the church the Unknown Back moved to walk out with Kent. "What was his name? To which part of the family did he belong? Was he going to the cemetery. No! Perhaps she would not either. Kent had every legitimate reason to enquire who he was talking to. The answer was Lady Eaton. Kent smiled in what he hoped was an

accepting manner. But the real reason for the smile was that he was living at the time in a beautiful house belonging to a relative of a relative just around the corner with five or six young men, friends of his all struggling in menial jobs on salaries of \$25 a week or less.

Their surroundings were elegant however and the six would frequently suggest to one another that they should really be inviting Lady Eaton to tea. It was an opportunity. But lost. He walked home alone without looking back to see if he was the only mourner "leaving the scene".

Henry Macdonald's obituary in the Globe and Mail was headed "Noted Philanthropist Dies".

OTHER ARTISTS:

EDWARD S. CURTIS

Many famous men and women visited the Gooderhams. Originally attracted to the mystique of the famous Blackfoot they soon became enchanted by the Gooderhams themselves and by the romance of the "birth of a native economy and life style" which George was spearheading.

One of the first visitors was Edward S. Curtis arguably the most famous photographer of America's native peoples. But in 1924 when he arrived on the Blackfoot reserve he was just one of many struggling artists who hoped to make a living with his art..

Curtis was compiling the text and photographs for a set of books which would be called *THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN*. When Curtis and his assistant, Myers, a social anthropologist and essayist, arrived on the Blackfoot Reserve. Curtis had already visited most of the tribes in the United States. He hoped to complete the project within the next year or two but his health was beginning to fail (see attached letter). At the time George did not know how Curtis was financing the project but he imagined it was not through the sale of photographs.

One day Curtis asked George to introduce him to the local bank manager and to endorse a cheque he wished to cash. George already had bitter experiences with wandering artists and authors and was ready to decline. Curtis was used to the skepticism and suggested, as he passed the cheque to George, that perhaps he would be safe this time. The cheque was made out to Curtis and came from the house of Morgan, a bank famous even in Gleichen. GEORGE agreed he could help.

Curtis explained that before the turn of the century he and Morgan were friends. Curtis had a profitable smelter in Colorado which was well organized and left him time during the summer to follow his hobby which was originally centred on photography alone. Morgan was intrigued and suggested the project should include a written story as well.

Morgan House edited and printed the books and each winter Curtis would unveil the year's bounty at a special viewing and sale in New York. The project had the support of J P Morgan, one of the most famous American businessmen of the day, and consequently the sale made enough money to cover the incidental expenses of the summer. It was all a lark. Curtis did

not need the income because his smelter provided a very substantial income. The two men, J P and Edward, enjoyed the luxury of making money while having fun.

Curtis went on, "When J P died his son took over and although the relationship was more formal it was still fun." But a second calamity did change things for the worse. "During the Great War the smelter was destroyed by sabotage and I discovered insurance did not cover this kind of loss. Overnight I was a poor man. The Morgans were happy to cover the costs of the project but I had to find a way to support myself and I was determined to maintain my independence. It looked like my avocation would have to be my vocation."

"My wife and I set up a photographic studio in Los Angeles and managed to make a comfortable living and, of course, when the set was finished we got a royalty. There were a number of books and many photographs so the set had to be priced at \$500 if any profit was to be made. Sales were few. We were not on easy street."

George was curious about the Morgan family. Curtis confided that three generations supported the project throughout the thirty years it took to compile the history. And of the three "The best of the lot was the third."

Curtis and Myers were photographing and writing a story (Myers being the essayist) which meant they must live close to the old people who would be telling the stories. George arranged that the two live in one of the two roomed houses which dotted the reserve and that a neighbour named Raw Eater head the group of elders who would be the storytellers. Curtis and Myers enjoyed their company but understood they only worked for cash. And that was why the Morgan cheque must be changed into one dollar bills. Fish, whose house was being used, got \$1 a day. Raw Eater \$1 an hour. Curtis began calling Fish, Poor Fish because he would appear bright and early every day for his dollar and smile only after receiving the money. He also admitted Raw Eater or "Eat - em - alive" (Curtis' pet name) was pretty gruff until he saw the day's income clearly in view. It might also be noted that Raweater, when stripped to a breach clout, as he did in summer when about to eat his mid-day meal of meat, bannock and tea, looked the part

While Myers was collecting stories Curtis was arranging for the right photographs. He was a stickler for authenticity. The model must be a typical Blackfoot., the costume authentic, the horse a Blackfoot pony and the background a recognizable reserve scene. He sent the Gooderhams two photos - one of Pilar Fox dressed in historic regalia seated on a horse on the

banks of the Bow River with the cutbanks in the background. The second was a close up of Duck Chief, head Chief of the Blackfoot, also in full regalia and with his mace of office in his hand. GEORGE told his boss, Duncan Campbell Scott, about the visit and Mr. Scott purchased enough prints of another Curtis photo of the Blackfoot reserve - On The Trail - for his 1929 Christmas card.

KATHLEEN SHACKLETON – The Sister

No sooner had Curtis and Myers left than Kathleen Shackleton, another famous artist, arrived on the Reserve - another job for Raweater. George had arranged for several Blackfoot to sit - at a price. Raweater arrived in a shirt and slacks prepared to tell more stories but quite willing to sit for a portrait - at his going rate of a dollar an hour. Kathleen was intrigued by Raweater's appearance as well as his history but the costume just wouldn't do. Time was money. Kathleen was not a wealthy woman even though sister to the famous explorer Sir Ernest Shackleton. Could the situation be saved without sending Raweater home for a change - at \$1 an hour?

As usual, George came to the rescue. He had inherited a handsome red stroud cloth coat from his father, John. It was made by a Cree in 1890 and was a gift to John from his friend Piapot (sp?), the famous Cree Chief. It was covered with traditional plains beadwork patterns which Kathleen was very careful to represent accurately. Raweater may not have realized he was being immortalized in a Cree jacket and Kathleen did not think it would matter in the long run. She was much like her brother, Sir Ernest, nothing much fazed her. Also, like him, she was a traveller even if not an explorer, and had already been into the North West Territories where she was known as that crazy Brit whose brother liked the south pole better than the north. She was a free spirited woman, popular wherever she went - including the Blackfoot Reserve. This visit, the first of many, coincided with the annual Sun Dance which she not only invited to attend but during which she was honoured with a Blackfoot name (perhaps the first ever given to a white woman)"

The portrait of Raweater was a success and it, along with the portraits of other Blackfoot, formed a significant collection. Kathleen's trip west was sponsored by the C P R publicity department and did not include support for Kathleen's number one aim - a show in Britain. Again, like her brother, she was not discouraged by such a minor setback.* When she returned to eastern Canada she showed the 13 paintings to William Southam, of the Ottawa Southam Press. He gave her \$13000. He also agreed she be allowed to take them to London for an exhibit. They were returned to him, of course, and he kept the collection together over the years, eventually giving them to the Calgary Allied Arts Centre (The Cost House) who were

persuaded to sell them to Mr. Eric Harvey for his Glenbow Foundation (coincidentally Mrs. Harvie was also a Southam)

Kathleen visited Canada and the Gooderhams often and although she continued to paint she never became a popular artist. Perhaps, like her brother who is more famous in 2000 than in 1914, she will come into her own later.

*In the summer of 1914 Sir Ernest Shackleton set off aboard the *Endurance* bound for Antarctica. The goal of his expedition was to cross the Antarctic overland, but more than a year later, and still half a continent away from the intended base, the *Endurance* was trapped in ice and eventually crushed. For five months Shackleton and his crew survived on drifting ice packs in one of the most savage regions of the world before they were finally able to set sail again in one of the ship's lifeboats. Almost 100 years later (2001) Alfred Lansing wrote the story of this remarkable man in a book titled *Endurance: Shackleton's Incredible Voyage*.

Through the diaries of team members and interviews with survivors, Lansing reconstructs the months of terror and hardship endured by the crew. In October 1915 there were no helicopters, no Weasels, no sno-craft, no suitable planes. Their plight was naked and terrifying in its simplicity. If they were to get out - they had to get themselves out. How Shackleton did indeed get them out without the loss of a single life is at the heart of Lansing's true-life adventure tale.

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Hardcover (of Book) published by Carrol and Graf, 2001 (\$34.)

THINKING IT OVER

GEORGE WONDERS

In 1943, after 23 years as Agent, George was made a member of The Most Excellent Order of The British Empire (MBE) for his part in the unique economic and social developments on the Blackfoot Reserve. He admitted to himself his own contribution was significant but he wasn't sure how lasting.. He had worked a lot of overtime for the betterment of the people. but as he reflected on the achievements, struggles and failures of the last 23 years he decided there were four fundamentals that were crucial: health (including nutrition), education (including schooling of children and occupational training for youth and adults), Spiritual (including traditional and new beliefs). His basic question remained. Why had Blackfoot leaders made decisions so different from other Native leaders?

He speculated there were two historical events which set the stage. The first was the migration of all the Blackfoot nation south from the northern Lesser Slave Lake area with its lakes, forests and small game to the treeless prairie, huge herds of buffalo and minimum moisture. They may have been forced to move because their enemy the Cree got rifles before they did. The Blackfoot certainly learned how useful this new technology could be. Even more important was the horse. Introduced to North America by the Spanish, the horse reached the Blackfoot hunting area two to three hundred years before the arrival of settlers on the (Canadian) prairie. The Blackfoot had trained themselves to be outstanding horsemen. Constant competition for control of land and hunting had turned them into expert hunters and fierce warriors feared by most neighbors and admired by all. The Blackfoot took to their new environment with passion and by the late 19th century they controlled a major portion of (what would become) southern Alberta and northern Montana. They were kings. And in the habit of making things work to their advantage.

They were about to face a new challenge - the arrival of the Europeans - when a leader called Crowfoot began thinking about this newest challenge. He was a warrior - essential for any Blackfoot leader - and had been in 19 battles, before he was 20, against enemies such as the Crow, Cree and Shoshonie. He left the warpath to concentrate on raising horses which meant the acquisition of both wealth and stature.

He had impressed the Blackfoot but first came to the attention of the whites in 1865 when the missionary Father Lacombe was visiting a Blackfoot camp near the present village of Hobbema. They were attacked by Cree warriors who greatly outnumbered the Blackfoot.

Lacombe tried unsuccessfully to stop the fighting and was wounded for his efforts. But word was sent south to Crowfoot. The Blackfoot held out during the night and the next morning Crowfoot arrived with a large number of warriors who soon routed the Cree. Lacombe told the world about this miraculous leader. The two men became friends and peace makers. Today they might share the Nobel Prize For Peace. It became a pattern for Crowfoot. The very next year he stopped Blackfoot warriors from looting a convoy of Hundsons Bay supply carts and then escorted them safely to Fort Edmonton.

Crowfoot and all natives faced another new danger - traders who exchanged liquor and repeating rifles for hides. During the 1870's young warriors not only killed one another in their drunkenness but were constantly inciting war between the tribes.. Crowfoot saw this as a threat to the very survival of the Blackfoot (and of course other tribes as well). The American government was at war with their southern cousins in Montana, Crowfoot could see this war would do the Blackfoot no good and welcomed the arrival of the North West Mounted Police who brought law and order to the Alberta frontier. Crowfoot saw them as saving the Blackfoot from themselves.

During the war of 1876 between the Sioux, and the American calvalry Sitting Bull intreated Crowfoot to join with them. Crowfoot refused and even threatened to join with the NWMP against them. But he did not deny his "brothers." When Sitting Bull came to Canada, as a refugee after the Battle of Little Big Horn, Crowfoot befriended and supported him and his followers. He maintained an eqally statesman-like role during the second Riel Rebellion. He refused to join with the Cree and the half-breeds even though his adopted Cree son, Poundmaker, was a leading figure in that fight. Because of his postion Crowfoot was able to obtain Poundmaker's release from jail after the war and he lived with Crowfoot until his death on April 25, 1890

Crowfoot had a reputation for wise council and diplomatic sense well before he led all the Blackfoot people and their allies into the signing of Treaty Nunber 7. Once again he showed his forethought and wisdom. He demanded clauses which would be of long lasting benefit to the Blackfoot including the inclusion of land to the east which contained visible coal seams in the Bow River cutbanks. The treaty gave the Blackfoot over 300,000 acres 46 miles along the Canadian Pacific Railway, which, incidentally, Crowfoot also supported as being the Blackfoot's "new horse."

Crowfoot died April 25, 1890, long before either John or GEORGE Gooderham came to the Reserve but his spirit and example were there. His reputation was the Blackfoot reputation. Consequently the Blackfoot started their experiment in reserve living with the enthusiastic support of the Canadian as well as the British government. It must be noted as well that Crowfoot's grandson, Joe, was alive and a leader on the reserve all during George's tenure. George relied on him although he was surprised that Joe was not always on his side. He wanted much more independence for the Blackfoot than was possible at the time. George admitted to himself that "Joe was a pretty stiff aponent but he convinced me and the Council that he was right. He was not only on the Council but head chief as well."

In 1910 the Blackfoot were positive thinking but they were still poor. They had a lot of land but they were still hungry. They were about to take advantage of another new development. In the early 20th century there was a huge land boom in southern Alberta, and particularly around the town of Gleichen. White men and companies made fortunes buying and selling land. Perhaps the Blackfoot could also profit from this craze.

A land sale approved by the Council in 1912 and 1918 provided the Band with a trust fund of more than a million dollars. They now had land, money and a sound reputation. All they needed was a good administrator. George agreed his father, John, fit that bill and hoped he would too. By the time he became the Agent the Blackfoot had created the first welfare state in all of Canada. George was expected to manage it. He had no experience or training in government administration, a disadvantage initially but perhaps an asset later. "I was an easterner, pitchforked into the position, resented by some but I had an open mind, prepared to meet problems (of which there was a large supply) as they arose."

The first order of business had been to ensure the necessities of life. The Council agreed money from the trust fund should be used to provide each band member a pound of meat and a pound of flour a day, tea and other foods as required, a home and clothing. Prospective farmers were to receive a set of farm buildings as well as the necessary equipment. The fund should also be put to work to provide long term income for the Band.

At the end of World War I wheat was in short supply. It was an opportunity for the Blackfoot to try an experiment in large scale farming which would produce more wheat than individual farmers could produce. Greater production farms were established. There would be many problems - big and small. George was always expected to have the solution.

In the Fall of 1920 a block of 2,560 acres of virgin prairie which had been broken and seeded to wheat under contract with white entrepreneurs was ready for harvest. It required 15 binders hitched to tractors and seven horse-drawn binders all of which went round and round the field (a distance of ten miles). It was the largest harvesting unit in the country. It was a new experience for all. The white foreman knew how to run the machines, the wagons and the crew required. He did not know how to get or manage the hand labour which would also be essential.

The binders laid sheaves of grain in rows all of which must be lifted and stooked in little tipi piles so that the grain was in the air rather than on the ground where it would sprout if rain came before it was threshed. This activity took a lot of hand labour. Young Blackfoot were busy on their own farms. Only the older couples were available. Even though this was the biggest field they had ever seen the Agent was able to persuade them to take up the challenge by stressing the opportunity to meet friends and enjoy the luxuries wages would buy.

All went well for a couple of days when the stooking crew looked around and realized how little they had accomplished and how much more there was to do. They held a meeting and told the foreman they were quitting. Final. No debating. He had no idea how to deal with this ultimatum but he had to have the grain stooked. Ask the Agent!

"I knew I had to act quickly. If the workers "pulled camp" it would be days, if ever, before they returned." George got two quarters of beef, black Irish twist tobacco and tea and drove the agency ford as fast as possible the 25 miles to the farm. The immediate reception was cool. But he was able to get them to listen to his words of concern and sympathy. He admired their work and was astonished how much they had been able to accomplish. "It called for an immediate feast and a raise in pay."

First they smoked, then they boiled and ate the meat, drank the tea and went back to work. They did not quit again. "The camp cook was ordered to send good strong tea to the field every afternoon - a habit now popular even with office workers."

The project was a success but the concept of large scale farming did not catch on. It was decided the land should be reapportioned to individual Blackfoot or white lessors. In reflection George decided it was just ahead of its time and the last crop under the greater production units was in 1921. George discovered managing the economic realities associated with the sale of land under long term agreements as well as the leasing of land to whites, also under individual agreements, required professional guidance. Hiring and supervising the right staff became

another administrative responsibility for George. They made thousands of dollars. But George worried the young Blackfoot were learning only how to act like "the idle rich."

In 1912 and 1913 when quarter section farm units were being established the Council knew that no one would want to live on the prairie, away from the river and all alone. They must have neighbours. Consequently farm cottages were built at the corner where four farms met and a well was drilled in the centre of the crossroads. An immediate problem was that the wells were so deep, water could not be drawn up easily (if at all) using the hand pump. It was never certain whether the hand on the handle got tired just before the water reached the spout or that there was no water down there. There was also a matter of taste. It did not taste like that from the Bow river. What to do? "Windmills" said George. More administration. Who should be responsible? George! He began worrying whether the farm experiment would work.

There were other difficulties. The four room cottages were built with a basement and a fireplace in the livingroom. No one used the basement no matter how romantic the concept. They might have been useful if they were heated but none of the houses had furnaces. Blackfoot homemakers found the basement a convenient place to throw rubbish - a great disappointment for George.

The fireplace, another romantic introduction, which would be a pleasant way of heating the house and a link to the open fire of the past was not used either. Blackfoot homemakers found it was quite efficient as a refrigerator. The householder put a light board in front behind which they stored perishables like butter in the cool and airy draft. Another disappointment.

Houses built in the 1920s looked like the early model but without fireplace and basement. There was a bright side. Both GEORGE and the Blackfoot owners knew the houses were superior to those on any other reserve at that time and as good or better than those of their white neighbors. Barns which were also constructed - with a loft and stalls for 8 to 10 head of stock on a concrete foundation - were more successful.

Most farms were on the prairie a long way from the river. And the Blackfoot, who had always lived close to the water, kept two houses, the farm house, built by hired carpenters and a "cottage" the owner built of logs by the river where they spent their winters. This communal living proved more and more popular particularly for older people and for all those who did not farm. George wondered if they were a disincentive to farming.

On the other hand, houses without basements were easily moved and might be used at the coal mine, an irrigation experiment or wherever accommodations demanded it. Drought, depression and other events outside the reserve provided many problems and adjustments.. It was hard on George but difficult for the Blackfoot to understand. The Trust was to provide every Blackfoot with the life of a most favoured child. And in many ways it did just that. The Blackfoot were forced to try many ways of living but they did not suffer during the depression, as their white neighbors did, thanks to the The Fund which continued to provide food, clothing, shelter as well as complete welfare for the old or needy.

Babies died frequently. Tuberculosis was a scourge. Diseases like measles could carry off more. A tiny hospital at the Anglican mission and supported by the missionary society was not enough. It was too far away from most and seen as an Anglican Hospital where Catholics felt uncomfortable.

In 1922 George asked the Council if they would use money from the Fund to build and staff a hospital in the centre of the reserve. The Council thought it was a good idea as long as it was not affiliated with any religion. In spite of the objections and pleadings of both the Anglican and Catholic Churches the Council was firm. Long discussions were held with the medicine men who demanded and received the right to practice their science in the hospital beside the white practitioners.

At that time doctors were hired by the government on a part time basis only. A very unsatisfactory arrangement. The famous Crowfoot was helped by two during his last illness and one remained with him for several days. An account was submitted to the Indian Commissioner for this extra attention. " I believe the bill amounted to \$30." It included transportation over 55 miles by train and 15 miles by team and wagon, board and lodging and special medical services including repeated visits from the Agency to Crowfoot's lodge. "The Government refused to pay".

The Council was perhaps not as surprised by this refusal as was GEORGE but it might have helped them to say, yes, go ahead to the hospital project. We will build and fund a hospital ourselves. In 1923 a brick sixteen-bed hospital with living quarters for staff was erected and opened for business on January 15, 1924. Included was a field and barn as well as a garden to supply the necessary milk and vegetables for the institution

The official opening was delayed until patients arrived. No doctor had been hired but the current "attending physician" was both supportive and imaginative. He guessed some spectacular demonstration was in order.

He located two patients who were willing to try the new treatment. One, a middle aged man called Pretty Young Man with an unusual growth in his chest and a woman who the doctor suspected of having gall stones underwent the required operation. Success!

It was January 31st and the Council were at their monthly meeting in the nearby Agency. The doctor sent word the hospital was now opened for inspection. The Council walked into the hospital where they could see a man dressed in pajamas and dressing gown sitting on a bed in the centre of a large room (the men's ward). He was the picture of health and contentment He addressed the chief in Blackfoot ."And we all followed the Chief to shake the patient's hand, being careful to walk around a large basin which was on the floor beside the bed. The patient pointed to his chest and to the basin which held an object the size of a man's clenched fist Yes, it had come from his chest. No, he was not in pain. The doctor had put him to sleep and when he woke up there it was floating in the basin. Yes, it was a fine place. The food was good. The bed was comfortable. And he could smoke when he liked. "There were many exclamations of approval."

The show was not over. As they were leaving the ward the doctor took out a bottle filled with a liquid and small round objects and asked the chiefs to guess what they were. It was agreed they were stones but what were they doing in the hospital. The doctor explained. "You all know Medicine Shield's wife. Well I took these stones out of her body the other day. She is also recovering in the women's ward." It was 1923.

The bottle was passed from hand to hand. There were 13 stones. A lucky number as it turned out . The hospital was a success even though there was much lingering concern about evil spirits which only the medicine men could handle. It was a winter of epidemics. Influenza and measles were still killing many who did not go to the hospital.

A very worrisome fact was the high infant mortality rate. The Council demanded a full-time doctor. But would that help? Who could persuade pregnant Blackfoot women (none of whom had ever birthed a baby in a hospital) that it would be good to be looked after by a man even if he was a doctor. The answer was simple. The doctor should not be a man.

In 1927 a woman doctor did turn up in Gleichen. Who was she? Would she be interested in working for the Blackfoot Band Council?

Her name was Frances Evelyn Windsor. She graduated in medicine from the University of Toronto in 1908 and interned in Boston at the New England hospital for Women and Children. She transferred to Baltimore in order to take a post graduate course at the famous John Hopkins hospital. From there she went on to The Women's Hospital in Detroit Michigan and to various hospitals in Europe. When she returned to Canada in 1911 she chose to set up shop in Calgary, Alberta and was in general practice there until 1916 when she enlisted in the Canadian Army Medical Corp.

In London she worked in various hospitals and met a young man named Bennett who would later become The Right Honourable R B Bennett, Prime Minister of Canada. It was rumoured R B was much enamoured of the doctor and would like to marry her (if he ever married at all). He was a strong-minded man with many fixed ideas about how he should live and also how "his future bride should live. Evelyn did not take kindly to this circumscription. She broke off the relationship and married a young Canadian soldier named Edward P. Leacock who was the brother of the famous Canadian economist and humourist, Stephen Leacock.

"Edward and Evelyn returned to Calgary at the end of the war . But in 1927 they decided to live separate lives and Dr. Windsor took over a practice in Gleichen just at the time the Band Council asked me to find a woman doctor. She thought she might be interested. The Council agreed she should be hired on a trial basis. Next it was my responsibility to persuade Ottawa that this experiment should be allowed. Among other things there had never been a full time doctor before. In the end it was agreed that, since the Band Council was prepared to cover all costs, approval would be given.

"Dr. Windsor and her staff of nurses got the confidence of the Blackfoot women almost over night and the doctor was permanently established in the position in 1928. She stayed for 20 years.

"Expectant mothers flocked to the hospital where they were encouraged to enter many days before the birth. Living on the reserve was already very different from traveling constantly from one spot to another and young mothers needed additional education in the care and feeding of their baby. Baby clinics were established. A baby show was inaugurated with medals and money prizes for the "best" mother and child. The response was enthusiastic. The hospital

was enlarged in the 1930s to accommodate 40 patients and funded entirely by the Band until 1947.

Tuberculosis was rampant among both Indians and non-Indians at the time with no real program of treatment. Sanitariums were operated and funded by the Province for Albertans which did not include Indians. Dr. Windsor x rayed her patients and also the children in the two residential schools. Aware of the seriousness of the plague she set up a program, isolating infected patients both in the hospital and in the residential schools. But no long term treatment was available as all costs of provincial sanitariums would have to be met by the federal government and no money was available for that expenditure. Once again the Blackfoot Council came to the rescue. They were already paying all other medical costs from tribal funds and gladly voted the necessary money to meet sanitarium treatment costs. Blackfoot patients were immediately admitted - the first in Alberta.

There were problems to be solved but George had only positive recollections of this part of the experiment in living.

[See photo of contestants in first show with notes on participants page 4 of GHG's story The Hospital] Included also is Dr. Windsor's obituary which might be another side bar]

"The dirty thirties struck. The Blackfoot did not suffer in the same manner as their white neighbors because they were guaranteed clothing, food and shelter. But they were without cash - irksome but not serious. The Band, however, had serious corporate problems. One was the care of livestock. There were now more than 3000 head in the Band herd who must share pasture with two thousand or more horses, each one of whom ate twice as much as a cow. And the prairie grass did not recover easily from heavy over grazing. George frequently suggested the horse was one of the problems. He knew the horse was still an emotional issue even if no longer an economic asset. Owners recognized the seriousness of the situation and sold many for as little as \$4. a piece. George wondered if this was a conversion - perhaps not. "I was interested to note that brood mares were not included in the sale lots!"

George obtained feed by going to the farmers north of the reserve who were on irrigated land and made deals with them to plant grass and legumes which the Band would buy when the crop was harvested. Even weeds were used as part of the solution.

The drought produced one large crop - Russian thistles. Many fields were covered with it. GEORGE suggested the Band buy the thistles at \$2.00 a ton delivered. The new idea was a great

surprise to Blackfoot farmers who had been told over and over to eradicate this noxious pest. Enjoying the irony of the situation as well as the cash, they raked up tons and delivered it to the feed camps. Mixed with green oats or hay (purchased from the northern neighbors) it made a palatable and nutritious feed.

It became obvious that the reserve must have irrigation which was a job for the near future when water rights could be purchased and channels constructed. Irrigated farming was initiated if only in a modest way. It was another challenge for the Blackfoot farmer requiring yet more new skills - not everyone's cup of tea.

There was a possible immediate solution to economic downturn- the coal seams which Crowfoot had insisted be included within the reserve. In 1931 when George proposed this new venture the Council agreed. and established a co-operative mine. Logs were brought from the Blackfoot forest preserve in the mountains to build two rows of log housing. A barn and four room house, which soon became a Blackfoot-run restaurant, was moved to the site, a first aid station erected and both Catholic and Anglican churches moved on site. There was a laundry and a washroom with hot and cold running water at all times. Just as important was a regulation sized hockey rink soon to host a hockey team ready to challenge any team in the area. It was a well organized village with over 200 residents during winter months.

The Council decided how miners should be paid and how workers should be allotted work sites, based on information provided by the manager, a former miner, who had worked for years in the Drumheller mines. The men were well paid and enjoyed their wealth. They had weekends free and might live it up in Calgary or across the border in the US.

The project lasted for 15 years - to the end of the depression and the beginning of the oil boom. It was a great asset to the reserve and also to the neighbors who could get coal at the mine or delivered at a competitive rate. "I made an arrangement with local municipalities under which farmers in distress could get coal on a (welfare) order which the municipality would honour on a regular basis."

The mine did not always run smoothly and disputes had to be mediated fairly but George always thought of this enterprise as one of the successes.

Working with the Council was an experiment and exploration. At first George couldn't guess which ideas would receive their support. He learned quickly there were two constants. Each Council member would propose and support ideas beneficial to his own band. Secondly he

would only agree to other ideas if he could see a profit (political or economical) in the present or future for the Band. In one of his first meetings grazing leases which would terminate in 1921 came up. George had learned the lessees paid only pennies per acre. Surely a better use could be made of this valuable land. "I recommended no renewals be given"

If it was a test George passed with flying colours. The Council agreed there should be no renewals. Leases had often if not invariably gone to settlers with political connections in Ottawa. Some of the lessees were also George's friends and the Council knew it. George had proved to their satisfaction he was clearly working for the Blackfoot and not outsiders. "They decided they could trust me."

George realized the huge fund and the many projects approved would require many significant decisions. He persuaded the Council to share the responsibility of making yearly Band fund expenditures with him. It was not a speedy process. The Council was composed of elders. Only one could speak English. Some understood modern Blackfoot, which included new words and concepts, but some were only comfortable in the old Blackfoot used before reserve days. Not only did sentences have to be translated twice but often the idea itself had to be described. How for instance could you explain the intricacies of leasing land on a cash basis as opposed to a crop share basis to a man who had never thought about land in terms of ownership, investment or income. There was a lot of discussion, some of it quite heated, if a Councilor thought he was not getting the straight goods. Expenditures increased each year as new needs were discovered but "I don't remember any items being deducted."

The process started in January as several meetings were needed and George must have the whole plan prepared and approved before the next fiscal year, together with a Band Council resolution, asking that these expenditure be made from the Blackfoot Band account. It was studied in Ottawa and when deemed satisfactory signed by the Minister in charge. George and the Council were then able to carry out their business without constant letters to headquarters.

In addition to manager, George was also school inspector, magistrate, truant officer. There were two residential schools on the reserve, Crowfoot in the east, Old Sun in the west. They were operated by the Catholic and Anglican churches under the general supervision of the Council and the Agent. Education was not any easy concept in the early days and truancy was a

major problem. George had to make it clear that the law insisted children attend school. One of his employees had this to say:

“Truancy was widespread among Indian children when George was Agent. They were getting quite modern and playing hookey from school. George had "kid roundups" when the truancy got serious. He found kids running in the fields and even in the towns when they were supposed to be in school. The parents depended on George to "bring their kids to time." As a last resort he read The Truant Act in both schools and told the students if they did not attend they could go to jail. The threat worked and after the last big round up very little truancy was reported. The parents thought a lot of George for a job well done."

Times changed and George would later worry that parents whose children spent most of the year living away from home would lose their parenting skills and perhaps also their influence over their children. He was a strong advocate of day schools and schooling with non-Indians. That idea would come more slowly than he wished.

He was not worried as much about cultural loss. The missionaries on the reserve were more broad-minded than others and the study of native culture was present in both schools. But there were cultural misunderstandings and biases. One Anglican missionary, Captain House, introduced boy scouts into his school agenda. The program was not very popular. He decided to try cadets instead - a roaring success. Only then did it dawn on him that the boy scout program was designed for urban boys who never had a chance to camp outdoors. Blackfoot boys could write (and improve) the boy scout program during recess. On the other hand the opportunity to handle modern weapons and to learn army manouvers was a continuation and expansion of the warrior romance which was a highlight in the stories their grandfathers told them about "the olden days."

In 1920 just after his appointment George was told an English aristocrat would be heading a large delegation of people from the United Kingdom on a conference tour of Canada. Gleichen and the Blackfoot reserve would be a highlight on the list of stops. The visitors expected to see a traditional Blackfoot camp and a rodeo as well. Chief Yellow Horse was consulted. He agreed with one condition. As it was a white man's suggestion the Blackfoot would require compensation. It was agreed that food would be provided for all Blackfoot participants. A beaded buckskin outfit, made by Yellow Horse, would be purchased as a gift. All went well. Better than well. The Blackfoot put on a great show and the next day George received a long wire

expressing appreciation for the hospitality and deep regret that they did not have a gift for the chief which was in any way comparable to the beautiful suit. What could he do? George suggested a silk hat. Yellow Horse had one which had been a gift of the Hudson's Bay in 1912 and was now very badly scuffed from its frequent use. A steady flow of wires followed - including what hat size hat does the Chief wear? And the reply – 6 3/4 .

No news for several weeks. And during the very busy harvest season the RCMP sergeant asked George to hold a court sitting - at the time Agents had magisterial powers under the Indian Act and certain sections of the criminal code.

The problem involved two men, Water Chief and Blue Bird, both sons of the Chief. They were charged with drunkenness and as this was not the first time they were likely to plead guilty. If so he would like it decided before the night train left so they could be taken directly to jail. The only witnesses to this procedure were the two young men's mother and father, Chief Yellow Horse and his wife.

The prisoners were found guilty and Yellow Horse was asked if he had anything to say before sentence was passed. He was interested in closing the matter as quickly as possible. The two were sentenced to sixty days in jail. Yellow Horse saw them leave the "court room" without any acknowledgment.

George had noticed a carefully guarded box beside the Chief all during the hearing and when all the others had left, Yellow Horse and his wife opened the box. There was the silk hat, including a three inch gold band. It was a perfect fit and a prized possession. When Yellow horse died the following Spring the hat accompanied him to his grave under a specially built wooden cover on the banks of the Bow. [Blackfoot were not buried beneath the ground because their soul might be trapped and unable to reach "the happy hunting ground.]

Court was often held (even at night). George was expected to listen to family disputes and to suggest a solution. Shortly after his appointment an elderly man was ushered into his office. The old gentleman was married to a younger woman through an agreement with her father involving a very valuable horse (as a present).

The girl was in love with a dashing young cowboy and would run away to her mother who allowed the young man to visit her. The elderly gentleman could not go there because it was against custom for a man to see his mother-in-law. He had to employ friends to help get her back. The cost was prohibitive and George was to tell him what to do.

It so happened the young man was employed at the reserve winter feed camp at \$30. a month. George mentioned to the husband that he not expect the girl to return. He should perhaps concentrate on the economics of the situation and make a deal with the young suitor. George suggested he might give \$10 from each monthly pay check. The payment would be guaranteed because the Agency office controlled such wages and would transfer the money from the young man's account to that of the husband. As the young man was only employed for the winter (another four months) the total payment would only amount to \$40. This was a big loss for the husband but after some careful thinking he agreed that George spoke wisely. The young couple "lived happily ever after" but the husband died within the year - perhaps of a broken heart.

There was a movement in the '20s to stop the Sun Dance and other religious gatherings. But on the Blackfoot reserve, with the co-operation of the missionaries, the Sun Dance continued as did the Tobacco Dance. The decision to allow native ceremonies did not come automatically.

In 1921 the Indian Commissioner demanded the curtailment and final abolition of ceremonies such as Sun Dances and Potlaches. Agents and the R C M P were instructed to stop the formation of large gatherings but when George received these instructions the Blackfoot had already set up a large Sun Dance Camp on the edge of the sandhills in the south eastern part of the reserve. George notified his superior who decided the law must be respected. He and George would visit the camp to discuss the matter.

It so happened that Weasel Calf, the only one of the original chiefs at the signing of the treaty in 1877 still alive was also on the Council. He was a man with a deep voice, imposing physique, a gifted orator, known for his disrespect for laws he did not value. He invariably wore a silk hat with a gold band on special occasions. His power was further enhanced by the fact he survived the small pox plague of the eighties and had the facial evidence to prove it. He would meet George and the Inspector at the camp.

On July 15 the two were graciously received at the edge of the camp and were kept there comfortably seated outside the circle of tipis on chairs which appeared miraculously. The two white men watched with some anxiety as Weasel Calf informed a delegation of the situation. In time a group of ten or twelve men led by Weasel Calf, in full regalia and no silk hat (was that an omen?) approached the visitors. Hands were shaken but there were no smiles of recognition. Weasel Calf's deep voice carried a long oration in Blackfoot across the prairie and into every tipi. The message was clear. This was a religious camp. It followed a tradition established well before

the white savages appeared and would continue. No whites would be allowed to enter the camp. Unknown to Weasel Calf this restriction gave the Commissioner an opportunity to save the day. The Blackfoot would be allowed to carry on their ceremonies as long as they were restricted to the Blackfoot exclusively. The Commissioner was emboldened to add a restriction of his own. A central reason for the government interdiction was the government's fear the ceremony would interfere with farming so the Commissioner stated the ceremony could not last longer than eight days. There was some discussion among the Blackfoot delegation but there was final agreement perhaps because the Blackfoot realized no one would enforce such a ridiculous stipulation.

George remained convinced over the years that it was a good policy to continue all Blackfoot societies. In fact George and one of his staff, Colonel Lewis, who, along with George, was an officer in the First World War, were made members of the Crazy Dogs, a society which honoured men who had a distinguished war record. At the ceremony these "warriors" were required to recount their exploits in the war which had just ended in Europe. George thought their exploits might seem tame compared to those of the Blackfoot who were often involved in hand-to-hand combat. Nevertheless both were accepted as Crazy Dogs and welcomed into the society. "Monthly meetings were not required."

The 1930s changed the world of the Blackfoot as much or more than their neighbors even though the Band Fund continued to climb and in 1946 approached 3 million and provided an annual income of \$150,000 - a lot of money in those days. A great deal of support was provided for young people just starting out. Older people began to feel they were not receiving a fair share. They reasoned they might not get more if they ignored the young. So they lobbied for, and got, an annual interest payment of \$50. for those over sixty and \$25 for others. There was a string attached to the old person's grant. GEORGE was trying to introduce (quite unsuccessfully) the concept of saving. At the time of payment the older people only got \$10 and the rest was deposited to their account to be drawn on the half monthly payday. This control was not popular and was one of the first procedures to be revoked when GEORGE left the Reserve.

There was also a yearly payment to all band members under the terms of the Treaty. Members got \$5. each. Councillors and chiefs slightly more. It was not a significant support for the Blackfoot and was treated as holiday pay. It was paid in the early summer just before the Calgary Stampede and just after the annual Sun Dance which was held in the valley of the Bow.

It was a pleasant celebration for the Blackfoot and brought them all together, including those who had not been able to attend all of the ceremonies. It was also a holiday treat for the staff who would complete the payment by noon. They and their families would have a communal picnic under the poplar trees along the Bow river. Usually the whole Blackfoot encampment would be packed up and on its way to Calgary by the time the picnic lunch was over.

In 1932 George returned to the site from the picnic and was surprised to see the whole camp still exactly as he had left it. A runner met him at the edge of the encampment and asked him to go into the central Lodge, which was filled to overflowing. They were there to make George Honourary Chief Eagle Plume. He was given a war bonnet (worn only by chiefs) and other mementos including, at a later date, a record of the whole proceedings including a copy of the speeches made. It was a very emotional ceremony for George and for his staff and family as well.

The drought coupled with low prices made farming very unrewarding. Farms on the reserve were abandoned or barely cultivated. Power farming - combines instead of threshing machines, tractors instead of horses - was the only viable method. The initial cost was high which meant farms must be large enough to support the overhead. The Blackfoot had already given up on large scale farming. The situation was made even more difficult by inflation. The 1920 dollar was only worth 60c in the forties. The reserve population increased significantly (750 in the early 30's) and more and more Blackfoot were on welfare. By 1946 revenue in the fund was not sufficient to meet the cost of rations, salaries and other services which the Blackfoot believed they would receive as long as the sun shone and the rivers flowed.

After 1946 most small farms on the reserve were consolidated and rented to white operators. Most of the cattle and horses were sold and the rate of welfare kept increasing. By the 1970s 80% of the ever increasing band were on welfare.

George worried that he could have done more. He also wondered if things would have been better had he stayed on the reserve rather than accepting a promotion in 1948

In the Fall, shortly after he left the reserve, the government was planning another of the increasingly frequent reorganizations. George recieved a private letter from R.A. Hoey, the then Director of Indian Affairs in Ottawa, asking his personal, private, opinion on how Indian Affairs should be organized. George gave his frank response.

"As you know I spent the best part of my life on the Blackfoot reserve as Indian Agent. I was a bit of a dictator and I certainly retained all the reins in my own hands. As a result, I worked around the clock, while others, I'm afraid, did not do so nor did they take very much responsibility. They did what they were told. This applied not only to the staff but to the Indians as well. And as far as they were concerned they did little or nothing.

"I thought I was successful because I helped build up a small estate in which there was almost total security with a guarantee of a reasonably high standard of living for each Blackfoot. In later years and even while I was among the people I could see that a premium had been placed on indolence but none on initiative or private endeavor. From a modern point of view the Blackfoot are not advanced and to give them social security has not been to their advantage. In fact I fear it has done them harm.

"I did not fully realize this until I got away from them and studied other Bands in other parts of the country. I found initiative in practically every Band that did not have close supervision. I found the greatest initiative and advancement in a band of Indians where almost all supervision had been removed. On the basis of these findings I concluded that it might be well to remove close supervision from all bands".

Mr. Hoey, who had spent most of his life associated with organizations such as the United Grain Growers and The United Farm Movement in Manitoba had this to say in reply:

"If we have learned anything from the administration of [central Ontario] reserves it is this - the Indians, at this stage in their development, require, perhaps more than anything else, the presence of a senior officer in their midst. Colonel R., for an example, is now in the centre of the Six Nations Reserve and his Indians are perhaps the most advanced group in the Dominion. What was the result of his attempt to administer the agency from Brantford? Complaints came in that nurses at the hospital are absent without his knowledge. School teachers fail to report for duty at the proper hours, the doctors fail to visit the sick and I might go on".

Mr. Hoey did not agree with George and supervision of Indian reserves across Canada was increased.

OFF RESERVE: An Epilog with Ted James

It's ironic I had to leave the reserve to get to know the Blackfoot but working in the local Gleichen general store when I was in high school and, later managing the pharmacy, was the first time I actually dealt with them. That's where we got to know many who were our regular customers. The Blackfoot, who lived in the central or western end of the reserve came to Gleichen in wagons and stopped at the hitching rail that ran along the reserve side of the park next to the CPR tracks that separated the reserve from the town. Later some of them drove cars. I think cars were accepted in Gleichen no matter who drove them. But when we worked there most Blackfoot came to town in wagons.

They walked through the park and across the tracks just like we did. But they were shopping instead of going to school. Often they brought an order from the Agency Office. it was part of a welfare system operated by the Blackfoot Band. The holder of the order gave it to one of us. We had an ancient billing system which provided space for their name and a list of goods purchased together with the cost (Two bread @ .10 = .20). The holder could order and receive any food items up to the value of the order (perhaps \$10). At the time all Blackfoot received a weekly ration consisting of staples such as meat, flour, tea. So they would order bread, fruit, vegetables or canned goods just as their white neighbors did.

We had fresh fruit in season and almost always oranges, apples and bananas. A special bin for fruit that was less than fresh was popular because the price was right.

The store sold everything. Men's trousers called blue jeans had just been invented and we sold hundreds of pairs. They were made in Calgary by a company called GWG (Great West Garments) and called Cowboy Kings. They were designed to fit tight without creasing which eliminated a source of irritation for the guy who was in the saddle all day. Cowboy Kings were also tough and never ripped or tore. The joke was "What do Cowboy Kings have in common with the cowboy's bunk house?" The answer "No ballroom." They cost \$3.25 a pair and lasted forever - you could even go on wearing them when the seat and knees were finally in shreds - still comfortable. They didn't need washing! "My Kings are working man's pants. They can stand up on their own." We all wore them. All the boys that is. And the truth was that if they were washed they became a little softer and

fitted even better around all the curves young guys liked to see emphasized - particularly on Saturday nights.

They were not for businessmen and women never wore them. Maybe your sister Eleanor. But she would be the only one. She cut her hair like a boys and wore slacks long before it was acceptable for women. But not my sister, Rachel or your sister, Elizabeth. Not even for riding (astride). They wore lady's jodhpurs. After GWG disappeared Jeans became the number one article of clothing for both men and women on 5th avenue as well as on the ranch. But in Gleichen in 1943 there were lots of jokes about buying a new pair of Cowboy Kings. "Should I try them on? I'm pretty big you know. Maybe the king of all cowboys. GWG only measures the waist and leg." "Well, maybe you better show us."

I got to learn Blackfoot too. There were a lot of surprises. The word for grapes, raisins and currants was the same. You indicated with a sign whether you meant large - grapes, medium - raisins and small - currants. Grapes were popular and so were currants which could take the place of prairie berries. But raisins had a special connotation.

There was one couple who used to come in and order six tins of grapefruit juice, five pounds of sugar, raisins and two packages of yeast. I might tease them by asking if I was invited to the party. They could have all those items on an order. At the time there was a law against selling any intoxicant to Indians and purchasing anything containing alcohol such as shaving lotion or vanilla extract was strictly forbidden. But the law was just against buying alcohol. No one said they couldn't make their own - or at least no one told us they could not. We were there to supply (within the law) what the customer wanted - and we did.

One of the first things we had to learn were the names for all the coins - kepinux 10 c - nukanux - 25c - omukanux -15c - sapux - \$1.00 . I got to know the Blackfoot even better when I managed the drug store/bus stop. That's when I got to be friends with Linden Many Bears. I was 23 and I guess he was in his sixties. He spoke almost no English but we became real friends. He came into the store often and sat on a little bench just to the left of the door. He might be there for an hour or more. It was a strange kind of chemistry that didn't rely on conversation. He was happy to be there and I was happy to have him there. I don't think you could call him handsome but impressive certainly

suited. He was one of the old chiefs. If he was in his sixties (as I thought) it would mean he was a young man in the 1890s before civilization took over. He had the stature and presence that made the Blackfoot famous. He volunteered to be my Blackfoot father which I took to mean he would always defend me if I needed it. And even today I wish he was sitting there just where you are.

But I'll tell you a funny story. As you know the drug store was also the bus stop. One day there must have been 25 Blackfoot in the store - a lot of people for a store that size - when the bus from Calgary arrived. The whole busload of people got off, looked in and saw all the Indians. Not one person came into the store! At first I worried I had made a big mistake but then I thought, "The Blackfoot are my customers. Tourists are here today and gone tomorrow. The Blackfoot will always be here." And there was at least one Blackfoot in the store every day. They bought magazines, perhaps a comic book or a candy bar. No after shave lotion - all of them contained alcohol. Besides almost all Blackfoot men had so little facial hair that the act of shaving was used as a form of racist joke. "I heard you had a razor at your house. What kind of Blackfoot needs a razor?" Blackfoot men used tweezers to pull out the odd facial hair by the roots.

But the temptation to get some alcohol was always there as a challenge. Everytime I had a new staff member one of the Blackfoot would test to see if he could get away with a bottle or two. When I heard the question and my answer they would get the damndest, sweetest look on their faces. They knew I knew what they were doing and it was all a (not so) private joke.

But our big seller to everyone, local visitor, white, brown, black or blue was a soda. We sold floats - a tall glass filled with coke or another flavour and a scoop or two of ice cream. You could have any combination you wanted. We had all our own flavours and mixed in a little soda with a mechanical mixer that made a wonderful whirring noise that added the final touch. There was cherry, strawberry, chocolate or orange. Orange crush was almost as popular as Coke but we only sold it by the bottle. We never used bottled drinks for the floats because they were too expensive.

We made our own ice cream too. We had the machine and bought the mix from Palm Dairies in Calgary. It came down on the bus in five gallon cream cans already to go. We divided it into lots and added the flavours most popular with the customers,

strawberry, vanilla, chocolate. We made sundaes too. - chocolate, strawberry, pineapple, maple walnut. We had to buy the toppings separately and they were expensive so I had to watch new staff pretty carefully or they would blow all the profit with too generous a topping. I think a float was .15c and a sundae .25c

We only had one thief in all the years I was there. He came down the coalshoot at the back of the store. I decided to catch the devil. We had a disinfectant called potassium permanganate which was designed to stop the spread of athlete's foot. Athletes had to put their naked feet in it before having a shower. I put a pan of it at the bottom of the chute.... but we never found a purple footed Blackfoot or Whitefoot.

I had more and more trouble trying to understand the attitude of people in Gleichen toward the Blackfoot. It was as if they only saw the clothing walking around without any person inside. Very few bothered to look or listen. And they didn't seem to notice that they never noticed. A lot of it was fear of the unknown I guess.

But you know, Kent, it was really different when your family left. it was bad when strangers moved into our house but even worse when they moved into yours. Houses which we always knew were special were all of a sudden just government housing. We had all been there for twenty or twenty five years and all it meant was that things were pretty old fashioned and needed rennovating.